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March 15, 1930

Collier's

THE NA

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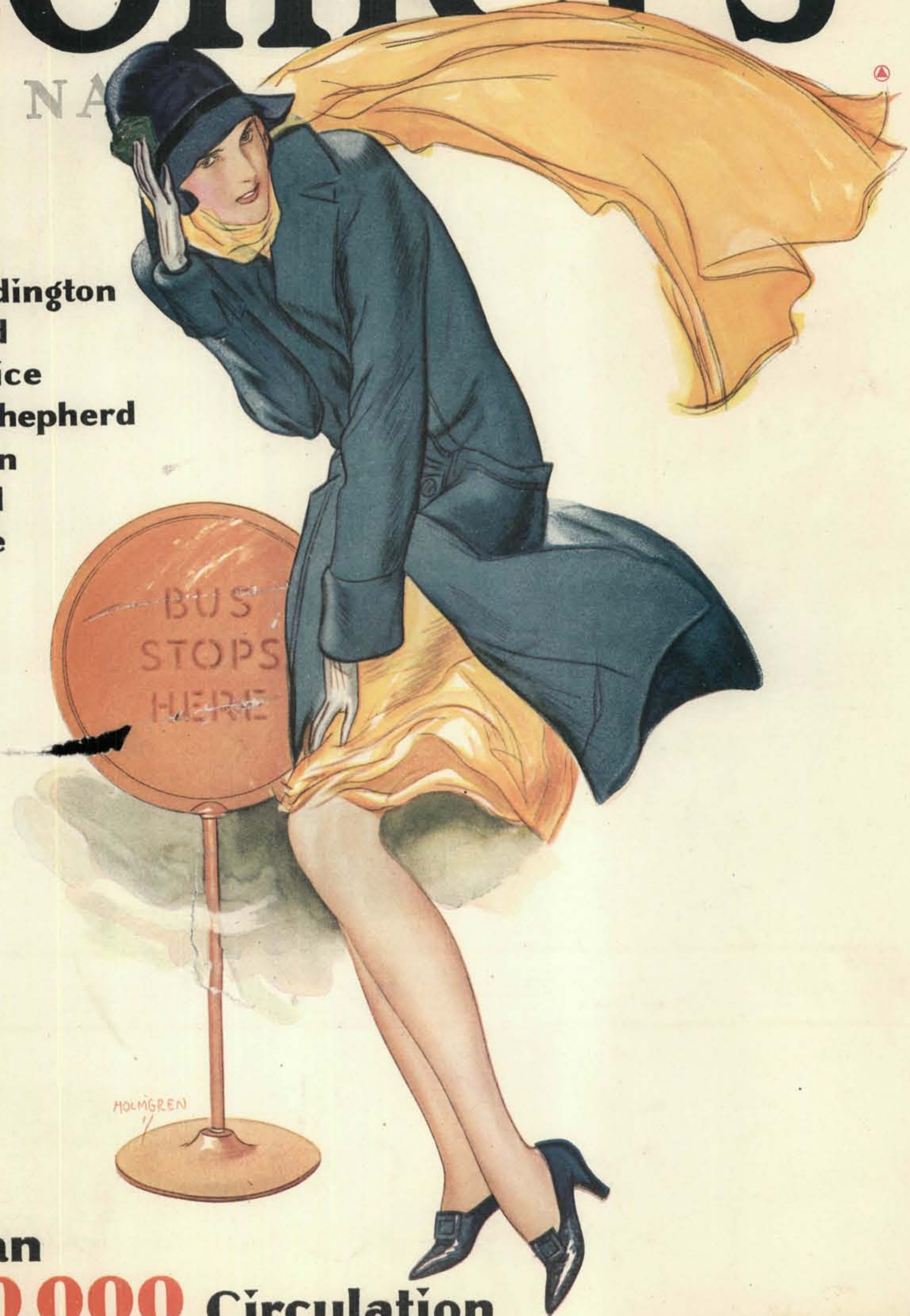

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March 15, 1930

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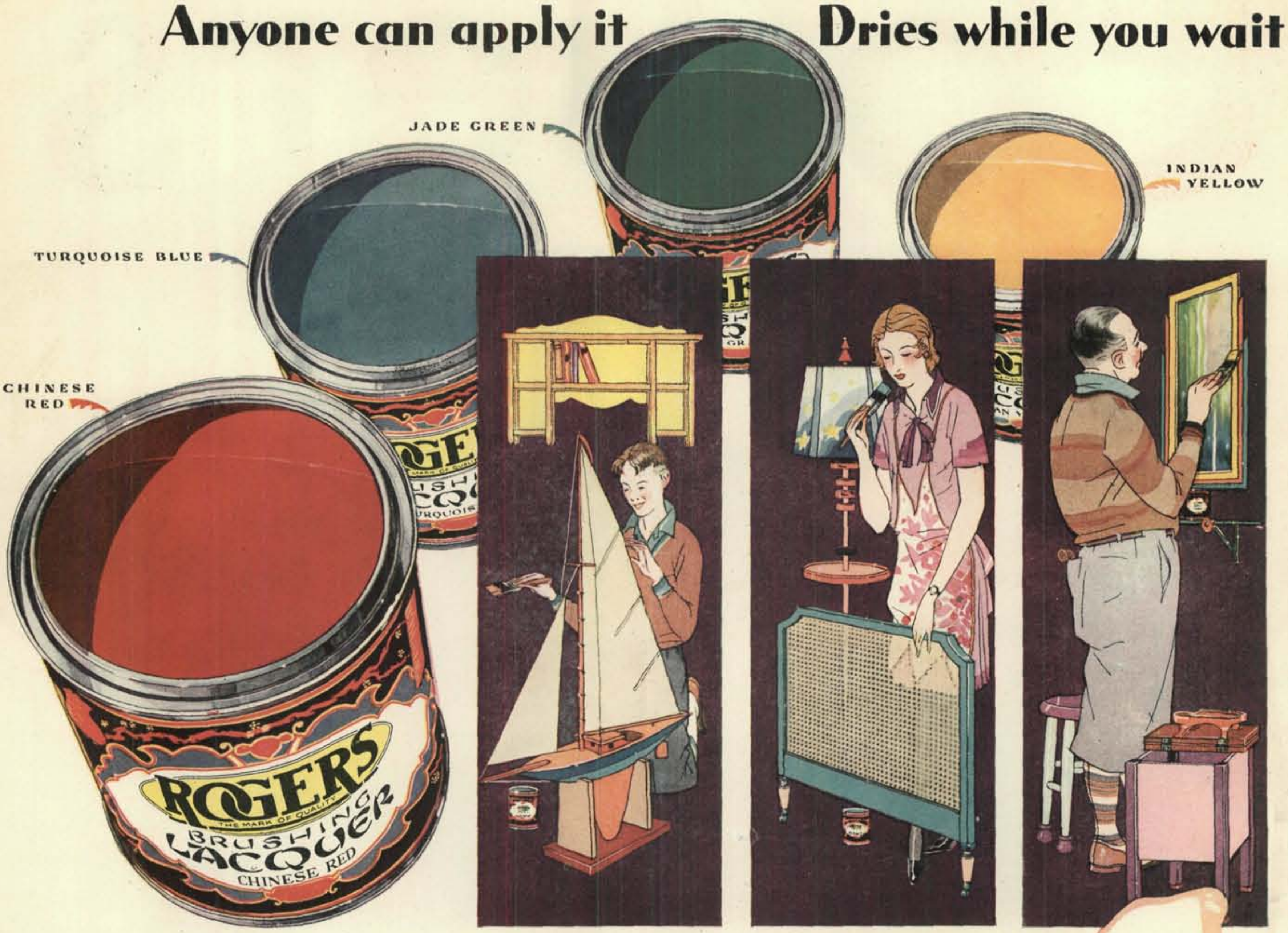

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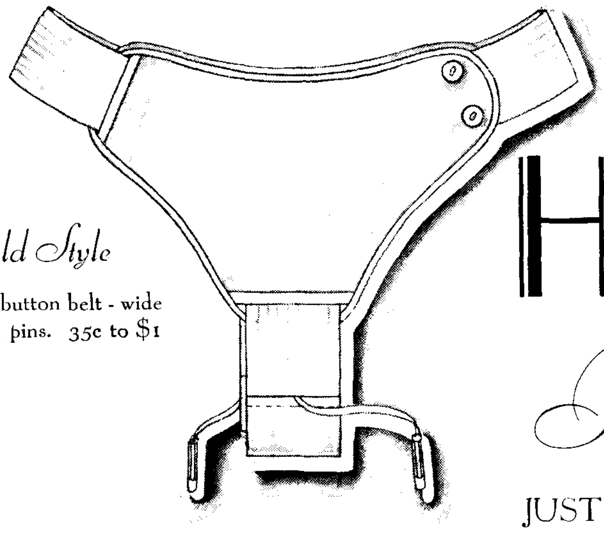

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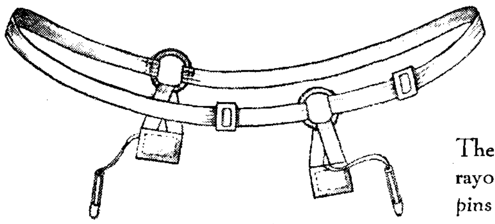
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1



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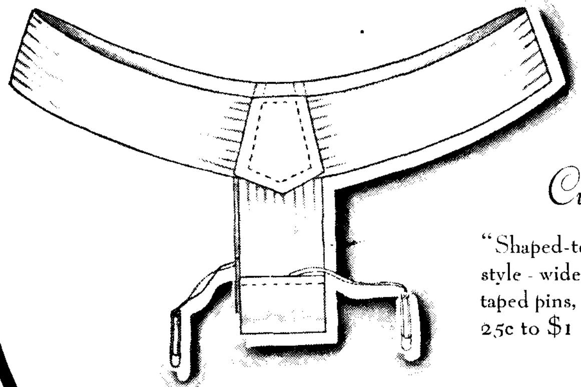

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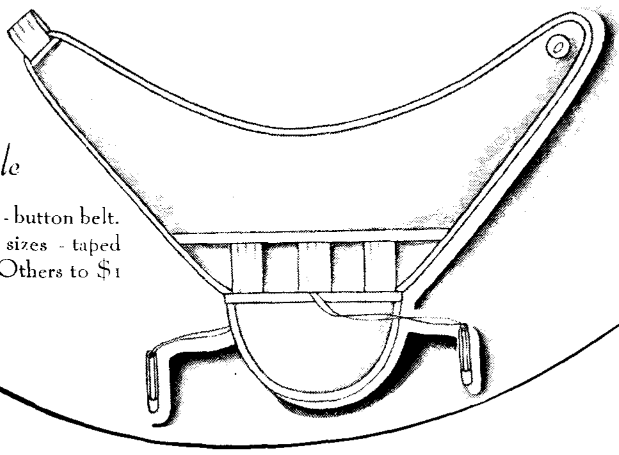

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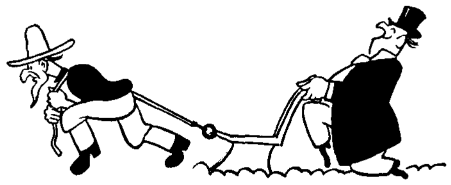
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE HAVE been talking a great deal of late with Tom Campbell. So have Mr. Hoover and Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board. You would like to talk with him, too, because he is, no doubt, one of the most interesting farmers in the United States. His farm near Hardin, Montana, is a mere 95,000 acres, almost 150 square miles, and big enough to raise a large crop of profits. That takes him out of the farmer class and makes him an agriculturist. Mr. Campbell says that farming can be the most profitable business in the world and that all the farmer asks of the government is an even break. Thus Mr. Campbell gives the professional farmer-politicians a severe pain. That also is a break.

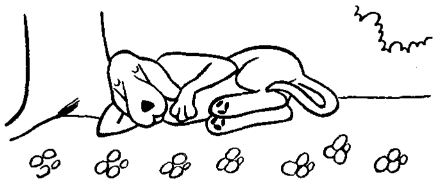
Mr. Campbell's opinions are forcibly expressed and with the expectation of revising your notions about farm relief, we asked Owen White to interview him. The title, naturally, is "Such a Relief."



"OH, THRILL! Oh, Joy! We're pleased
to death.
J. Scott McBride so often saith
That every ill
Is trace-a-bil
To liquor on the Human Breath."

Those lines are wrenched from their context in "Capitol Fun," by Wallace Irwin. One of the pleasant features of a national crisis is that Mr. Irwin is likely to see something funny in it, run home and write a few verses. The current congressional uproar over prohibition is to be blamed for his latest outburst. We're sorry you have to wait a week for the rest of it.

THE love affair between Mississippi Tyler and old Gar Brent's daughter, Willa, furnishes the theme for Alan LeMay's good story "Old Thunder Pumper." But the character we like best is Old Thunder Pumper himself, a big foolish hound, always miles behind the pack, baying the trail conscientiously but arriving at the end hours after the hunted animal had been caught and killed. It's our old desire to see the triumph of the despised, of course—a weakness we thought was under control until this story came along.



AFTER that you'd better look at Octavus Roy Cohen's love story "The Bright Shadow." It's a great pleasure for us to plan your reading time this way.

Then go on with "Fu Manchu's Daughter," and "Uncle Sam," and Helen Smith's vividly told experiences. Dana Burnet's "Bus Driver's Dream," James B. Connolly's "The Captain's Holiday," Grantland Rice, the inquisitive Gentleman at the Keyhole—such things in good measure as are responsible for the great increase in Collier's circulation, to which we refer modestly in another column. Well, not too modestly.

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Any Week

WHEN we were very young we used to go to a church, where the preacher never finished a sermon without warning us, somehow, that pride goeth before a fall. If he is still preaching he may like to know that he was right. We took a horrible tumble last week.

First came the president of a corporation that makes more pencils every hour than we can break in a week. And that's a terrible number. He telephones us his congratulations that we, Collier's Weekly, had accumulated a circulation of 1,500,000. We thought we were being kidded.

Then a manufacturer of motor cars told us that he had just heard that we were rising toward the two-million mark! Strangling with indignation, we listened to the third—a building contractor who said that he hoped we would sell a million and a half every week because, said he, we deserved such success.

To say it struck us all in a heap is inadequate. But we're calmer now and announce in round, ringing tones (like this) that every week more than 2,200,000 happy and intelligent people reach for a fresh Collier's. And get it and pass it along. Also—

But no. We're not as young as we once were and we've resolved to practice restraint. But we hate to.

HE HAD come from a patch of a farm in the Ozarks, a manuscript under his arm and bewilderment in his eyes. He had never before been farther away from his hills than Little Rock, and that only once. Evening was drifting in on us and with it came inspiration.

"Come on," we cried, grasping his arm.

Together we mounted to the fiftieth floor of a new monster office building in an elevator from which you could telephone home, wherever it happened to be, and which fled skyward as softly as a sigh. There in a pretty theater we saw a brand-new talkie —a pre-view, no less.

Then standing at the high wide windows we watched the white and yellow lights of New York come out to begin their nightly mocking at the stars. We looked down on miles of wet roofs.

"I reckon," said he wistfully, "I belong in Arkansas. I'm lonely here."

"They'll be interested when you tell them—" we began.

"Shucks," he replied, "I wouldn't dare say anything about this. They'd think I was lying. Why, back home they didn't believe me when I told them about Little Rock. Don't know that I'd blame them, either."

And as he certainly wouldn't have believed us had we told him his hills made us think New York small and sick and piffling, we just kept quiet.

EVERY day we hear things we can't believe. For example, these letters from people who, upon reading Richard Dent's articles on the Prince of Wales, hasten to send us the names and addresses of at least six young women with whom, "to their certain knowledge," H. R. H. is madly infatuated. Not even the ever-traveling David could possibly cover all the ground such romance would involve. Even if he could we wouldn't believe it.

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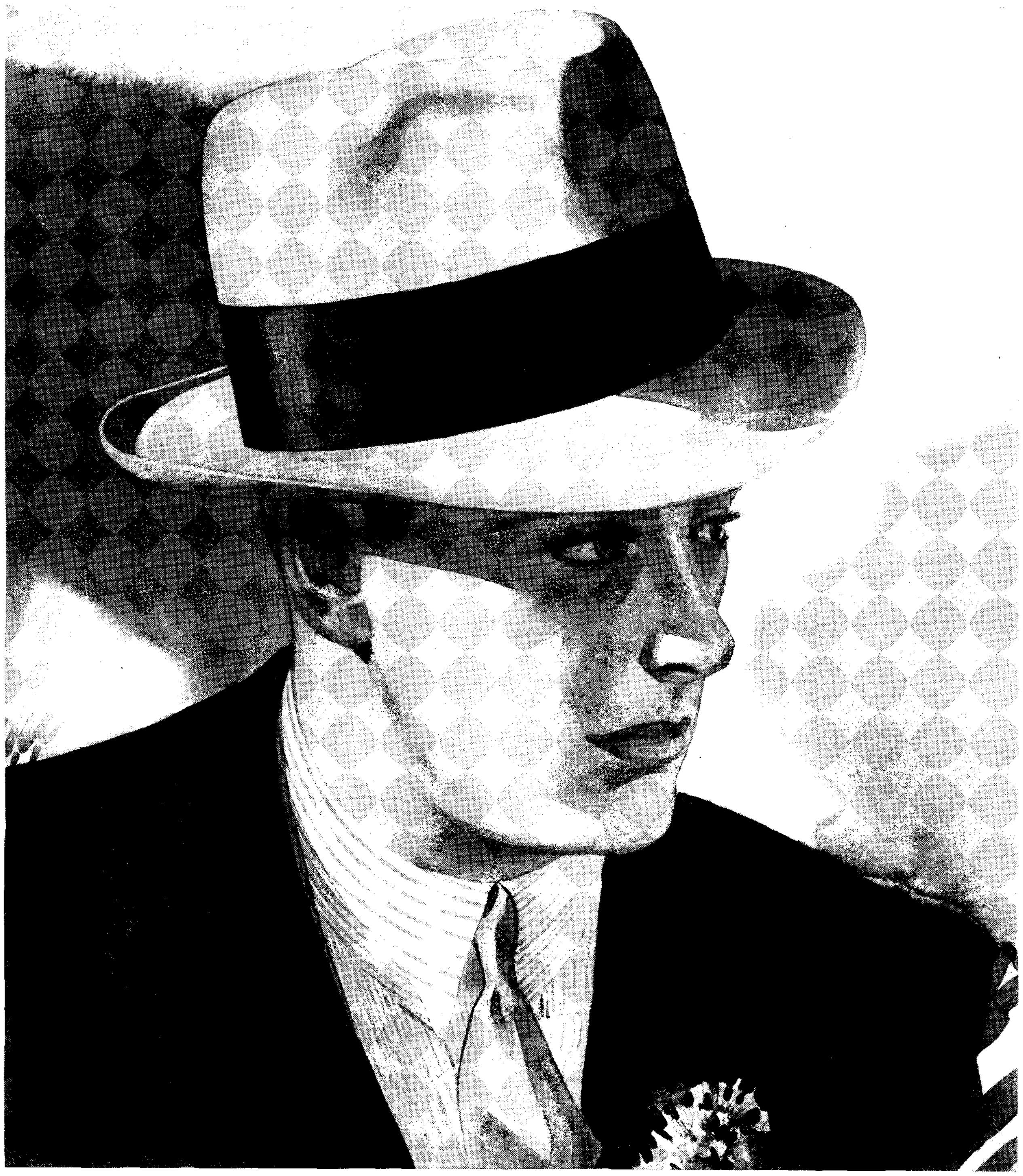
HERE is a snap-brim that *snaps.* Its brim snaps down before your eyes like a West Pointer's; its brim curls up in back like the last flourish of a crisp signature. It is a brisk and brilliant military thing, this Metropolitan—as "town" as the first two rows, and as "town-and-country" as the speedometer of your roadster. It goes anywhere, takes the unnecessary years off your face, arouses a good deal of admiring comment behind your back, and gives you the comfortable feeling of being right anywhere in any company. Dunlap uses beautiful, firm, silky felt in Metropolitan; Dunlap does clever things with the brim and the crown; Dunlap, in short, announces the Spring of 1930 with its best hat foremost! $8.50 and $10.



FOR THE PRICE of a pleasant bouquet, you could be wearing Metropolitan in—

BROWNS, to harmonize with your new rich brown worsteds, and your camel's wool coat, or your covert—and your tan shoes, and your brighter, warmer Spitalfields ties, and your peach shirts.

GREYS, pearl and crystal, to go with your double-breasted flannels of grey or blue, and your single-breasted navy, and your blue-shirts-with-white-ties, and your black oxfords.

ECRU, a new tan hat shade, to say kind things to your lighter homespuns and tweeds, and your creamy coats.

BARK, a special brown to echo the smartest hues of the Spring tailors.

(*—then buy her the bouquet anyway. You can't let your hat make a good impression without living up to it.*)

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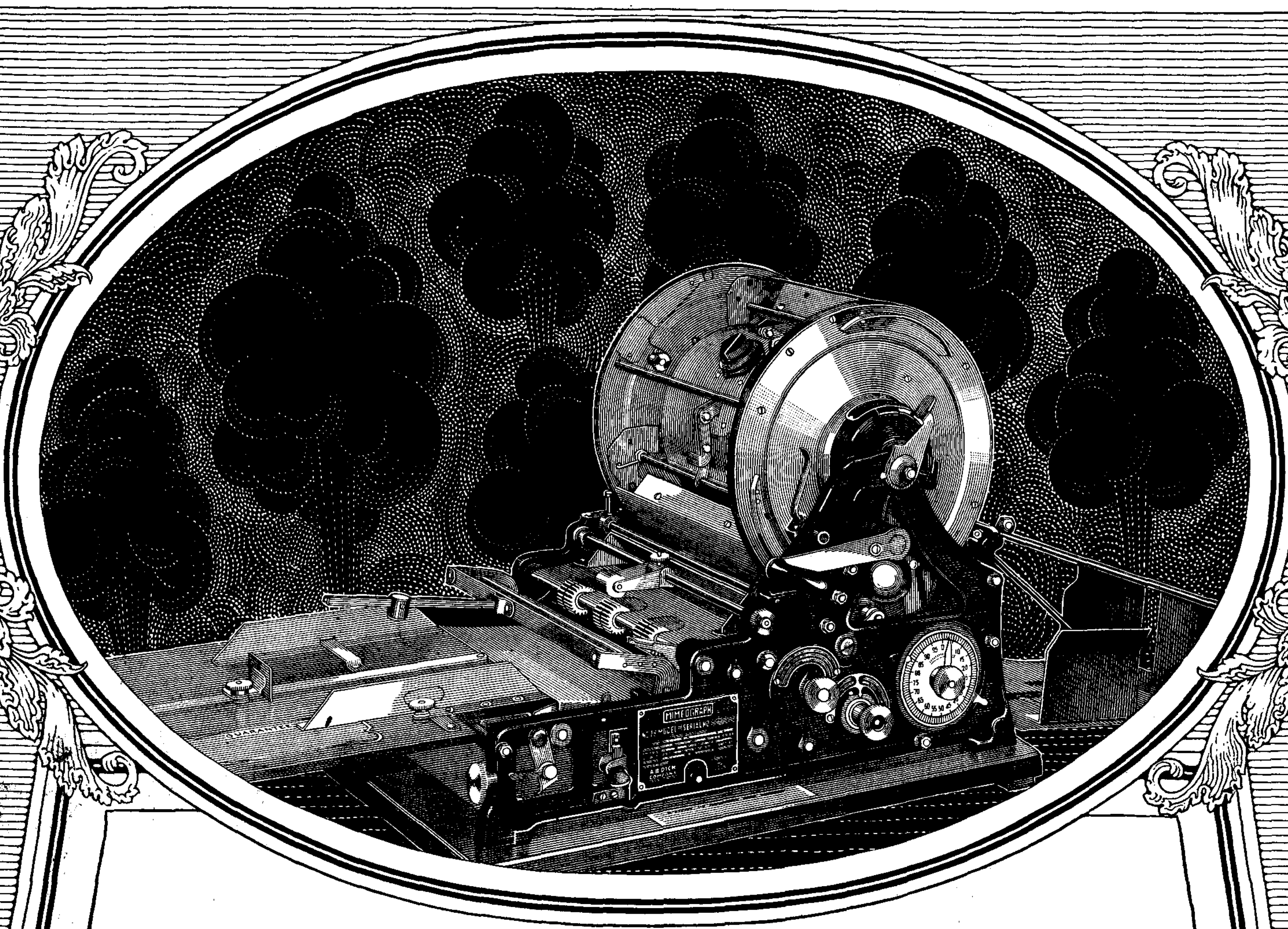

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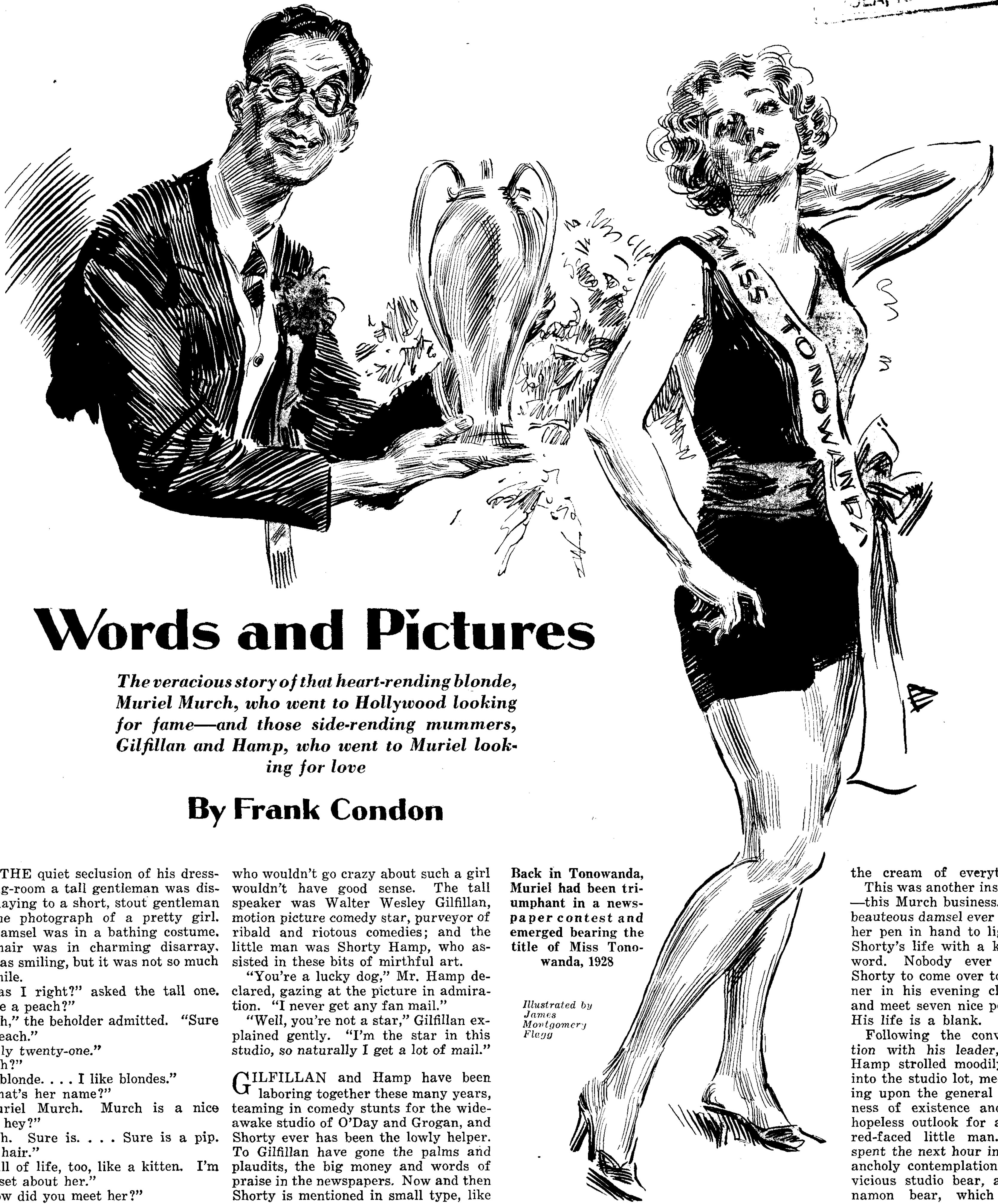
Collier's

The National Weekly for March 15, 1930

LA, KANSAS



Words and Pictures

The veracious story of that heart-rending blonde, Muriel Murch, who went to Hollywood looking for fame—and those side-rending mummers, Gilfillan and Hamp, who went to Muriel looking for love

By Frank Condon

IN THE quiet seclusion of his dressing-room a tall gentleman was displaying to a short, stout gentleman the photograph of a pretty girl. The damsel was in a bathing costume. Her hair was in charming disarray. She was smiling, but it was not so much her smile.

"Was I right?" asked the tall one. "Is she a peach?"

"Yeh," the beholder admitted. "Sure is a peach."

"Only twenty-one."

"Yeh?"

"A blonde. . . . I like blondes."

"What's her name?"

"Muriel Murch. Murch is a nice name, hey?"

"Yeh. Sure is. . . . Sure is a pip. Swell hair."

"Full of life, too, like a kitten. I'm all upset about her."

"How did you meet her?"

"She wrote me a letter. Saw me in The Butler's Wife and wrote me a nice little letter, with photo enclosed, so naturally I called her up. Why wouldn't I? Ain't she a pip?"

"Yeh. Sure is."

The short, stout gentleman reached for the likeness of beauty and held it in a better light, studying the damsel with interest.

"Muriel Murch," he repeated and the tall one said Muriel was the name beyond shadow of doubt, and that anybody who wouldn't go crazy about such a girl wouldn't have good sense. The tall speaker was Walter Wesley Gilfillan, motion picture comedy star, purveyor of ribald and riotous comedies; and the little man was Shorty Hamp, who assisted in these bits of mirthful art.

"You're a lucky dog," Mr. Hamp declared, gazing at the picture in admiration. "I never get any fan mail."

"Well, you're not a star," Gilfillan explained gently. "I'm the star in this studio, so naturally I get a lot of mail."

GILFILLAN and Hamp have been laboring together these many years, teaming in comedy stunts for the wide-awake studio of O'Day and Grogan, and Shorty ever has been the lowly helper. To Gilfillan have gone the palms and plaudits, the big money and words of praise in the newspapers. Now and then Shorty is mentioned in small type, like a bridegroom.

The theory in the studio is that Mr. Walter Gilfillan is very funny and has brains, and that Shorty Hamp is only moderately amusing and has fewer brains than a duck egg. Gil is tall, good-looking and domineering in a motion picture way. He is always provided with a drawing-room on the Pullman, while Shorty sleeps in a plebeian lower. Everything must be done as Gilfillan desires, for a star is a star and may turn sulky overnight.

Back in Tonowanda, Muriel had been triumphant in a newspaper contest and emerged bearing the title of Miss Tonowanda, 1928

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Shorty knows his place. He lays claim to no special talent, except that he can fall down a flight of stairs funnier than any other fat comedian in California. He and Gilfillan are usually warm friends and visit around together, boasting of their recent pictures. They have played as a merry unit since way back yonder when Charlie Chaplin was making his two-reel knock-outs and Hollywood was a pup. And as Shorty has always realized, Gilfillan gets the cream of everything.

This was another instance—this Murch business. No beauteous damsel ever takes her pen in hand to lighten Shorty's life with a kindly word. Nobody ever asks Shorty to come over to dinner in his evening clothes and meet seven nice people. His life is a blank.

Following the conversation with his leader, Mr. Hamp strolled moodily out into the studio lot, meditating upon the general sourness of existence and the hopeless outlook for a fat, red-faced little man. He spent the next hour in melancholy contemplation of a vicious studio bear, a cinnamon bear, which was chained to a post and was diligently trying to bite a large extra man with whiskers. The bear having failed to gnaw a leg off the whiskered extra, Shorty wandered elsewhere and subsequently returned to Gilfillan's office.

The room being deserted, Shorty began a prowl. He pawed over the letters that lay upon Gilfillan's desk and his search was rewarded, for presently he came upon a large, square, pinkish envelope, a costly envelope with decorations and a golden lion up in one corner, eating what appeared to be an iron grapefruit. Mr. Hamp instantly removed the letter and read it without a qualm. It was the first letter from Muriel Murch to Gilfillan.

As he perused, the sad expression slowly left Mr. Hamp's countenance, which hardened into a scowl.

"Oh," he muttered. "Oh, ho! So that's the way it is!"

The letter confessed that its author had always admired Mr. Gilfillan for his extremely funny manner, having seen him in half a dozen silent motion pictures. "You are just too funny for words," Miss Murch wrote in her shy, girlish way. "It must be marvelous to be a genius like you are. . . ." It had now been the lady's great joy to attend a performance of The Butler's Wife, which was Gilfillan's first talking motion picture, recently tossed into the theaters for public entertainment. Miss Murch went upon record as saying that Mr. Gilfillan now became a larger figure than ever in an industry he always adorned. By virtue of his magnificent voice, he mounted to the heights at a single leap. . . . Such a voice! Such a resonant, one might almost say fascinating, voice—and one did say it, the one being Miss Murch, who was so overcome that she dropped a large, inky blot at the end of the eulogy.

"Well, I'll be a son of a Peruvian pansy," Shorty remarked at this point, reading on steadily. "What do you know?"

THE letter writer rambled along amid girlish rhapsodies, arguing that a man having such a voice must stir any girl to the very depths of her being. What innocent-minded young woman in America could listen to those tones unmoved? "Every married woman," Muriel wrote toward the close, "will surely be saddened when she hears her husband's voice, after she has heard you in The Butler's Wife."

Shorty carefully placed the letter in its envelope and buried the latter in the pile of old mail. His scowl now totally disfigured him.

"Well, I'll be dirty all over," he said. "What do you know?"

His astonishment seemed profound. There being no one to answer, Shorty went grimly out of the office to see if the studio bear had succeeded in maiming the extra. . . . Ordinarily a gentle soul, Shorty could feel himself turning into an embittered enemy of mankind, a hater of all, a thrower of bombs, knives and sundry. . . . Walter Gilfillan, once his friend, was doing him wrong, cheating him of the fruits of his art, for the fact was that Miss Muriel Murch, in rhapsodizing over Gilfillan's voice, was shouting up the wrong alley. The voice—the soul-searing voice that was keeping her awake nights—was not that of Mr. Gilfillan. It was Shorty's voice.

Gilfillan had no voice. He was a mute—so far as talking motion pictures were concerned. He possessed, to be sure, a feeble, throaty articulation, useful enough in the affairs of daily life, but valueless to the iron microphone. The star's voice was too thin, too high for recording, and it displeased John O'Day, who was the voice expert. Gil was in process of having his vocal machinery oiled up by a famous voice culturist, thirty dollars a lesson and throat tablets extra.

In The Butler's Wife, which had urged Muriel Murch to correspondence, Gilfillan uttered no word. He pretended to. The lines were spoken by a double, a man with a fine, sounding, gripping voice and that double was the downtrodden Shorty Hamp, who was now watching a bear, and not only watching the bear, but hoping the animal would burst its chains and chew the extra man into the makings for hamburger steak.

IGNORANT that his associate had turned against him, the star continued to mention Muriel Murch. He referred to her mother. He described little moonlight episodes and details of the more interesting incidents.

"I'm not kidding you," Gil stated, hammering upon a desk. "This girl is a wonder. Everywhere we go, people stare and ask each other who she is. They think she's in the movies. I like her better every day."

Shorty listened in silent rage. He fastened upon Gil a glare that would have poisoned a Mojave rattlesnake, but the star chattered merrily on. Once a jovial figure about the studio stages, the assistant comedian no longer laughed, but stalked here and there unhappily. Upon a bright morning, Gilfillan's telephone rang. Shorty, being lone occupant of the office, stared at it gloomily and in time decided to answer.

"Hello," said a sweet voice.

"Hello," said Shorty.

"How is the big boy today?"

"What big boy?"

"Why, Gil! Is Gil cross today? You wouldn't be cross with me, would you?"

"This ain't Gil."

"Oh, yes, it is, you old bear. You can't fool Muriel. Wouldn't I know that voice anywhere in the whole wide world?"

Mr. Hamp blinked, transferred the receiver to his better ear and stepped nearer the instrument.

"Is this Muriel Murch?" he demanded.

"Why, of course it is. Don't be silly, Gil."

"This ain't Gil," Shorty said doggedly. "This is Shorty Hamp talking."

"Who?" came the incredulous query.

"Mr. Shorty Hamp of the Gil and Shorty Comedies. This is the comedian that Gilfillan works with talking, and I am certainly very glad you called up today and I happened to be here."

"Oh, this is really Mr. Hamp?" the sweet voice asked.

"In the flesh and blood," said Shorty. "And you made a mistake. You didn't mean to make it, but you made the biggest kind of a mistake."

"I did?"

"Yes, and I ought to see you right away and straighten the matter out. There is something important I have to tell you, for your own good. When could I see you?"

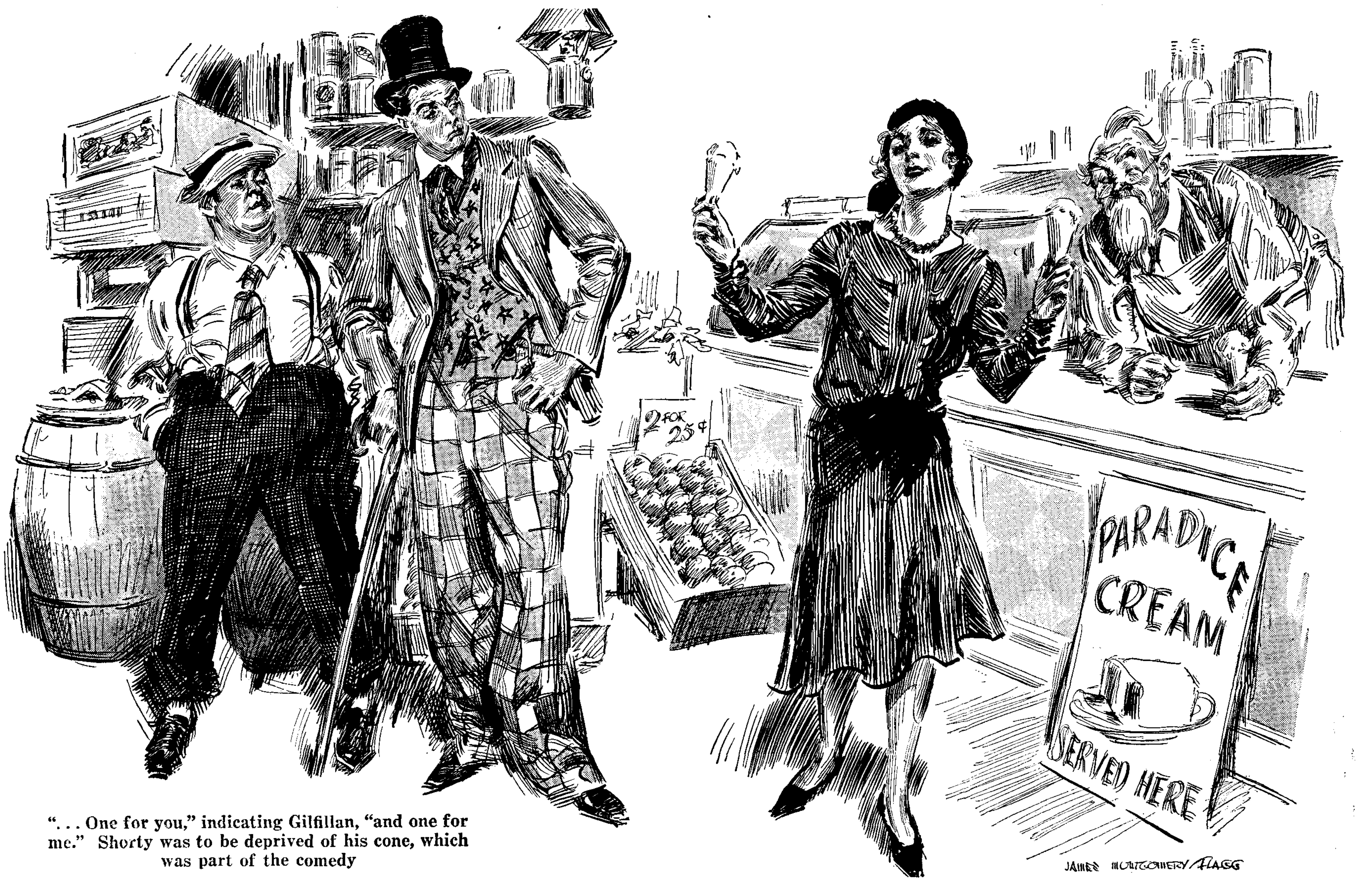
"Why, Mr. Hamp, I guess you could see me most any time. I'm not doing anything."

"How about me taking you out to lunch?"

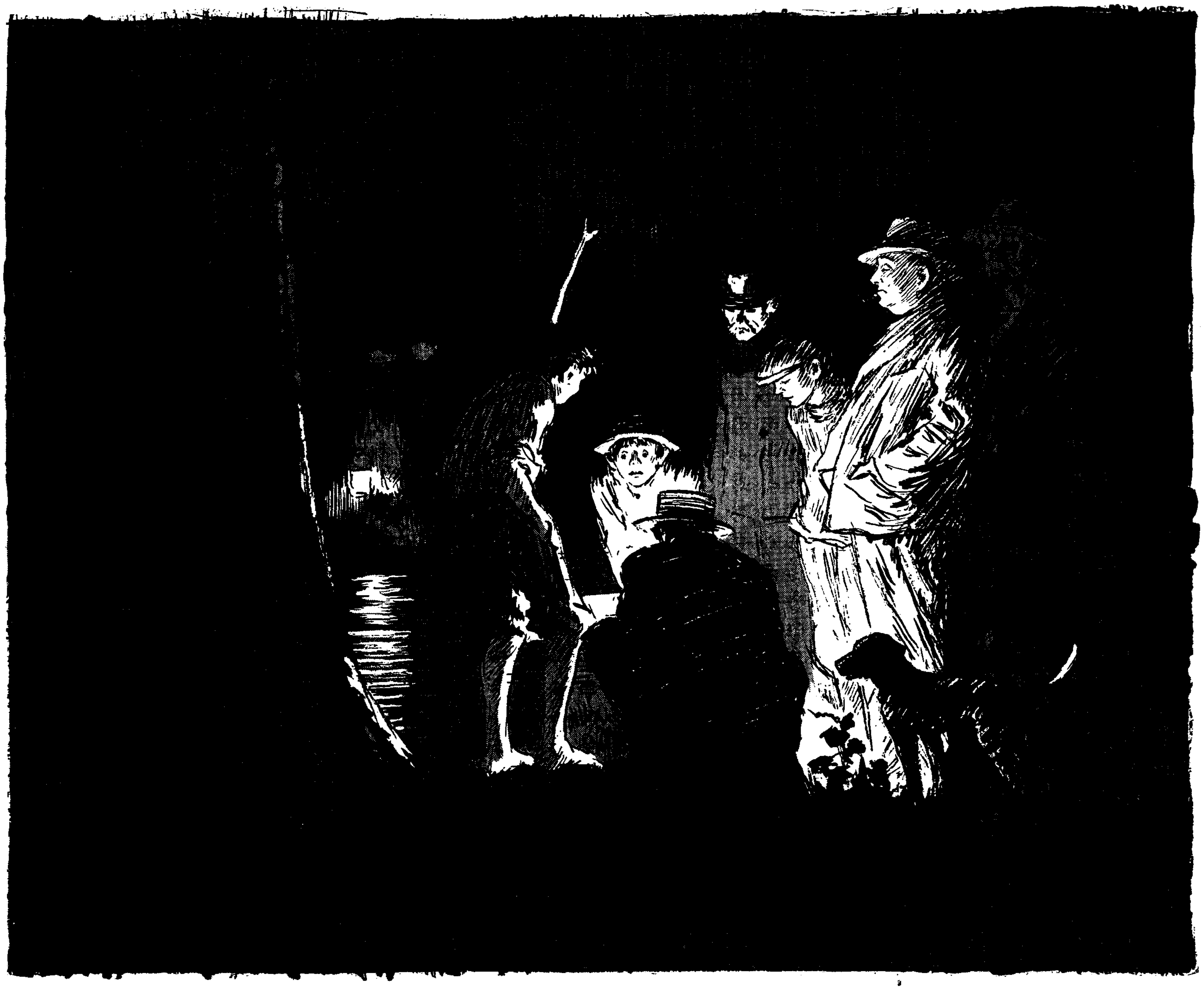
"Lovely," said the maiden and straightway she gave Shorty her street address, which was the Belvedere Arms, and told him the proper doorbell to ring. Wearing the determined manner of a strong character who is about to do something, Mr. Hamp sped out of the studio, had his hair cut, nails manicured and car washed, and shortly before noon he drew up before the Belvedere Arms, wherein the charmer resided with her mamma.

THIS parent was a large, powerful female, a type common in Hollywood. Back in Tonowanda, Muriel had been triumphant in a newspaper contest and emerged bearing the title Miss Tonowanda, 1928, and from that moment Mrs. Murch wasted no more time on the neighbors. She smelled limousines, jewelry, silken doodads and publicity for a dear child, and taking Muriel by the hand she fled to California, into the heart of Hollywood, where Miss

(*Continued on page 63*)



"... One for you," indicating Gilfillan, "and one for me." Shorty was to be deprived of his cone, which was part of the comedy



A few minutes later they arrived at the little river, and saw by the river's edge a little knot of people

Alderman Tommy drops in

By Clarence Budington Kelland

A gentleman with a past commits a murder, and a gentleman with a future goes after him

FOR all that John Meaney held a disagreeable job, he was a companionable fellow, and young Alderman Tommy Rouse used to drop in at his office in the basement of the county building for a late evening's chat. This office adjoined the morgue, for Meaney was county undertaker. He intended some day to run for coroner and then for sheriff—for in that city it seemed to be a law of natural progression to pass through that series of offices.

Naturally John was glad to receive Tommy, for the youthful alderman was rapidly becoming a political personage to be taken into consideration. Even Commissioner O'Brien, who was at the head of the city machine, and County Supervisor Mattison, who was all-powerful in the country districts, were commencing to trim their sails to Tommy's breeze.

Ted Plank, of the Press, was there when Tommy came in to take his casual chair.

"If we had another we could start a heart game," said Meaney. "Anything special, Alderman?"

"No," said Tommy. "Just dropped in. I like to drop in places."

Which was true. Tommy had erected what success already was his upon a foundation of dropping in. He made a profession of it. Knowing everybody in town well enough to drop in on him was Tommy's ambition, and, curiously, he was always welcome. Not on account of his conversation, for there wasn't much of that, nor was that little especially brilliant. But he was an expert listener, and he was genuinely interested in what he heard.

Presently the telephone rang and Meaney answered: "Where? Vineland Avenue and Nixon Street? Gosh! That's way out by Red River, ain't it? Oh, they fished it out of the crick, eh? Start right away."

He turned to Tommy and Ted Plank. "Got to take the ambulance out where the sun goes over the fence. Fished one out of the water. Nice night for a ride. Want to come along?"

"Sound like anything?" asked the reporter.

"Never can tell," Meaney replied. "The coroner's starting and I want to get there about the time he does. How about it?"

"Guess I'll come," said Tommy. "Know some folks out that way. May get a minute to drop in on 'em."

Meaney put a long wicker basket in the ambulance. Ted and Tommy crowded onto the seat with him and they sped westward.

A FEW minutes later they arrived at a point where the little river flowed through a rice marsh—a lonely spot with the twinkling lights of the city far behind them—and saw by the river's edge a little knot of people. There was a uniformed policeman, three boys, the adipose figure of the coroner with his clerk, and the well-set person of Detective Sergeant Banks from headquarters.

"Huh," grunted Ted Plank, "somethin' doin'."

They walked forward and greeted the officers who stood about a shapeless bundle half concealed by the reeds.

"What you got?" asked the reporter.

"Woman," said the coroner. "Kids after bullheads fished her out."

"Suicide?"

"If she did," said Coroner Briggs, "she did a good job. Never heard of anybody hittin' themselves on the back of the head with a heavy blunt instrument."

"Gosh," exclaimed Ted, happy in an instant, for here was a story. Already he scented it. A murder is a murder—it may be a good murder or a bad murder according to newspaper standards, depending upon what attributes of mystery or grimness, of family, of what-not it may contain.

"Can't hold an autopsy here," said Briggs. "Take her back and we'll do the job there."

"Identified?" asked Ted.

"No."

"How old?"

"I'd guess thirty."

"Please, oh, please," said Ted, "tell me she was beautiful."

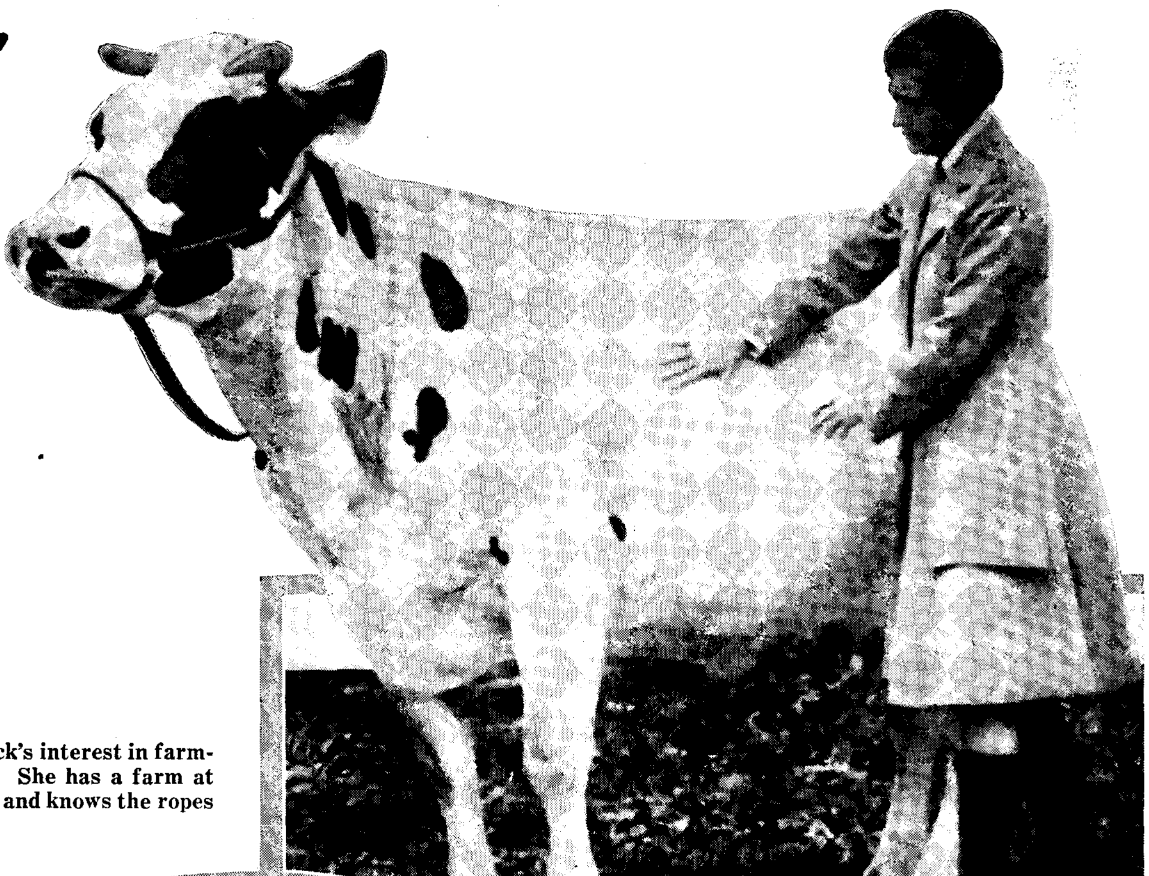
"Not bad lookin', I'd say," said the coroner.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Mark *another* Hanna

For the first time in history a woman, equipped with money, position and political ability, is making a serious fight for a seat in the United States Senate. Ruth Hanna McCormick is her name. And she has in her blood the fire and dogged determination of her father, Mark Hanna. Here is the story of her fight

By William G. Shepherd



Mrs. McCormick's interest in farming is intense. She has a farm at Byron, Illinois, and knows the ropes

Handing out doughnuts during her campaign for a seat in Congress

MARK HANNA'S daughter figured she had to do the job in just that particular way, no matter how uncomfortable it might be for her. It was the way her father had done it before her. Milkmen, railroad men, truckmen, policemen, postmen and all other persons in the state of Illinois who, throughout the recent winter, have been forced to make their living out of doors, have had in general a very uncomfortable time of it. In this spring month they are looking back to the days when zero weather was frequent, and to the several times when twenty below zero was reached. Mark Hanna's daughter had to be out in this weather, in an open car, not only day after day, but night after night and week after week. This is because she is in politics. And because, as we shall see later, she will have a special gratification in beating a certain nationally famous man.

She was holding political meetings. Ruth Hanna McCormick, being very rich, might have gone about her political activities during those cold weeks of January and February, in a far more comfortable fashion. There's the radio; she might have used that. She could have talked through the cold of the winter days and nights from her extremely comfortable home in Georgetown, just outside of Washington, D. C.; from her great country home on her farm near Rockford, Illinois; from her ranch mansion in Wyoming, or from her fourth home, a suite of rooms at the Palmer House, in Chicago. Indeed, while she was motoring through the cold, her male opponents were making full use of the comfort-insuring radio. Being extremely rich, she could have traveled around Illinois in a luxurious private car. Or she might even have conducted a sort of front-porch campaign in the large suite of offices on Chicago's Michigan Avenue, her political headquarters.

But all of these would have been only political gestures of a vanity-affected rich woman. And no one says that Ruth Hanna McCormick is that. They would have been make-believe politics. And that's the one thing that Mark Hanna's daughter knows the least about—make-believe politics. The kind of politics her father taught her from the time she was sixteen years old and sat with him in his Cleveland office was so real that it elected Presidents, tore senators out of their seats, built things like the Panama Canal and in general produced extremely concrete results.

Time and again she saw her powerful father go straight after things that he wanted in politics. There was the time when she was traveling with him in a private car while he was campaigning for the election of McKinley against Bryan. Hate appeared on both sides. Cartoonists were showing Mark Hanna as a living representative of "trusts;" his checkered clothes, in those cartoons, were marked with dollar signs; he became a cruel figure to millions.

The private car was switched off into a small Western town, for a quiet day. Everyone on the car needed a rest. Hanna's sixteen-year-old daughter went for a hike through the village. It must have been a Bryan town, for across the main street was hung a roughly painted banner, reading:

"Mothers, keep your children at home today. Mark Hanna is in town."

The girl hurried back to the car with the story. It stirred her father into action. He was getting tired of being pictured as a pitiless, ruthless creature.

"You go to a hardware store," he told her, "and buy a dinner bell. Ring it up and down the street and tell everyone who pays any attention to you that Mark Hanna is going to make a speech here, in this town, this afternoon."

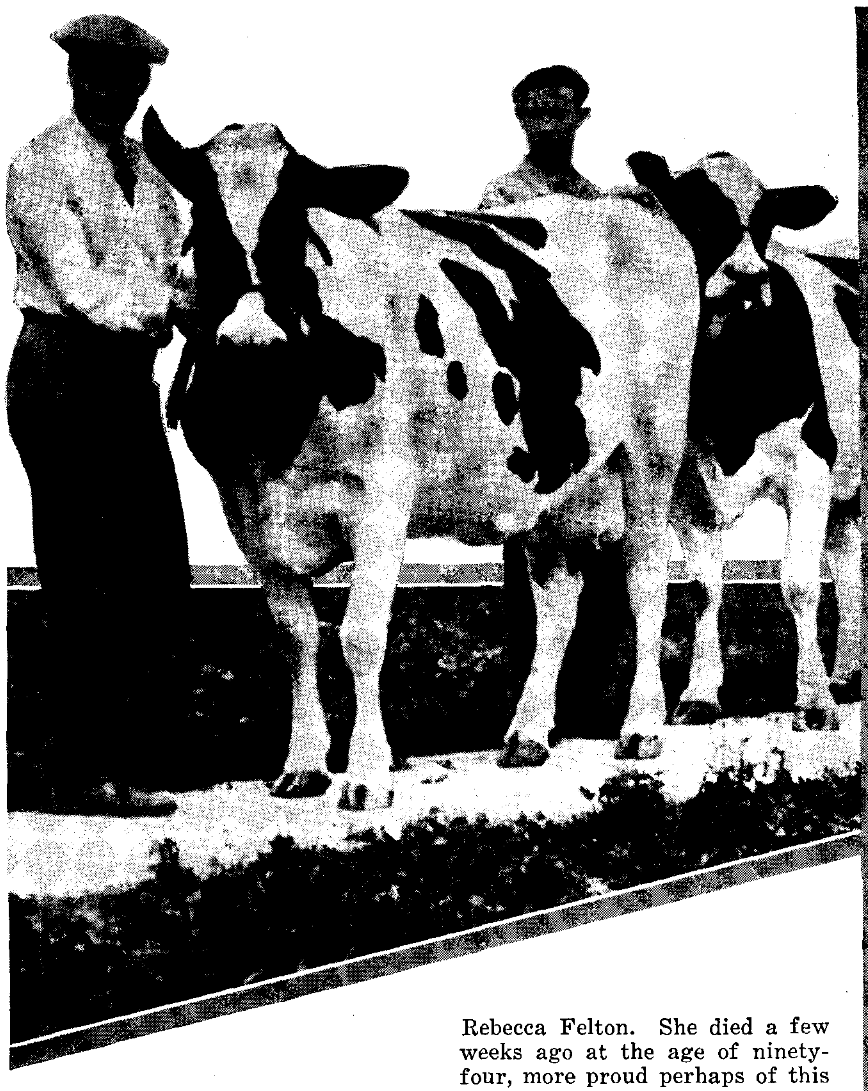
Before long the villagers beheld a school girl from the exclusive Hathaway Brown school in Cleveland, Ohio, ringing a regular farm-hand dinner bell in Main Street.

"If I can get a crowd," she announced, "Mark Hanna will come this afternoon and make a speech."

The crowd gathered, for Hanna had been speaking only in the larger cities, and Mark Hanna appeared.

"About all my father tried to do that day," his daughter said afterward, "was to be kind, not to argue very much, and to prove that he wasn't like the cartoons."

The girl, weeks later, watched the election returns from the little town. In the heart of the Bryan territory, there had been as much of a landslide as the votes of one little town could



give for Hanna's candidate, McKinley.

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick's winter campaign has been in the deadliest sort of earnest. When you go out in politics to bring down a nationally famous figure, it's no time for fooling.

There was the getting up in the morning in a country hotel. There was the morning meeting with women, the noonday meeting in a hall or a courthouse or a motion picture theater. In a town perhaps forty miles away there was the afternoon meeting for women and then in still another town there was the night meeting, with the townsfolk leaving their firesides if it wasn't too cold, flocking to the hall, listening to a woman's political speech, and then making their ways homeward through the night after the town hall's lights were doused—to think and talk over how she had looked, what she had said and how much a body could depend upon her, if she were elected to a big job in Washington. Day after day went like that—all for one very definite political result.

In for a Real Fight

For the first time in our country a woman, in open political battle, with a great and able political organization behind her and with more funds than she, under our election laws, dares to use, is fighting for a seat in the United States Senate. Ruth Hanna McCormick is that woman. Once, it is true, eight years ago, a sweet-faced old lady, eighty-six years old, did sit for a few days in the United States Senate representing the state of Georgia. This was when Senator Thomas Watson died and Governor Thomas William Hardwick, a gracious Atlanta gentleman, named Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, of Cartersville, beloved for her lifelong work on behalf of girls' training schools, to sit in his place until an election should give the state a new senator.

First woman United States senator, by grace of Southern chivalry, was Rebecca Felton. She died a few weeks ago at the age of ninety-four, more proud perhaps of this honor than of any other. But Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick knows that if she wins she will take the chair not by chivalry of men but by victory in a rough-and-tumble, knock-down-and-drag-out political campaign in one of our roughest and rockiest states, politically speaking—the state of Illinois.

That's why she's really working.

By the time this article appears in print, this rich Mrs. Medill McCormick, just turned fifty, will have covered, according to her schedule, 17,000 miles in her automobile and spoken at least once in each of the 102 counties of the state. Throughout her speech-making campaign she will have slept in about sixty-five different little hotels, inns or private homes and taken hit-or-miss meals in over two hundred different restaurants, road stands, hotels or private restaurants.

"Another Hanna's loose in America," sighed one of the old-time political newspaper reporters, assigned to cover her winter trip. "We'll get no rest until she either wins or loses."

We Americans are especially attracted by what editors call "first-time stories." Newspaper readers thrill over stories of feats or achievements that have been performed for the first time, even though the first third of our century has abounded in them. Lindbergh's flight made a "first-time story;" so did Gertrude Ederle's Channel swim and the Zeppelin flight around the world.

Such a first-time story is building up in the fight which Ruth Hanna McCormick started last January.

Put down Charles S. Deneen of Chicago, United States senator from Illinois, as the first man in America's history to have to engage in a real battle with a woman for his seat in the Senate. Several women in the smaller states have announced themselves as senatorial candidates, but were supported neither by funds nor by party organization. Deneen, too, knows politics, having been Cook County's state's attorney for eight years, Illinois' governor for four years and United States senator for one term. We shall see later on why Mrs. McCormick will undoubtedly have a special sense of triumph if she defeats this senator.

International News Photos

Mrs. McCormick in winter campaigning garb. She spoke four times daily, in zero weather

Mrs. McCormick is a Republican; Senator Deneen is a Republican. The two are fighting to see who will be the Republican candidate that will fight against a Democrat next November for an Illinois Federal senatorship.

April 8th is the date on which the story will "break." That will be primary election day in Chicago.

Just as many of us watched Chicago to see whether Tunney or Dempsey would win in a prize fight in that city, so most of us, early this April, will be reading plenty of news about this Illinois struggle between a woman and a man for a seat in the United States Senate. And, on the morning after election day, or possibly that same evening over our radios, we'll be eager to know "how that Mrs. McCormick came out."

She Learned from Father

And now comes the question: Does Ruth Hanna McCormick know her politics?

In one small town last winter the reporters saw a little man push his way through a hand-shaking crowd and grasp the slender Hanna hand.

"I just want to tell you," he said, vehemently, "that you can have my theater for a political meeting any time you want it."

"Why, thank you," said Mrs. McCormick.

"And you can have it free, too!"

"Why, you're very kind."

"I've never let a political meeting have it before," continued the persistent individual. And then he gushed out:

"Say, Miss Hanna, you don't remember me but you bought the first ice cream I ever ate. My dad was a district leader in Cleveland and one day he took me to your father's house in Cleveland, to talk some very sudden politics. He had to take me because my mother wasn't home.

"You were in the room with your father when we came in. You and I got to running around the room and bothering them while they were chinning and finally your father gave you a quarter and said, 'Here, Ruth. Take this and buy your young friend a milk shake. We want to talk.'

"Well, when we got outside you said, 'I don't want any milk shake but I'll buy you one.' So we went down to the corner drug store and the man shook up my ice cream and I drank it while you looked on. I guess you used to get all the ice cream you wanted, but I'd never tasted it before."

"I learned pretty early from my father to treat people so that they'd remember you kindly," the reporter heard Mrs. McCormick say. "And I'll use your theater the next time I come around."

Handling the Hecklers

Way back in the woman's suffrage fight, Ruth Hanna was one of the champion rough-and-tumble platform speakers for that cause. Teas and polite parlor meetings didn't interest her. And men were pretty rough hecklers in those days. One evening, speaking from a wagon under the swaying glare of torches on the corner of a village Main Street, she injured the sensibilities of a gentleman who was noticeably inebriated.

"Aw, now, lady, lady," he would say, piteously, whenever he felt that the speaker's attack on his sex was overly vigorous. The crowd would laugh whenever he said these words. The woman tried to ignore him. The drunken man was winning, with his alcoholic pleading. Finally he said, "Lady, lady, how long are you going to talk?"

Quick as a flash the woman turned and picked up a chair on the wagon behind her. She handed it down to the crowd and asked her listeners to pass it to the heckler.

"Ask him to sit down and take it easy," she suggested.

The crowd saw that the gentleman was somewhat forcibly seated. Throughout the rest of the speech he looked up into the face of the speaker, silent. He was sober enough to know, after feeling the hand of the crowd, that he had lost its sympathy.

Here's another story, showing the quickness of this candidate's political footwork:

"The children of Chicago know elephants and camels and dromedaries and all the curious animals in the world," declared the head of the Chicago zoo to reporters one day. "But they wouldn't know a cow if they saw one."

Now, no one knows whether someone persuaded the head of the Chicago zoo to talk like that, but the talk made front-page stories in all the papers and brought out editorial comment for several days. "Poor city children," said everyone.

But, within a few days, there was

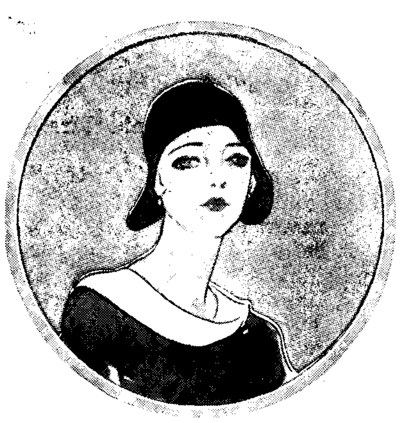
(*Continued on page 56*)

Collier's for March 15, 1930

Spring Chic

Only the good old normal waistline stays put on the new spring clothes. Skirts ramble downward as the day grows older, and sleeves cut all sorts of capers with no regard to hours. Miss Thornley predicts their ways for you

By Betty Thornley



A self bow holds back from the face the soft brim of this very feminine felt hat; Bergdorf-Goodman

THE battle is over; the combatants have met, shaken hands and settled down to tea. We know what we're going to wear this spring, and it isn't quite what either side thought it would be. It's that dear old feminine expedient—compromise.

Skirts for daytime wear will be about four inches below the bottom of the knee for sports and four to six inches below the knee for the street. This isn't long enough to offend anybody but the legs-at-any-price contingent, nor is it short enough to admit of altering last year's clothes, unless they have prodigious hems. Even then, the things we've kept on hopeful hangers are apt to be straight in line; the new skirts, on the contrary, are slightly circular, due to gores and intricate cutting, or gain fullness through pleats. Whether we want to go out and be extravagant or not—but most of us do—we'll have to take the plunge. So, husbands and devoted fathers—get the checkbooks ready.

Uneven hemlines are fading from the picture, and few there be that mourn them. When Paris started them, they were intended to be worn in the house only; America, that mighty nation of enthusiastic exaggerators, was entirely responsible for the flapping tails that dragged below coats and were caught in nice big overshoes. Wise women over there didn't wear such things on the street.

Some dance dresses will be ankle length and even all round, or slightly dipping in the back; others will just clear the floor. Not a skirt to put a heel through, unless under extreme provocation. Legs will be legs, but not till they get to the beach where they'll be more flamboyantly on display than ever.

As for waistlines, authorities say that the normal line is the only one. However, mindful of their variously silhouetted public, they are allowing adjustable waistlines. Belts on such frocks can be placed where they happen to be most becoming, and thousands give thanks for them. Naturally, we'll all try to get them as near the equator as possible.

Separate coats will be fitted, belted, or both, and they must cover the dress entirely. Many have short, elbow-length capes.

A Suit Season

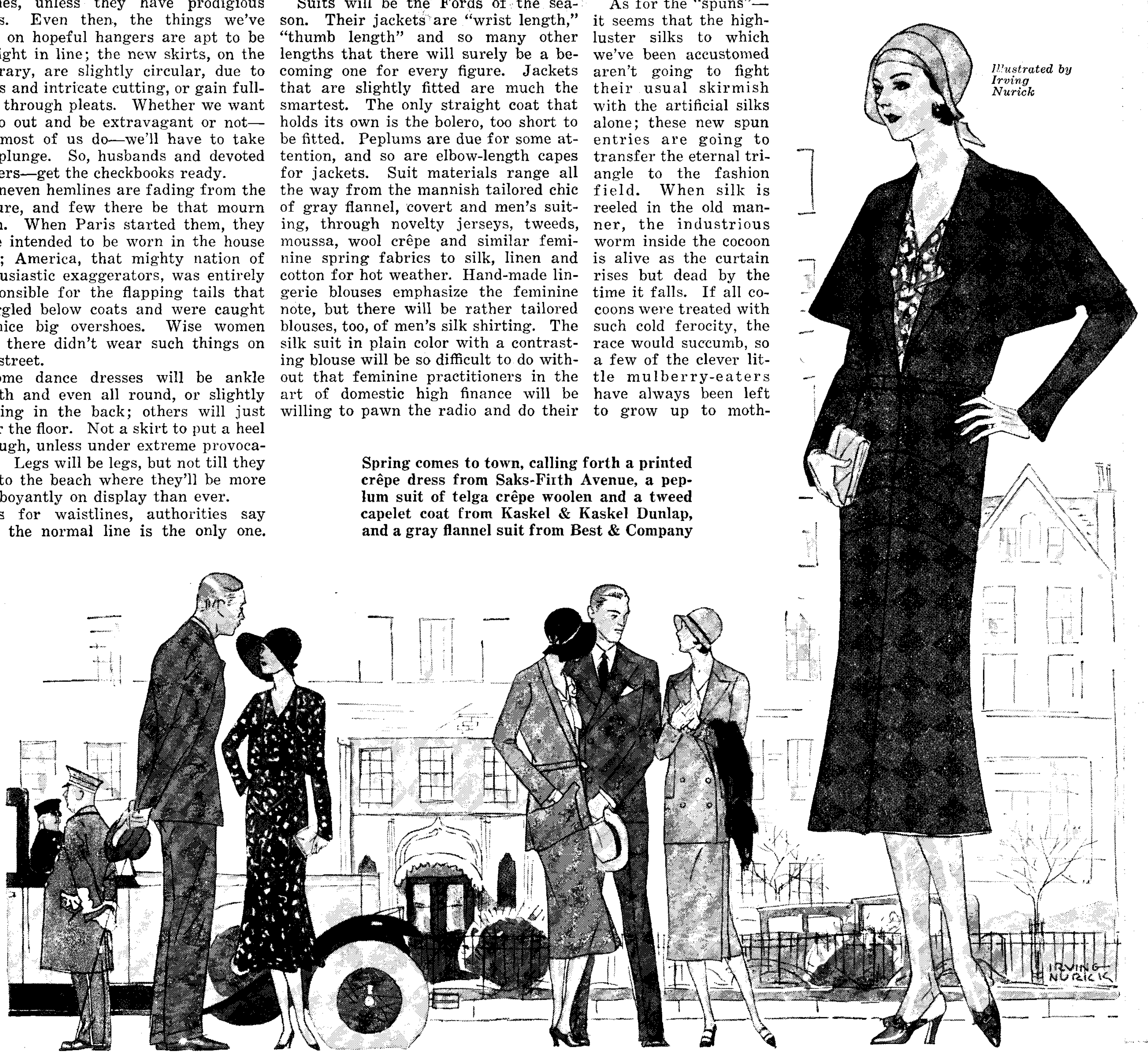
Suits will be the Fords of the season. Their jackets are "wrist length," "thumb length" and so many other lengths that there will surely be a becoming one for every figure. Jackets that are slightly fitted are much the smartest. The only straight coat that holds its own is the bolero, too short to be fitted. Peplums are due for some attention, and so are elbow-length capes for jackets. Suit materials range all the way from the mannish tailored chic of gray flannel, covert and men's suiting, through novelty jerseys, tweeds, moussa, wool crêpe and similar feminine spring fabrics to silk, linen and cotton for hot weather. Hand-made lingerie blouses emphasize the feminine note, but there will be rather tailored blouses, too, of men's silk shirting. The silk suit in plain color with a contrasting blouse will be so difficult to do without that feminine practitioners in the art of domestic high finance will be willing to pawn the radio and do their own singing, rather than appear without the season's *sine qua non.* Silk crêpes, some of them façonné crêpes, will star in this rôle for town, with such informal silks as shantungs, ribbed silks, silk alpaca, end-to-end silks and other "spuns" coming in for resort attention.

Façonné materials and spun silk are things we've all got to know about this year. Façonné fabrics, more commonly known as jacquards, whether cotton, wool or silk, have a self-colored pattern in them brought out in the weave.

As for the "spuns"—it seems that the high-luster silks to which we've been accustomed aren't going to fight their usual skirmish with the artificial silks alone; these new spun entries are going to transfer the eternal triangle to the fashion field. When silk is reeled in the old manner, the industrious worm inside the cocoon is alive as the curtain rises but dead by the time it falls. If all cocoons were treated with such cold ferocity, the race would succumb, so a few of the clever little mulberry-eaters have always been left to grow up to mothhood and claw their way out, leaving a nice round hole at the point of exit. In the spun silk process these abandoned houses are used, the resultant short fibers of silk being boiled off and spun together into a continuous thread of lower luster (considered very smart at the moment) and perfect washability—which is certainly good news. No wonder "the spuns" are making a great to-do in the sports world, though we find them not only there but also in town and for the evening.

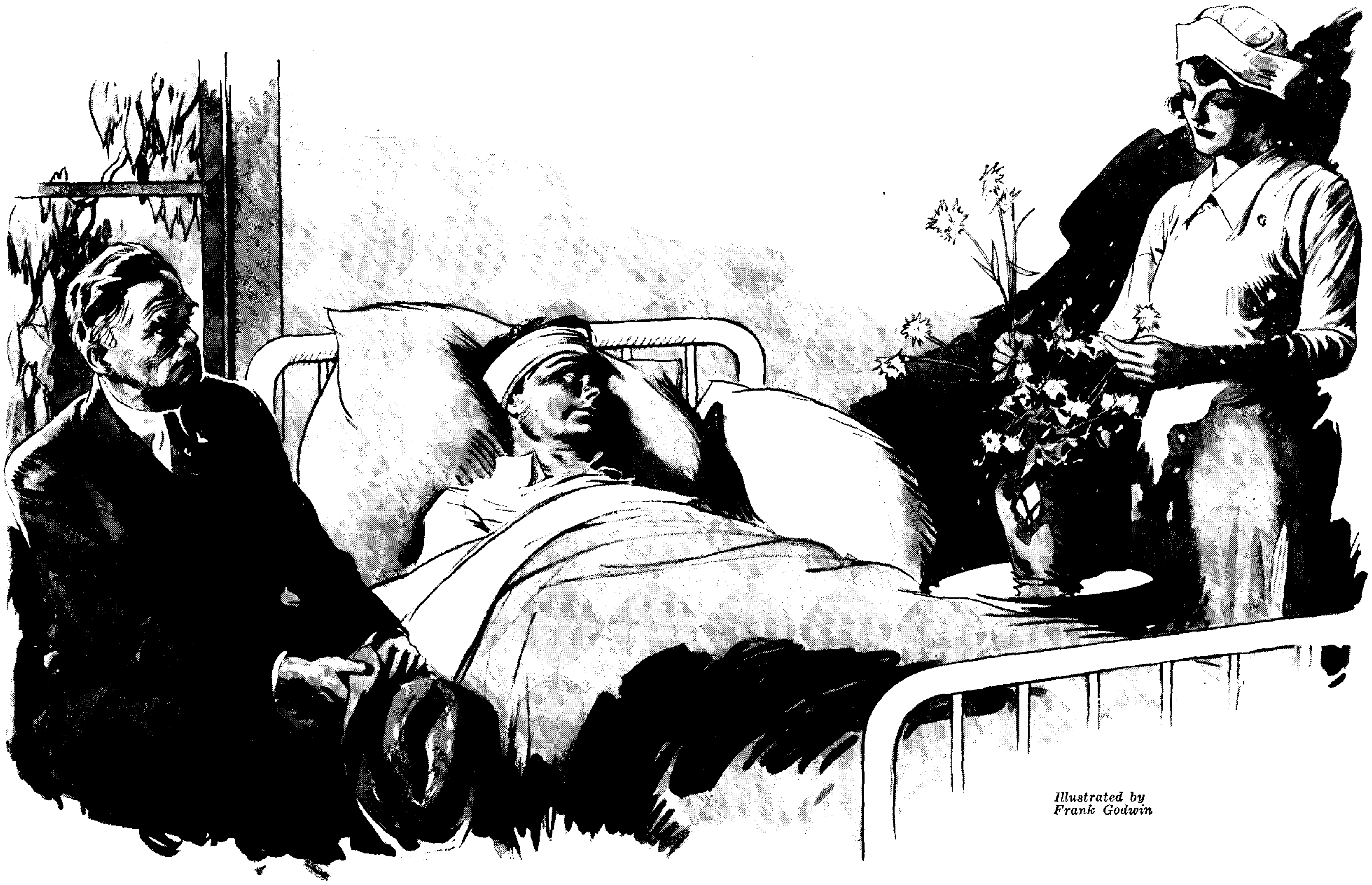
Having said so much about line and material, which are especially important this year, we now come to what is usually the first consideration—color. Here authorities differ in picking the winner for town. Some say black and stick to it. Others, equally sure of

(*Continued on page 40*)



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Spring comes to town, calling forth a printed crêpe dress from Saks-Fifth Avenue, a peplum suit of telga crêpe woolen and a tweed capelet coat from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap, and a gray flannel suit from Best & Company



"Anyhow, all the time she's movin' around the room he's follerin' with his eyes like he was tryin' to catch a signal"

Speed Hammond's Soft Spot

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By
Heywood
Broun

"IF HE lives through this season I'm going to make him do his spring training next year at Coney Island," said Jake Kilrain.

"What could he do at Coney Island?" asked Pat Trevor.

"They could black him up and let him stick his head through a hole," Jake explained. "That kid's got to learn how to dodge a baseball. And all these newspaper saps christening him Speed Hammond! That kid'd get beaned if it was old Nap Rucker lobbing 'em in."

"Now, wait a minute, Chief," remonstrated Pat. "You don't want to be making them cracks till you know whether he's hurt bad or not. The doctor's still reading his bumps."

"He ain't hurt bad. This is the fourth time in five months. I know the verdict —'a slight concussion'—and he's over to the hospital for a week and we gotta get along without the sweetest little hitter that's broke in since I had the club."

"It don't make him plate-shy."

"I wish it did. A fast kid like that's got no right getting beaned so much. I never see the like of it since Frank Chance and he used to entrench those feet of his when he came up to bat."

Pat went over to the little group which stood around the injured player and was back in a minute. "The doc says no fracture but he thinks he better tote him over to the hospital to lay up a coupla days to be on the safe side. He come to just as I was leaning over."

"That might be a shock if he was sensitive at all," said the manager. "Tell Red to run for him and if he gets caught off that bag I'll fine him."

Speed Hammond reported back for duty within twenty-four hours. He denied feeling shaky at all and played a good right field for the Yankees.

"Look at that kid step into that one," said Pat, as Hammond tripled down the third-base line. "They certainly haven't got his nerve yet. He's got his head up."

"Just waiting to have it knocked off," agreed Kilrain sourly. And two weeks later Speed Hammond went down again when one of Freitag's deliveries hit him just above the left ear.

THE manager called Pat into his little office just off the dressing-room after the game.

"This isn't on the level," he said. "It's a racket."

"You mean he takes 'em on purpose?" asked Pat.

"That's what I mean. No doctor can tell me he was knocked out by that ball today. Freitag couldn't pitch himself out of a paper bag. It was a slow one that beaned Speed. He deliberately stuck his head into it."

"What would be the sense of his doing a fool trick like that? And, anyhow, you're not going to say it was a fake that first time when Grove hit him."

"No, the first one was on the level. You could hear that all over the park. And it wasn't confetti that young Walsh cracked him with. But the last two times were plain fake. A fellow doesn't get hit with a floater unless he's asking for it."

"Maybe they've got his skull sort of softened up."

"Not him. He'd be dead now if he didn't have a bunch of bone up there over his eyes."

"But what's the sense of it? Why would he do it?"

"That's for you to find out. There's something going on at that hospital we don't know about. You go up this afternoon. Don't let anybody know you're coming. Bring him violets if you like and charge it to the club. And tell him for me if he gets hit anywhere again this season except on the slack of the uniform he can take his concussions right down to the Southern Association. Come to my room when you get back."

Pat Trevor was waiting for his manager when Kilrain came up from dinner.

"Speed Hammond won't get hit no more this season."

"It was a racket like I thought?"

"Yes, he owned up to it. Only the first time was on the level. He even took that one off Walsh."

"I was going to allow him that one. It took a lot of nerve or no sense to do that."

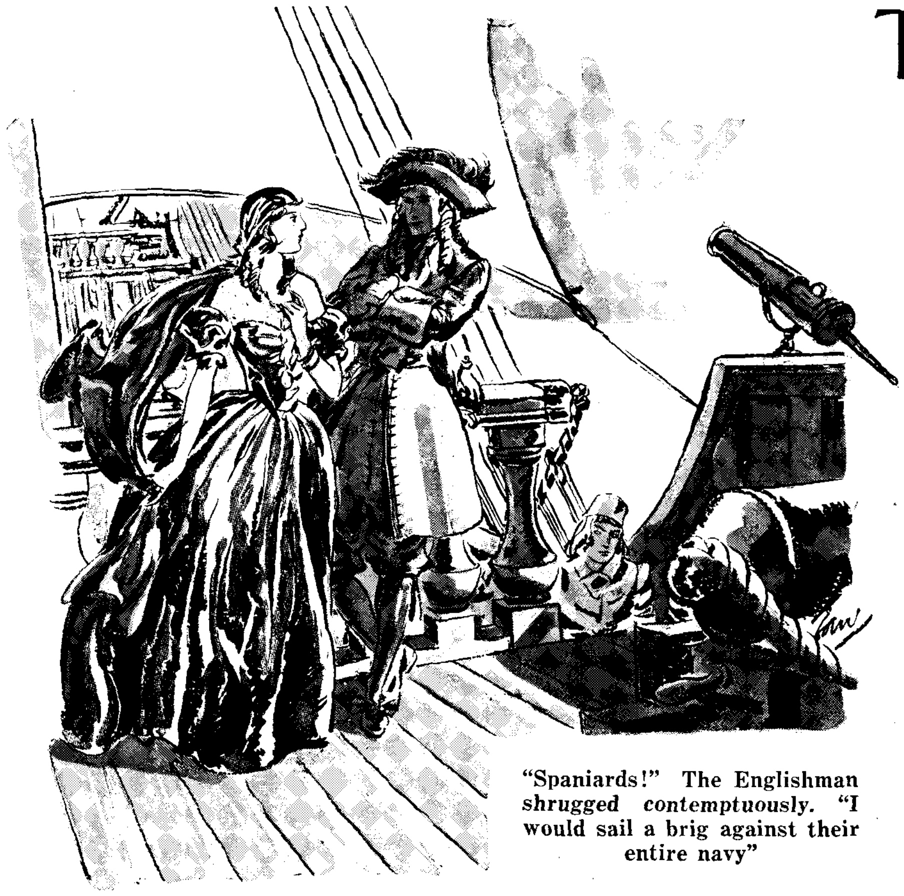
"I'm thinking it's a little of both," said Pat.

"Lately he's been using some judgment and picking the right spots to stick his head out. He told me the whole story but he couldn't tell me much after I took one look around there in that hospital."

"What's the game?"

"WELL, you see, it seems he always gets the same nurse, Miss Lacey. A good looker but I wouldn't say sensational, but I didn't come up from Tangier, Mississippi. Anyhow, all the time she's movin' round the room he's follerin' with his eyes and starin' like he was tryin' to catch a signal. When she goes out of the room I wises him you and me are on that he's getting beaned on purpose and how come. He says, 'I gotta see her.' 'Well,' I tells him, 'she must live somewhere and you're no wage slave. You get your nights off. Why don't you find out her telephone number and ask her to a movie?' And this is the payoff, Chief: He blushes and says, 'I haven't got the nerve to do that.' "

The Wrath of Kings



"Spaniards!" The Englishman shrugged contemptuously. "I would sail a brig against their entire navy"

"IT IS the same sail that left Port Royal with us this morning." The girl, shading her eyes from the glare of the sun, looked back along the great ship's wake. "She follows like a hound."

"What of it, my dear Lady Joan?" Captain Fortescue laughed indulgently. "Even were they pirates, can you think that a small frigate would dare attack a British man-of-war?"

"These buccaneers will dare anything," she persisted. "During my stay in Jamaica I have heard tales of their recklessness that were almost past believing. Only last month two sloops captured a flotilla carrying the king's money from Lima to Spain."

"Spaniards!" The Englishman shrugged contemptuously. "I would sail a brig against their entire navy."

Dismissing the matter as a trivial interruption, he resumed his talk of England, where Charles the Second was proving himself a true Stuart, and again racked his willing memory for every detail of the mad gayety that marked a people's revolt against long years of Puritanism. Routs at Whitehall where ladies of the court flung themselves about with all the abandon of bacchantes; a night at cards when the Duchess of Portsmouth lost twenty-five thousand pounds; the king's amours with Mistress Gwynne and various others too many for the counting; the beauty of the Duchess of Portsmouth and her quaint habit of calling in lusty young blades from the street; and the mad pranks of the Earl of Rochester, who rented an inn on the Newmarket road, where, after muddling the husbands with drink, he made merry with their wives; and, at the last, a particularly choice adventure of the Duke of Buckingham, who killed the Earl of Shrewsbury while the Countess, disguised as a page, looked on and cheered her lover's sword play.

"London is now the most brilliant capital in all Europe," he boasted, all flushed with interest in his own recital. "You will not know the town."

"I am beginning to think I do not want to." The girl spoke coldly, not troubling to hide her distaste. "As a matter of fact, I never did know London. I was but eleven when my uncle fled with me to Jamaica after the execution of the king."

"Of course." Fortescue bowed gallantly, and then black memories bubbled up, twisting his face into ugly shapes. "Fortunate indeed that you were not old enough to know the shame and heartbreak of that dreadful day. But we have lived to see the murderers punished, thank God. Death robbed us of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, the arch fiends, but I was one of those who dug the bodies up, and we put the rotting heads on poles for the accursed Roundheads to gape at.

"And I saw them hang Harrison," he gloated, fairly savoring his words with cruel relish. "Coke also was hung, drawn and quartered, and before I left London eleven others were dangling at a rope's end. Some managed to escape, curse them, but the whole world is being combed for the villains, and they cannot go unfound. But why the white face?" he demanded sharply. "Do you shrink from hearing the doom meted out to wretches who killed your king?"

"I TRUST never to hear of savagery without horror," she answered bravely. "And besides, we in Jamaica were informed that Charles had promised a general pardon."

"That was before his recall to the throne." Then, as if sensing the need for further explanation, he added gruffly, "Honor does not operate between royalty and rebels."

Obviously disgruntled, he walked away, and Lady Joan's eyes, after a space, went back to the mysterious ship that followed with so strange a persistence. Only a man or two showed in the rigging, yet there was a fair spread of canvas, and the frigate kept pace easily, although well out of gunshot. This distance remained unchanged until the sun slipped down over the ocean's rim, but even as the girl went below, faintly irritated at her own fears, the black craft's deck swarmed with scurrying shapes, more sail was raised, and up she came on the weather bow, close and menacing. At midnight, when the warship changed watch, the pirates leaped swiftly through the dark, and lashed to the bowsprit.

Taken by surprise, the English were beaten in the first onslaught, but rallying quickly, soon evened the bloody struggle, and launched a fierce counter-attack. The buccaneers, driven back to their own deck, were plainly willing to accept defeat, and hacked wildly at the lashings, but hot-headed Fortescue, bent upon extermination, would not have it so.

"Hold fast!" he bellowed. "Hold fast and board!"

"No!" cried an old boatswain. "In God's name, no. Let 'em draw off."

The captain struck him down, and shouting his order again, led the charge. A fool's trick and one that quickly brought its own reward. The sea wolves, knowing well that no quarter would be given, now fought for their lives instead of mere booty, and swung the tide of battle by sheer fury. Back upon the man-of-war they swept, cutlass in one hand, knife in the other, screeching like devils, and when a stroke from behind clove stupid Fortescue from hair to chin, resistance ended.

Joan saw nothing of the struggle, for at the outset an officer had locked her cabin, but she followed the varying fortunes of the conflict by its clamor, and was searching wildly for a weapon when the door crashed in. Rough hands dragged her on deck just as dawn broke, and for all her proud courage, the girl's heart failed at sight of the pirate crew. There were Flemings, Swedes, Danes, English and French in the motley throng, but common vices had degraded them to a common type, terrifying in its bestiality. More like a wild beast than any other, was the leader that they hailed as Redhand, for a fell of coarse red hair matted the naked chest, and two wild boar tusks jutted from the great gash of a mouth.

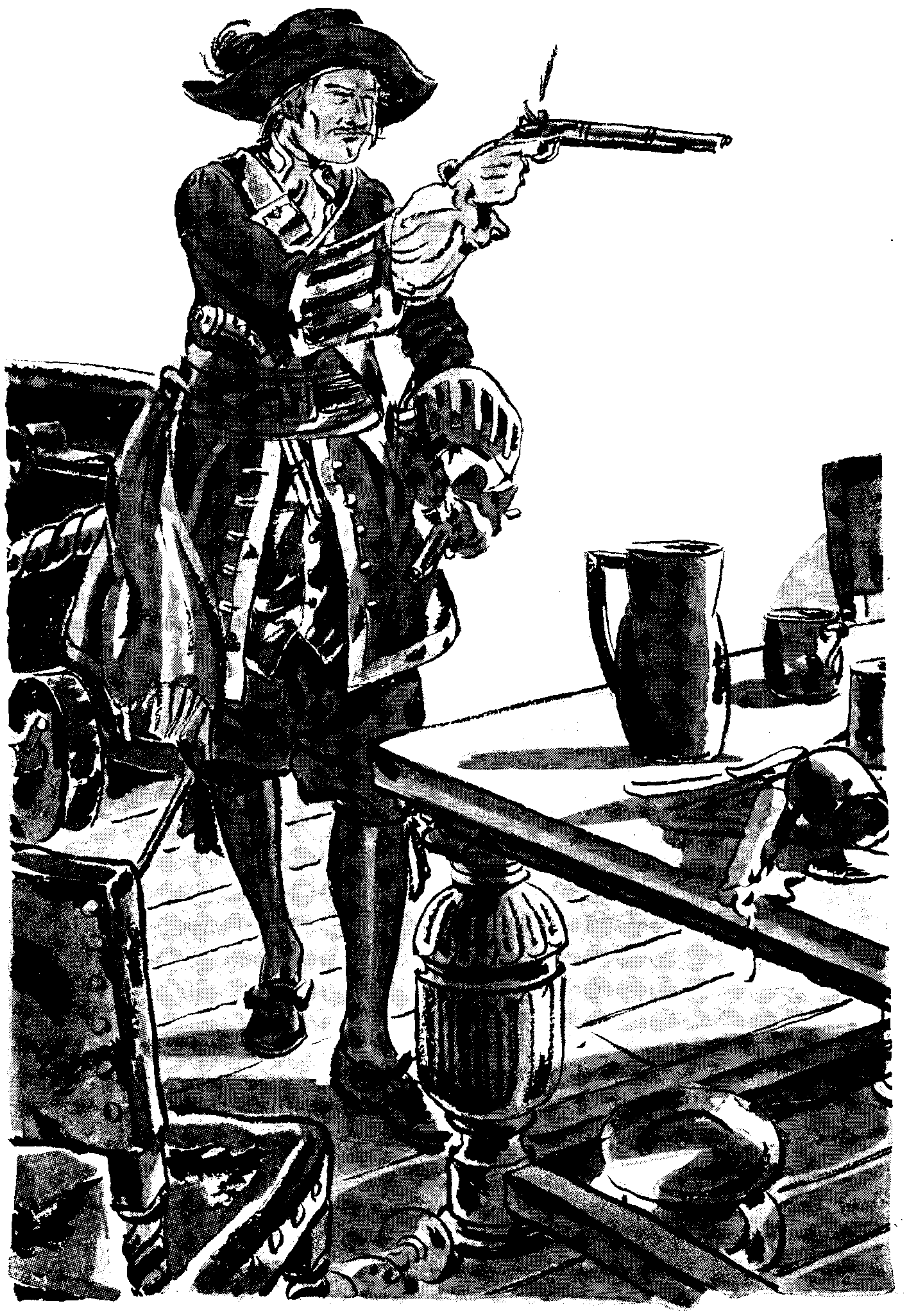
"A WENCH!" At sight of Joan he smacked his gross lips. "M-m-m! No more black sluts for me, my lads."

He had but time to grip her wrist, however, for the rest of his band, pouring up from below like a locust swarm, cursed and raved as they reported a dearth of booty, nothing having rewarded their search but the usual ship's stores and the personal monies of the officers.

"The English pigs!" Redhand hacked the gunwale with his hanger. "An' they told me in Jamaica she carried bar gold. Well, by God," and he bared his tusks in a savage grin, "we'll make 'em pay us for our trouble. Herd out the prisoners, an' let's carve 'em."

"Not so!" Loud and strong rose the voice, and out from the crowd stepped a swarthy, slim Englishman with a face that would have been womanish in its beauty but for the chin's bold jut and a pair of hawk eyes.

"The Black Prince, eh?" Redhand's



The other's pistol roared. Redhand shivered under the impact of the heavy bullet and staggered forward against a chair

A poignant adventure of the Spanish Main

By George Creel

sneer gave way to rage, and his head shot forward like a snake about to strike. "Damn you for a trouble-making hound," he cried. "Will nothing do you but a slit throat?"

"Since when did this cease to be a free company, every man having the right to speak his mind?" The answer was cool and confident. "Killing in fair fight is well enough, but butchering captives in cold blood is no work for gentlemen adventurers. Am I right, comrades?" Under the compulsion of his masterful eye there was a scattered cheer. "We have not men enough to man both ships," he continued quickly, "so why not put the prisoners on our frigate and let them shift for themselves? We keep to the prize and sail at once for a capture that will bring us more than death and wooden legs. Doing a lot of poor wretches to death is not only barbarous, fit for savages, but a stupid waste of time."

Now the cheering was so general and enthusiastic as to beat down Redhand's murderous fury, and giving the order, he watched sullenly while the prisoners were brought up and transferred to the pirate craft. In the confusion, Joan managed to move near him that had been called the Black Prince.

"You seem to have been a gentleman," she whispered. "Give me a knife or a pistol?"

HE MADE no sign of having heard, nor did he move when Redhand, roughly pulling the girl after him, picked a way across the bloody deck. Passively enough she went, but when the door of the cabin shut behind her—the great cabin where only a few hours before she had sat in safety and happiness—she jerked loose and put the table between them. Making no effort to pursue, Redhand went to the sideboard, but when he had drained a goblet of French brandy, his gross body hurtled forward in a leap as swift as sudden. Catching the girl fast, he beat down her hands with lewd chucklings, and buried his dirt-caked beard in the whiteness of her throat.

"Stand away!" From the threshold the Black Prince called the order.

"Ten thousand devils!" Redhand, wheeling, found it difficult to believe his eyes. "At it again, are you? Sink your meddling soul, be off about your business before—"

"This is very much my business." Advancing, a pistol in each hand, he stood facing the buccaneer across the table. "I come to suggest that the lady be held for ransom. Even you should be able to see that she is rich and well-born."

"To hell with ransoms." Redhand's jaws, working convulsively, covered his lips with foam. "The wench is for my pleasure."

"Spoken like a true Liverpool wharf rat." The savage insolence of it had the cut of a whip, and with lightning speed the pirate's left hand went to his bandolier. The other's pistol roared. Redhand shivered under the impact of the heavy bullet, staggered forward against a chair and fell headlong. Even as the Black Prince stooped down, there came the sound of shouting and the tramp of feet.

"Quick," he said, turning to the girl. "Your name?"

"Joan Bentinck."

"Your father?"

"The Earl of Audley."

"Good." Throwing open the door he let in the surging crowd, and stepped back that they might have full view of the body.

"BY GOD, he's killed the captain," cried a huge Dane with long fair hair that fell to his shoulders.

"And a good job, too." The swart Englishman silenced the tumult with imperious hand. "A butcherly dog and a stupid one. Listen, all!" he commanded. "How many lives did this capture cost us? A full fifteen. Aye, that many gallant fellows are now shark's meat. And what have we to show for it? A hogshead of brandy and two pipes of Madeira. Did I not talk myself hoarse saying that there were only blows to be had from a man-of-war? And when, by sheerest accident, we find a pearl in the rubbish heap, this sot," he spurned the carcass with his foot, "had not the wit to see its value. The lady here," he gestured, "is the daughter of the richest peer in all England. Do you not think the Earl of Audley will pay handsomely for her release? And even the king himself will join in filling the purse, for she is dear to him as his own flesh and blood. A hundred thousand pounds is not too much to ask. It was for this I entered the cabin, telling the drunken fool that we had a fortune in our hands."

The Dane roared approval in a great bull voice.

"A leader at last!" he bellowed, flashing his cutlass. "Ho, Black Prince, you shall be our captain."

"Nay, not captain. Your leader only until such time as a council may be held for a fair election. And now," he added briskly, "rest and drink after a night of fighting. Up on deck, brave lads! Broach the brandy and Madeira and whatever else may be found. And heave this over the side," he added, negligently tapping Redhand's body with his toe.

"It's our one chance," he said, turning to Joan when they were left alone. "If they drink themselves drunk enough, we may slip away."

"As long as I live," she said, "I will thank God for your great kindness."

"It is nothing that calls for thanks," he answered gently. "As you were good enough to observe, I was once a gentleman. Lock the door when I go out, and open only to my voice."

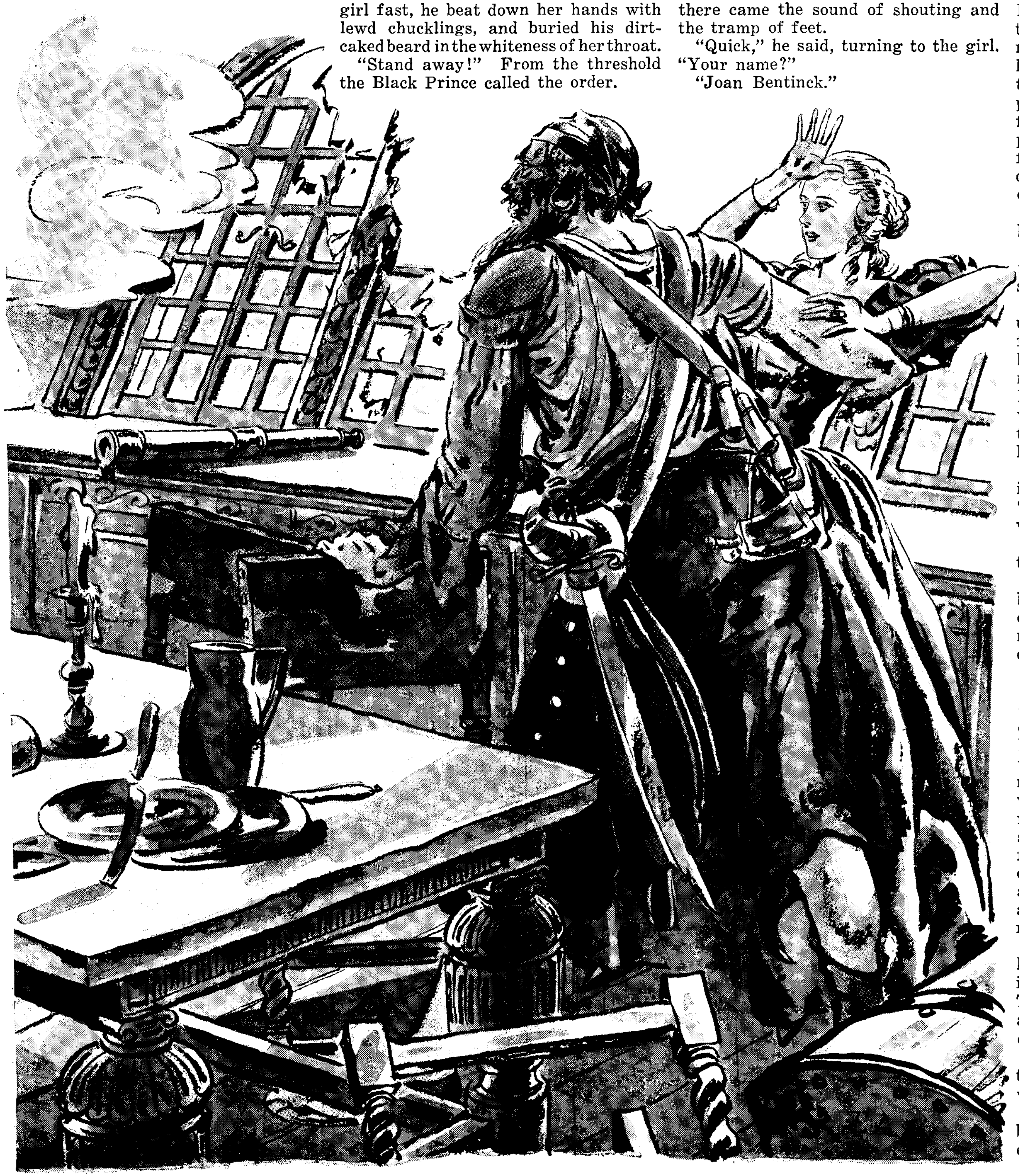
AT NOON he came again, bearing some food from the galley, his face shadowed with concern. The crew, he told her, were taking full advantage of the wine and brandy, but some malcontents mouthed doubts and distrusts, and there was no telling what they might do. He made her eat, and then sat silent, straining his ears to catch the cries that floated down from above. Twice the clatter of feet sounded close, only to die away, but in midafternoon there came a tramp and shouting that suffered no recession.

"They are coming." Quietly enough he rose and tested his sword to see that it hung free. "Stand well at my back." The door crashed in on his words, and a rum-soaked Dutchman led a rush of drunken cutthroats into the room.

"The wench," one bawled, and others took up the cry. "The wench! The wench!"

"Was it not decided that she should be held for ransom?" the Black Prince countered. "Come, lads, you'll not be

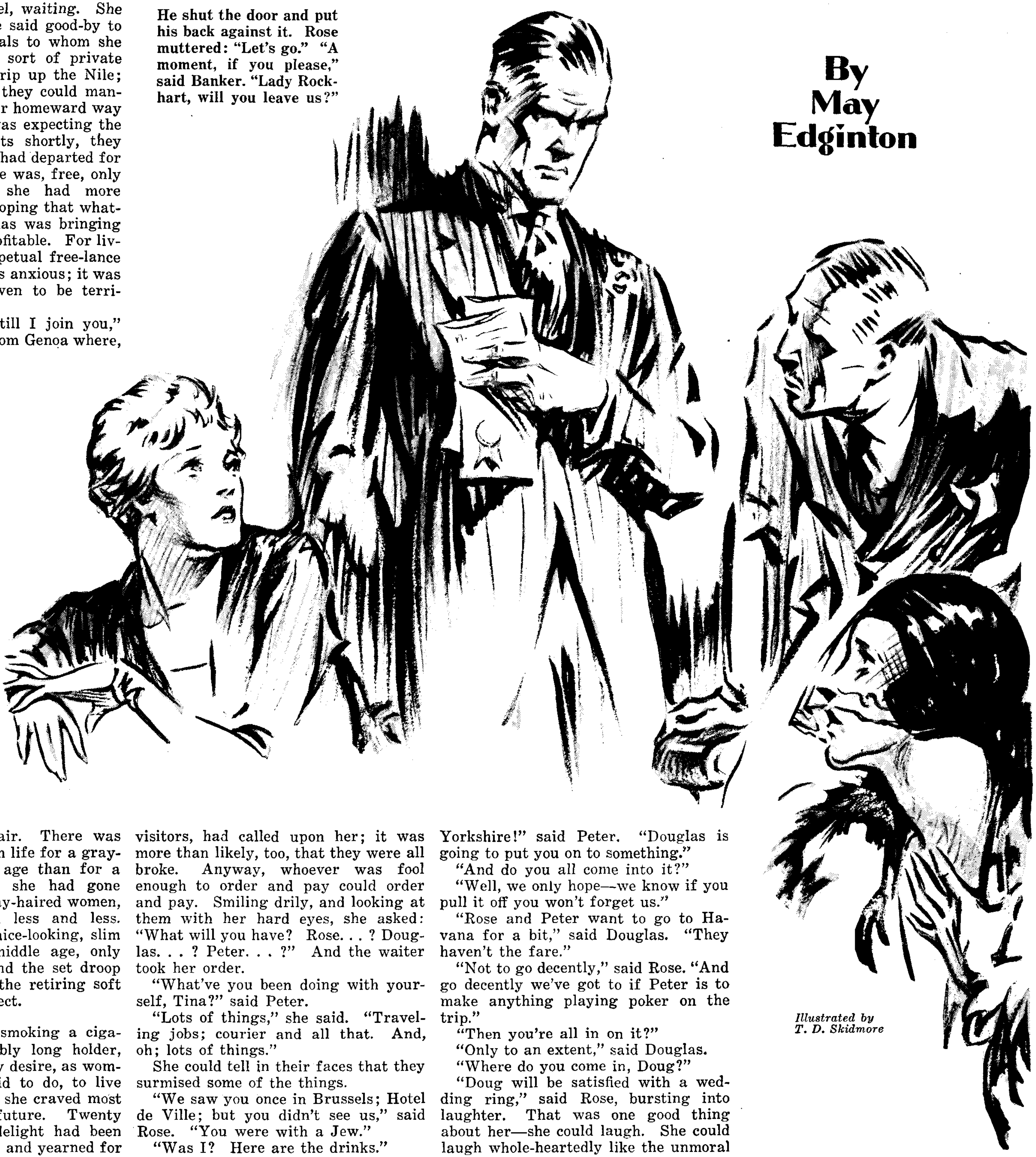
(Continued on page 52)



The Heart is Young

The story of a lost lady who played a perilous game. Don't bring in your verdict on her—until you have heard all the evidence

By
May
Edginton



He shut the door and put his back against it. Rose muttered: "Let's go." "A moment, if you please," said Banker. "Lady Rockhart, will you leave us?"

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

TINA was sitting in the gardens of Shepheard's Hotel, waiting. She was glad to have said good-by to the rich provincials to whom she had been acting as a sort of private lady-courier on their trip up the Nile; they had decided that they could manage without her on their homeward way from now on, as she was expecting the arrival of other clients shortly, they understood. And they had departed for Port Said, and here she was, free, only wishing that indeed she had more clients arriving, only hoping that whatever proposition Douglas was bringing might be at least as profitable. For living on the wits, a perpetual free-lance ready for anything, was anxious; it was wearying; it began even to be terrifying.

"Keep pretty quiet till I join you," Douglas had written from Genoa where, it seemed, he had met with Rose and her husband. "And get rid of anyone who is with you. . . ." Well, on this and that plea and representation, she had contrived to say farewell to her clients at Cairo. But, unless Douglas had some quite solid sort of scheme, it would not have been worth while. She would have missed the extra six days' board and lodging on the P. & O. steamer and de luxe trains.

People strolling in the gardens and terraces did not look at her much. Men did not look much. That told the tale of the years; that, and the certain tiredness that masked her. She was just a well-dressed woman with shingled gray hair. There was more fat to be had from life for a gray-haired woman of her age than for a hennaed woman. So, she had gone gray. Women liked gray-haired women, and the men counted less and less. Thus she was just a nice-looking, slim creature of modern middle age, only her quick hard eyes and the set droop of her mouth belying the retiring soft friendliness of her aspect.

AS SHE sat there, smoking a cigarette in a noticeably long holder, she did not passionately desire, as women of her age are said to do, to live life over again. What she craved most passionately was a future. Twenty years ago the day's delight had been enough; now she ached and yearned for some sort of beauty, rest, safety, that might be found tomorrow.

And as she sat there, calculating shrewdly if she should buy a cocktail or go without one, a servant came out and told her that Dr. Maceways was awaiting her inside.

Douglas had arrived, then. She went in and found him, and also Rose and her husband, whom she had not seen for some five years. They all sat down together round a little table with a couch and chairs set about it, in the Moorish lounge. There was a long pause; the emptiness of the little table called for cocktails plainly, and a waiter stood near. Suddenly in the long pause she smiled drily. Certainly there were two men in the party, but they were all her visitors, had called upon her; it was more than likely, too, that they were all broke. Anyway, whoever was fool enough to order and pay could order and pay. Smiling drily, and looking at them with her hard eyes, she asked: "What will you have? Rose. . . ? Douglas. . . ? Peter. . . ?" And the waiter took her order.

"What've you been doing with yourself, Tina?" said Peter.

"Lots of things," she said. "Traveling jobs; courier and all that. And, oh; lots of things."

She could tell in their faces that they surmised some of the things.

"We saw you once in Brussels; Hotel de Ville; but you didn't see us," said Rose. "You were with a Jew."

"Was I? Here are the drinks."

She paid, neither of the men so much as putting a hand to a pocket.

"How are you doing?" she asked Douglas.

"So-so. Back from America ten days ago. Looked up Rose and Peter in Paris, because . . . well, it's very extraordinary. . . ."

Rose interrupted: "Surely you must be tired of knocking around like you do, Tina?"

"Tired!"

She laughed. "I've been up the Nile with some fat shopkeepers who've made money. They were very generous, and I was working up to stay with them in Yorkshire when Douglas wrote to me—"

"Lucky you didn't stay with them in Yorkshire!" said Peter. "Douglas is going to put you on to something."

"And do you all come into it?"

"Well, we only hope—we know if you pull it off you won't forget us."

"Rose and Peter want to go to Havana for a bit," said Douglas. "They haven't the fare."

"Not to go decently," said Rose. "And go decently we've got to if Peter is to make anything playing poker on the trip."

"Then you're all in on it?"

"Only to an extent," said Douglas.

"Where do you come in, Doug?"

"Doug will be satisfied with a wedding ring," said Rose, bursting into laughter. That was one good thing about her—she could laugh. She could laugh whole-heartedly like the unmoral greedy child she would remain all her life.

"Wedding ring?"

AND suddenly she saw in Douglas' hastily disclaiming eyes that indeed he had this in mind. She discovered no thrill in herself; rather, a repugnance. Yet, once he and she . . .

Once he and she . .

What a lover he had been before their crooked ways happened to part them!

She was aware, always had been aware, of course, that he felt a great admiration for her brain. Under all his dominating ways—and years ago those ways had been fierce—he had trusted and admired her unscrupulous wits.

Her mouth set in its droop, hard. She looked formidable.

And she saw they were all looking at her; studying her; appraising her looks, her clothes, her general effect.

"Well?" she said.

He settled down to tell her his story in his quick cold way that had yet a certain excitement in it. They all settled closer about the table—like (she thought this oddly) vultures settling nearer and nearer some prospective feast.

"Well, Tina, to cut it short and make it plain: I'm just back from America. I've had a job out in Montana on what they call a 'dude' ranch. A fellow ran it, and there was a woman there helping him to manage it and run things for the women and so on. This ranch place—I'll have to give you all the details and everything—all the fishing and riding; log cabin reservations wired for by pot-bellied business men in cities; lakes, streams, forests—it was in the Gallatin Mountains. You have trips to Lava Lake, and Jumbo Mountain and the Petrified Forest and all, just like any other tourists. Only it really is fine and wild—"

The titter. "Doug being fine and wild!"

"—fine and wild, I said. Well, this man. I had a sort of supervisor-guide-society-entertainer-mountaineer job; the long and short of it was I'd just got to please—"

The titter. "More like Doug!"

"—As for this woman. She was awfully ill. Anyone could see. And I advised this fellow, the boss, to get her away to a hospital because it didn't pay to have her there like a human libel on the healthy holiday. So I had the job of driving her to the railway about thirty miles off, and I went with her on the train and she told me. . . . What didn't she tell me! Because I was English and so was she, she said—"

"Where do Rose and Peter come in?" Tina demanded.

"Rose knew her years and years ago in Europe—"

"Went to the same finishing school in Lausanne, actually," Rose burst in. "So I can give you just a whole lot—"

"Where does Peter come in?"

"With me," said Rose.

TINA clenched her hands. Oh, dear! Why had they linked up with her again, this suave disreputable crew? Wasn't any poverty, however stark, better than whatever they might disclose? But something hard in Tina's heart answered this: No. Find out what they've got. Get some of it; as much as you can.

"This woman died in hospital. And she really was awfully like you in a way, Tina. Gray, too—but hennaed. Your build. Musical voice like yours—"

Titter again. "Tina was always such a lady!"

"Well, let's get on with it," said Douglas. "This woman had run away from a middle-aged husband twenty-five years before. He didn't divorce her. He's been dead some years. She left a baby—the boy who's now got everything, title and all."

"'Title?'" said Tina in a more businesslike voice, so that they looked at her approvingly.

"Yes. Sir Bertie Rockhart. I've got baby photos of him and a lock of baby hair, and things, and all the old family gags; and she'd practically no relatives of her own, and not many friends when she married this baronet. I've got her passport and some letters and actually her birth certificate and marriage lines. She'd got the lot. Said they were in a writing case or something that she happened to take with her when she ran off with a fellow; and when she found 'em, she kept 'em. Talked hours to me as she lay in that hospital; and gave me the things so that she could be buried in her right name. But when she died—"

The sound Rose and Peter gave now was not laughter, but cynicism; cognizant of Douglas.

"Well, when she died, we didn't want a lot of fuss at the ranch, and she was buried in the town cemetery there under the name she'd used last. The fellow who ran the ranch told me, after the funeral, his side of the story. He hadn't known a thing about her! Not a darn' thing! They'd just gone into partnership. Well, there didn't seem any use enlightening him; and I came away; and took the next boat across, and found Rose and Peter, and located you; and Rose can give you the bits about the girlhood days—"

"Her old husband first saw her in Lausanne, when the school was out for a walk, and fell in love, and it was a regular scream. I'll tell you all about it," said Rose. "Her old guardian, or whatever he was, gave his blessing quick, and that was that. I can tell you a great deal—"

Tina made a gesture.

"Well, what of it?"

"Go to the boy," said Douglas. "Prodigal mother returned. He'll set you up. Must. Can't not do it. And Rose and Peter would be awfully glad to get to Havana; their fare's all they ask of you; and I—" she stared at him, trying to revive the dead old sentiment between them; and how her heart ached!—"I—well, you and I can talk everything over. Go to it, Tina. You can do it."

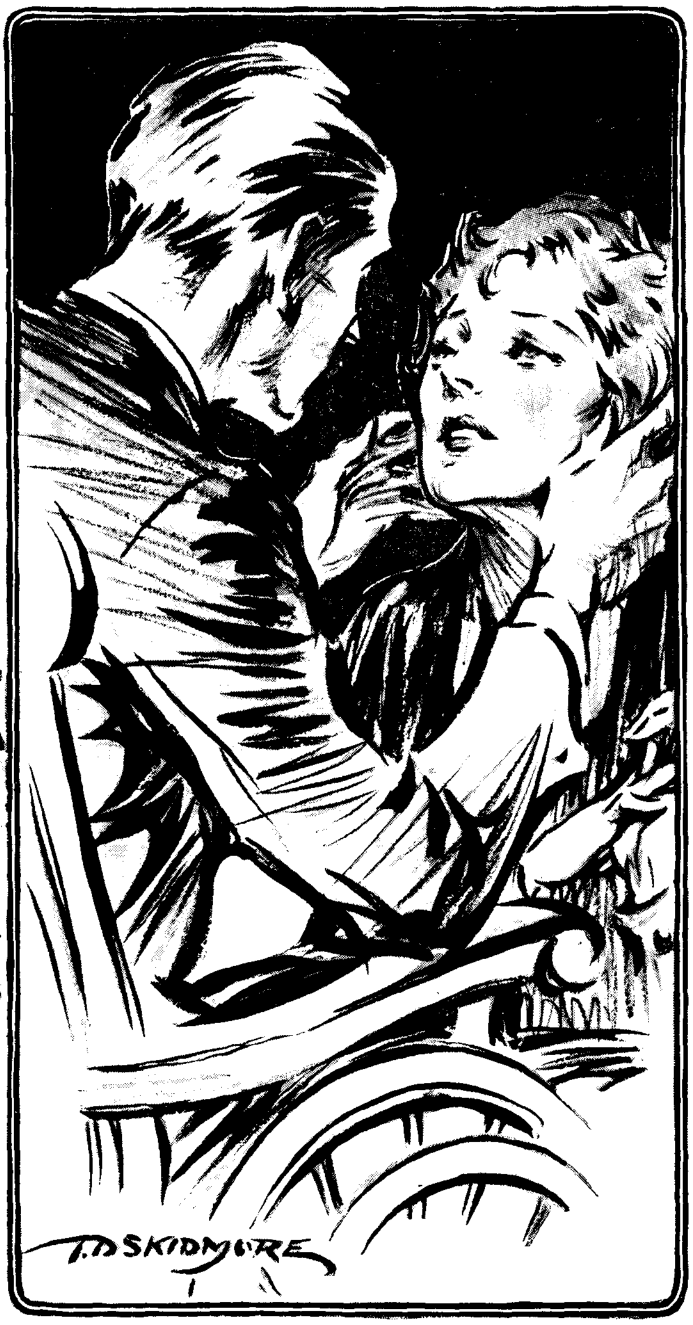
"You can do it, Tina."

"Go to it."

THE surprising simplicity of what she was to do—for do it she would!—almost dismayed Tina. "If I could be rattled, it would be 'cos it's so easy looking," she told them when she left. And her hunger for the respectabilities, for the nourishments of rest and peace and plenty, nearly rattled her too. She put all the faded old papers Douglas gave her carefully away; and the photograph of the engaging baby with the bright eyes waving a rattle; letters from people; letters of no import in themselves save for their tremendous import of identification; one wondered, in fact, why a girl had kept them; and the passport. Also Rose's story of the schoolgirl romance lay fresh and vivid in her reawakened mind. Her mind was much less weary. Lady Rockhart; or . . . the dowager Lady Rockhart?

Douglas thought there was no daughter-in-law. But they didn't wait to make sure before Tina left Cairo. Anyway, it might not much matter. At an international news agency they had managed to unearth an old press-cutting portrait of the dead baronet.

His fingers went over her face fumblingly. "How soft! Your hair.... It's cut, isn't it? It used to be so long...."



She wore oldish clothes that had seen much dusty travel in hot Continental trains, and much weariness in grimy pensions; and she studied her part just like any other actress. She had written a wonderful little letter to Bertie Rockhart, with a timid announcement of her coming, and her tentative hope that he would want to see her "if only for an hour; and then good-by, my dear." They had all admired the letter.

"A gem," said Peter.

"Go to it, Tina," said Rose.

She answered: "I'm going, you bet."

"If only for an hour; and then—perhaps—good-by, my dear," she had written. She had suggested no serious encroachment either on young Sir Bertie's time or pocket. She had hinted meekly her awareness of her forfeiture of all filial affection. Ah! but her own love—the maternal love without bounds!—had surged uncontrollably within her! That she hinted too. And she had written carefully: "I will come some time on Tuesday, and I shall summon up my courage, and come to the house, wondering if there are still peacocks on the terrace; and if Golightly is still housekeeper; and if you still keep up your father's wonderful roses. And wondering if you will want to see me, my dear. . . . Yes, I will come; and I will go. . . ." A clever letter. She had always been the delicately imaginative member of the gang.

So late one warm afternoon she came, in her quiet drab-colored clothes, traveling third-class, to the country station in a charming valley walled with pine-trimmed hills, and, dressing case in hand, was about to inquire the facilities for getting to Rockhart, when a tall young footman met her, touching his uniform cap.

"Lady Rockhart, madam?"

She found herself tensing all over.

"Yes."

He took the dressing case respectfully. "This way, your ladyship. A car is here."

"How did . . . Sir Bertie . . . know what train to meet?" she asked involuntarily.

"We have met every London train today, on the chance, my lady. Sir Bertie's orders."

THEN she was ushered by the servant out to the limousine, where a chauffeur in the same smart livery sat at the wheel, and after a brief dream of country roads they turned into an avenue of silver birches. Then she saw Rockhart at the end of the avenue, like a picture in a frame of trees and sky.

So that was the house. She compared the actual impression with the sketchy written ones she had garnered from the material that Douglas and Rose had been able to put at her disposal.

There were still peacocks on the terraces.

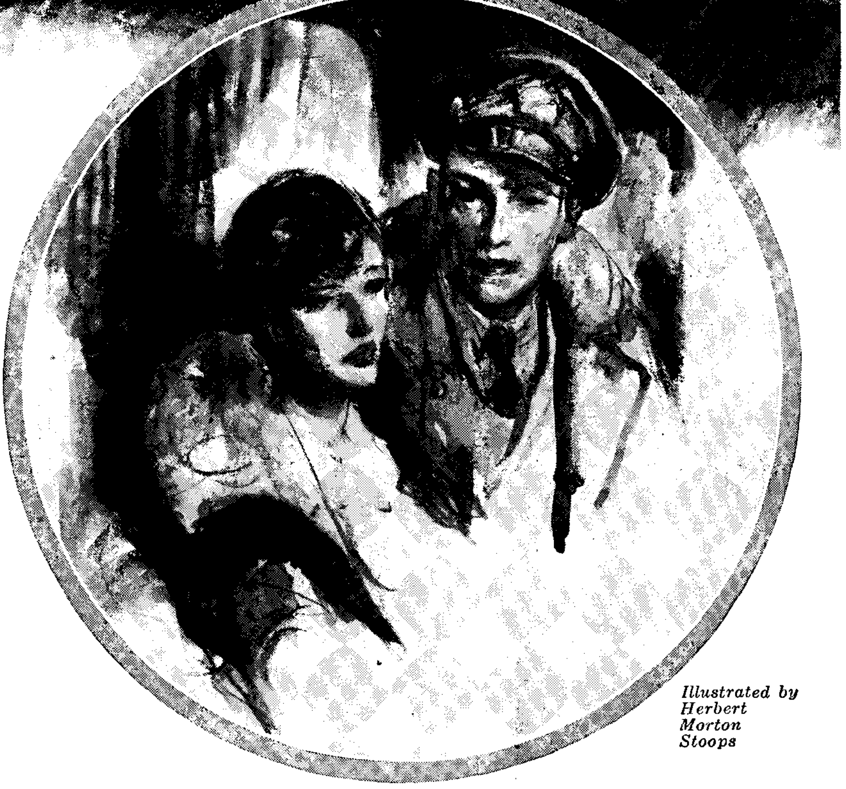
At the bottom of the immensely wide, shallow, curved flight of steps before the front door stood a man, immobile. Not Sir Bertie—no, an older man; a man of her own age,

(Continued on page 78)

Stepdaughters of War

By Helen Z. Smith

Utterly exhausted, on the verge of hysteria, Helen Smith struggles to escape the octopus of war. But its tentacles grope after her



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Going home, he begs me to marry him quickly . . . it is all too sudden

V

I AM afraid of going mad—of being discovered one morning among the boulders at the foot of a rocky hillside, as was The Bug the day following the air raid that smashed the station and the convoy train to matchwood—a night of smashings, though none so cruelly smashed as The Bug. She had lost her way and missed her footing in the darkness, said the powers-that-be. This on the brightest night in a season of moonlit nights.

An accident—so The Bug rests alongside Tosh in the bleak cemetery in the shadow of The Witch's Hand.

I am haunted now as The Bug was haunted. Whenever I close my aching red eyes a procession of men passes before me—maimed men; men with neither arms nor legs; gassed men coughing, coughing, coughing; men with dreadful, burning eyes; men with heads and faces half shot away; raw, bleeding men with the skin burned from their upturned faces; tortured, all watching me as I lie in my flea-bag trying to sleep—an endless procession of horror that will not let me rest. I am afraid. I am afraid of madness. Are there others in this convoy fear-obsessed as I am, as The Bug was—others who will not admit it as I will not, as The Bug did not—others who exist in a daily hell of fear?

Oh, the beauty of men who are whole and sane. Shall I ever know a lover who is young and strong and untouched by war, who has not seen what I have seen? Shall I ever know a lover whose eyes reflect my image without the shadow of war rising between us? A lover in whose arms I shall forget the maimed men who pass before me in endless parade in the darkness before the dawn, when I think and think and think because the procession will not let me sleep?

What is to happen to women like me when this war ends—if ever it ends? I am twenty years of age, yet I know nothing of life but death, fear, blood, and the sentimentality that glorifies these things in the name of patriotism.

What is to happen to women like me when the killing is done and peace comes—if ever it comes? What will they expect of us, these elders who have sent us out to fight? We sheltered young women who smilingly stumbled from the chintz-covered drawing-rooms of the suburbs straight into hell?

What will they expect of us?

We, who once blushed at the public mention of childbirth, now discuss subjects that were then closed books to us as casually as once we discussed the latest play—whispered stories of immorality are of far less importance than a fresh cheese in the canteen—what will they expect of us, these elders of ours, when the killing is over and we return?

What Will They Know About Us?

Once we were not allowed out after nightfall unchaperoned—now we can drive the whole night through a deserted countryside with a man—provided he is in khaki and our orders are to drive him. Will these elders try to return us to our conventional pre-war habits? What will they say if we laugh at them?

What I do not see is pity or understanding for the war-shocked woman who sacrificed her youth on the altar of the war that was not of her making, the war made by age and fought by youth while age looked on and applauded and encored. Will they show us mercy, these armchair critics, once our uniforms are frayed and the romance of the war woman is no longer a romance?

And I see us a race apart, we war products—feared by the old ones and resented by the young ones—a race of men bodily maimed and of women mentally maimed.

What is to become of us when the killing is over?

Commandant is willing that I should go.

A rest—sick-leave she calls it, but she avoids my cold glance carefully when speaking the words. She understands I have finished with the war for good. I will take no more part in it.

I divide my kit between Etta Potato and Chutney, leaving only my uniform to travel in. My overcoat is deeply stained where Tosh's head rested—but I must wear it, for I have no other clothes. There are a few farewells, Etta Potato drives me to the station—I do not see Commandant—I am in the train at last—Etta Potato waving farewell from the platform—

My war service is ended.

I am going home.

The train stops, starts again, stops, I change to another, on and on and on—

Boulogne at last. Why do I not shout and laugh and dance? How often have I pictured this Channel crossing, my wild exhilaration, arriving under the chalk cliffs of England, the white welcoming chalk cliffs of England.

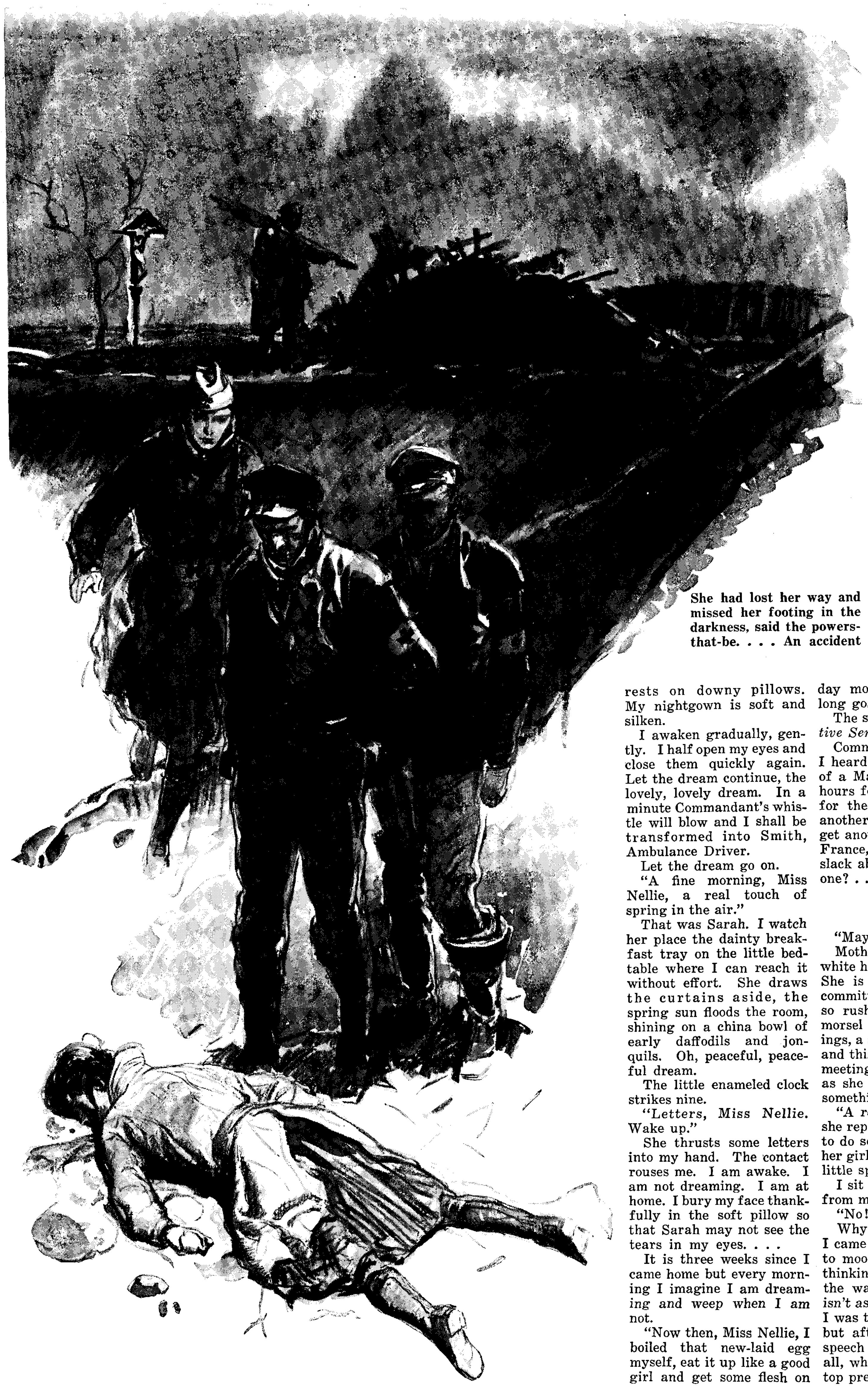
I Do Not Care

I have pictured arriving at Charing Cross—perhaps it would be raining but it would be English rain, and I would hold my face up to its drops. Father and Mother would meet me—drive me through familiar places, Piccadilly, Regent Street—as it grew dusk lights would reflect warmly in the wet, shiny pavements—London, and then out through innumerable streets of toy villas toward home—

Home, home—and I do not care.

I do not care. I am flat. Old. I am twenty and as old as the hills. Emotion-dry. The war has drained me dry of feeling. Something has gone from me that will never return. I do not want to go home.

I sleep, and as I sleep I dream sweetly. I am in my soft, low bed at home with its rose satin eiderdown and its fragrant scented sheets. My head



She had lost her way and missed her footing in the darkness, said the powers-that-be. . . . An accident

rests on downy pillows. My nightgown is soft and silken.

I awaken gradually, gently. I half open my eyes and close them quickly again. Let the dream continue, the lovely, lovely dream. In a minute Commandant's whistle will blow and I shall be transformed into Smith, Ambulance Driver.

Let the dream go on.

"A fine morning, Miss Nellie, a real touch of spring in the air."

That was Sarah. I watch her place the dainty breakfast tray on the little bed-table where I can reach it without effort. She draws the curtains aside, the spring sun floods the room, shining on a china bowl of early daffodils and jonquils. Oh, peaceful, peaceful dream.

The little enameled clock strikes nine.

"Letters, Miss Nellie. Wake up."

She thrusts some letters into my hand. The contact rouses me. I am awake. I am not dreaming. I am at home. I bury my face thankfully in the soft pillow so that Sarah may not see the tears in my eyes. . . .

It is three weeks since I came home but every morning I imagine I am dreaming and weep when I am not.

"Now then, Miss Nellie, I boiled that new-laid egg myself, eat it up like a good girl and get some flesh on your bones."

She goes out fussily, tactful Sarah, without noticing the tears.

Ever since we moved to Wimbledon Common this room has been mine, yet never till now have I loved it and reveled in its luxurious comfort. The ghostly procession of maimed men still parades for me, yet nightly it is growing less vivid—soon it may fade altogether. Slowly I am becoming normal.

I open my first letter eagerly. It is from Trix and Trix has not written since I have been home.

"Glad you've left that dog's hole of a convoy, Sis—too tired to write much of a letter . . . fed up, utterly . . . rotten time here . . . dirty dishes get you down after a while . . . wish I could get leave . . . is Mother still flying the British flag from every pore? . . . rotten letter this. . . ."

What is wrong with Trix? Once she was the brightest thing on earth, now behind the most comic incident in the hospital routine I see a dreadful tiredness.

"Sunny and I nipped into the town without leave with Pip and Squeak, two of the convalescents . . . we all got terribly blotto. Sunny was awfully funny; she's a top-hole sort, you'd like her awfully. . . ."

Not if she takes Trix and gets her blotto, I won't—

"I wish the war was over, Sis, and you and I were living peacefully again—Sunday mornings I always think of our long gossips on your bed. . . ."

The second letter also marked *On Active Service*—from Etta Potato.

Commandant has been promoted, had I heard? The new Commandant, a bit of a Madam but sensible with it, fixed hours for sleep and French charwomen for the housework—why don't I have another shot at the convoy, I'll have to get another war job if I don't go out to France, it's done, isn't it? . . . Can't slack about when there's a war on, can one? . . . .

More War—at Home

"May I come in, darling?"

Mother bustles in, handsome with her white hair and expensive morning dress. She is carrying a sheaf of papers—committee papers, she explains—she is so rushed she won't have time for a morsel of lunch—two committee meetings, a sewing circle, then canteen work, and this afternoon a *monster* recruiting meeting. She glances nervously at me as she chatters. She has come to say something and lacks the courage.

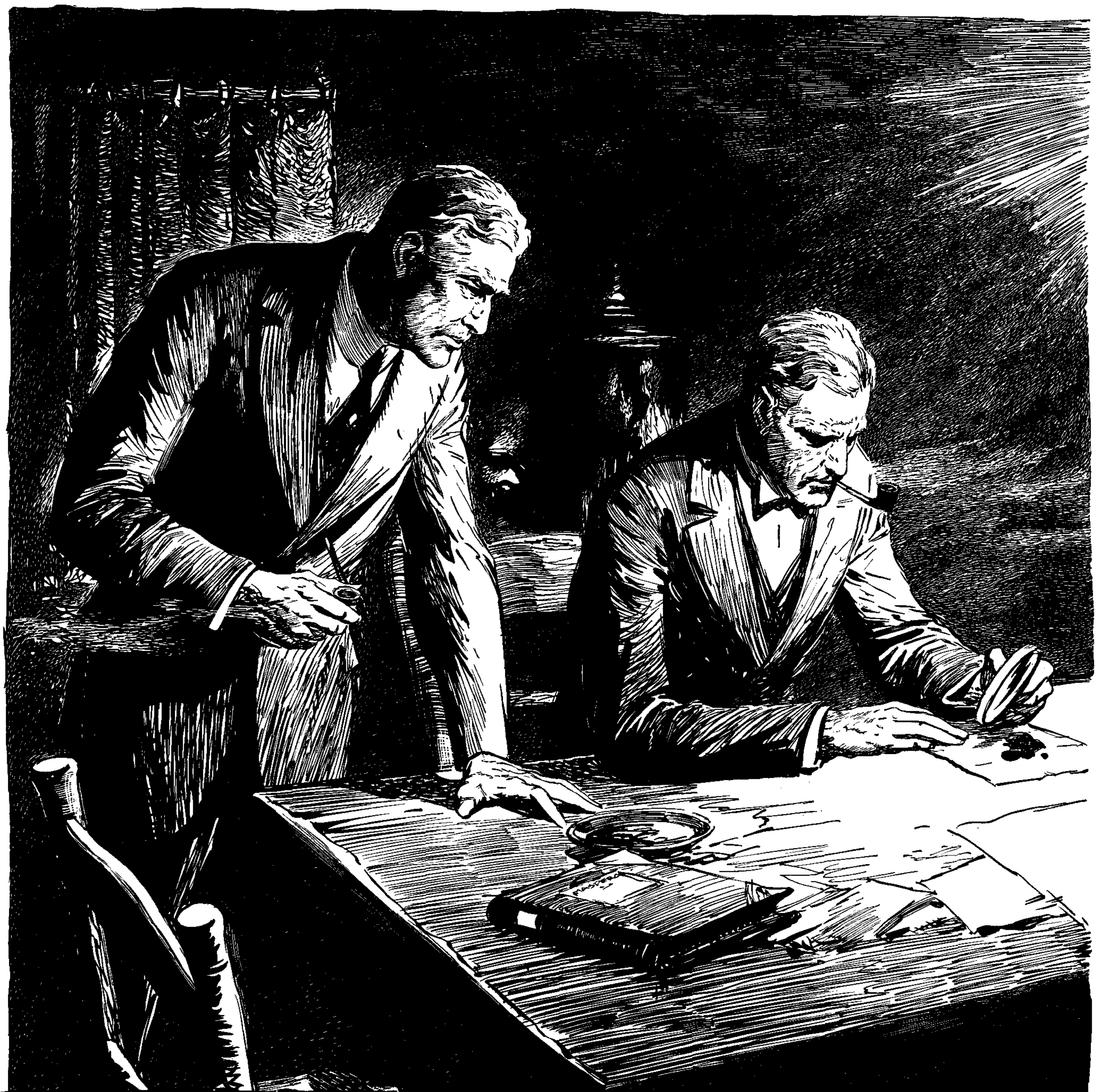
"A really *monster* meeting, darling," she repeats, "and Mother wants her girl to do something special—Mother wants her girl to wear her uniform and make a little speech at the recruiting meeting."

I sit up, hard-eyed, the blood draining from my face.

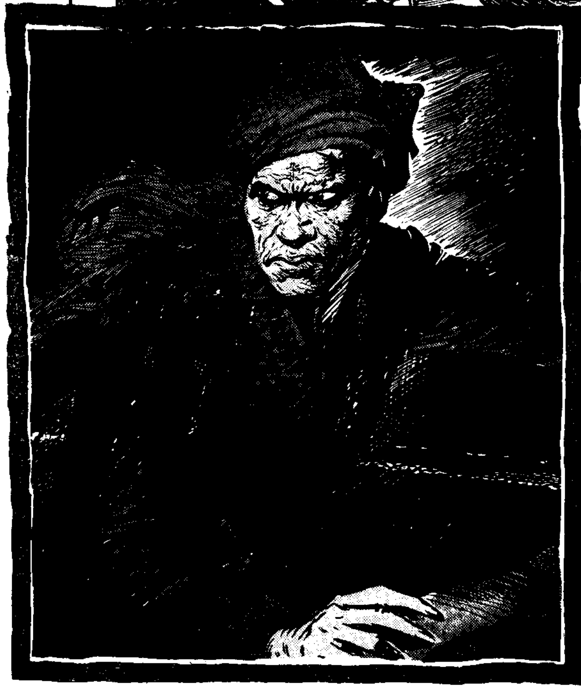
"No!"

Why not? . . . It is three weeks since I came home and surely I am not going to moon about any longer—people are thinking it's funny—perfectly absurd the way I refuse to go anywhere, it *isn't as though I was a wounded soldier*. I was tired, possibly, when I came back, but after *three weeks*—surely a little speech at a recruiting meeting, after all, when a girl's mother is working at top pressure the least her daughter can do is to encourage her and help—

(*Continued on page 75*)



Opening the paper under the lamp, the Superintendent exposed



Fu Manchu's

The Story Thus Far:

"HUNTER, stretch her to the full—it's a race to save a man from living death!"

Before those thrilling words were spoken, in an airplane headed for a mysterious tomb, in Egypt's somber Valley of the Kings, much of strange import had occurred. Let us go back for a few moments. . . . Shan Greville, who relates the weird story, has been excavating at Lafleur's Tomb, in Egypt. His beloved chief—Sir Lionel Barton, greatest of all Orientalists—has apparently died of heart failure. He seems to be dead; but beside his body Greville finds a puzzling message: "Not dead. . . . Get Petrie. . . . Cairo. . . . Amber. . . . Inject. . . ." The writing is Sir Lionel's!

Greville rushes to Cairo. A strange being—almond-eyed, yellow-faced, sinister—shadows him all the way. Alarmed, Greville finds Petrie—Dr. Petrie, one of Sir Lionel's oldest friends—and tells him of his chief's strange death. Sir Lionel, he says, was on the verge of some amazing discovery. Quarters had been shifted, and all approaches to the excavation barred. Then, without warning, he had died—suddenly!

Dr. Petrie takes out a telegram. He shows it to Greville. It reads: "Sir Lionel Barton suffering catalepsy. Please come first train, and bring antidote if any remains." It is unsigned. Who could have sent it? What does it mean?

As the two men converse, from the courtyard comes an eerie, a terror-striking, cry. Dr. Petrie grows pale. "That's something I haven't heard for ten years," he exclaims. "It's the signal used by a certain band of fanatics in Burma—known as dacoits!"

Kara, Dr. Petrie's wife, enters. She is the most beautiful woman Greville has ever seen. Both she and her husband are tremendously excited. They discuss the details of Sir Lionel's death. They refer to "the Living Death. . . ." Then Petrie goes to his safe, and takes out a small glass flask, containing a liquid of some sort. "We must start at once!" he says to Greville; and they're off—for the Valley of the Kings.

On the train they are constantly shadowed by the same weird Yellow Horror whom Greville had glimpsed before. They leave the train. Weymouth, in command of the Cairo Detective Service, joins them. He is strangely excited. The three men enter an airplane piloted by Captain Jameson Hunter. "Hunter," exclaims Weymouth, "stretch her to the full. It's a race to save a man from living death!"

II

IT WAS bumpy traveling and I had never been a good sailor. Jameson Hunter stuck pretty closely to the river but saved miles, of course, on the many long bends, notably on that big sweep immediately below Luxor, where, leaving the Nile Valley north of Farshût, we crossed fifty miles of practically arid desert, heading east-southeast for Kûrna.

I was in poor condition, what with lack of sleep and lack of meals; and I will not enlarge upon my state of discomfort beyond saying that I felt utterly wretched. Sometimes I dozed; and Rima's grave eyes would seem to be watching me in that maddeningly doubtful way. Once, I dreamed that the slender ivory hands of Madame Ingomar beckoned to me. . . .

I awoke in a cold perspiration. Above the roar of the propeller I seemed to hear her bell-like, hypnotic voice. . . .

Who was this shadowy figure, feared by Petrie, by his wife—by Weymouth? What had he to do with the Chief's sudden death? Were these people deliberately mystifying me, or were they afraid to tell me what they suspected?

Forester was convinced that Barton was dead. I could not doubt it. But in the incomprehensible message scribbled at the last Petrie seemed to have discovered a hope which was not apparent to me. Weymouth's words had reinforced it.

"A race to save a man from living death."

Evidently he, too, believed . . . believed what?

It was not the sort of problem for one in my condition, but at least I had done my job quicker than I could have hoped. Luck had been with me.

Above all, my own personal experience proved that there was something in it. Who had sent the telegrams? Who had uttered that cry in the courtyard? And why had I been followed to Cairo and followed back? Thank heaven! at last I had shaken off that leering, oblique-eyed spy.

Jameson Hunter searched for, and eventually found, the landing place which he had in mind—a flat, red-gray stretch east of the old caravan road.

I was past reliable observation, but personally I could see nothing of the camp. This perhaps was not surprising, as it nestled at the head of a wadi, represented from our present elevation by an irregular black streak.

However, I was capable of appreciating that the selected spot could not be more than half a mile west of it. Hunter brought off a perfect landing, and with a swimming head I found myself tottering to the door.

When I scrambled down:

"Wait a minute," said Petrie. "Ah! here's my bag. You've been through a stiff time, Greville. I am going to prescribe."

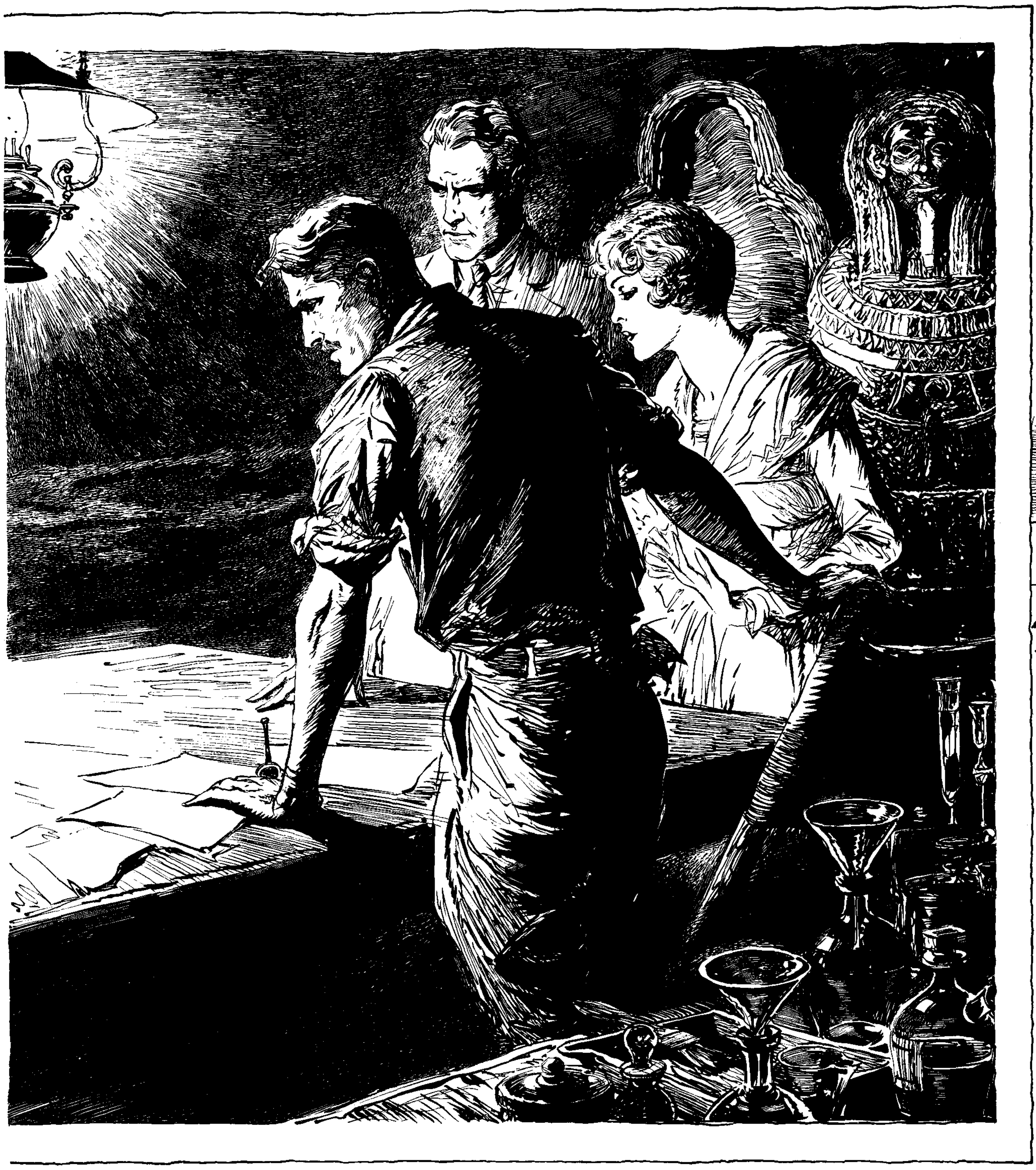
His prescription was a shot of brandy. It did me a power of good.

"If we had known," said Hunter, "some sandwiches would have been a worthy effort. But the whole thing was so rushed—I hadn't time to think."

He grinned cheerfully.

"Sorry my Phantom car isn't here to meet us," he said. "Someone must have mislaid it. It's a case of hoofing, but the going's good."

Carrying our baggage, we set out in the moonlight. We had fallen silent, now, even Jameson Hunter. Only our crunching footsteps broke the stillness. I think there is no place in the world



a reddish, fibrous mass. "It looks like a wad of tobacco," said Forester

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

so calculated to impress the spirit of man as this small piece of territory surrounding those two valleys where the quiet dead of Egypt lie. At night, when the moon sails full, he would be a pitiful soul who, passing that way, failed to feel the touch of eternity.

For my own part, as familiar landmarks appeared, a dreadful unrest compounded of sorrow and hope began to take possession of me. Above all, selfishly no doubt, I asked myself again and again—had Rima returned?

We were not expected until morning when the Cairo train arrived. Consequently I was astounded when, on mounting the last ridge west of the wadi, I saw Forester hurrying to meet us. Of course I might have known, had I been capable of associating two ideas, that the sound of our approach must have aroused the camp.

Forester began to run.

Bad news casts a long shadow before it. I forgot my nausea, my weariness. It came to me like a revelation that something fresh had occurred—something even worse than that of which I had carried news to Cairo.

I was not alone in my premonition. I saw Weymouth grasp Petrie's arm.

Forester began shouting:

"Is that you, Greville? Thank God, you've come!"

Now, breathless, he joined us.

"What is it?" I asked. "What else has happened?"

"Only this, old man," he panted. "We locked the Chief's body in the big hut, as you remember. I had serious doubts about notifying the authorities. And tonight, about dusk, I went to—look at him."

He grasped me by both shoulders.

"Greville!" Even in the moonlight I could see the wildness in his eyes. . . . "His body had vanished!"

"What!" Weymouth yelled.

"There isn't a trace—there isn't a clue! He's just been spirited away!"

"If only Nayland Smith could join us," said Weymouth.

Dr. Petrie, looking very haggard in the lamplight, stared at him.

"The same thought had just crossed my own mind," he replied. "I am due to sail for England Thursday. I had been counting the days. He's meeting me in . . ."

I KNEW that I could never again be present at so singular a scene. The hut was in part a laboratory, one end being devoted to Forester's special province, and containing a table laden with jars, test tubes and other chemical paraphernalia. In part it was a museum. There were plans, diagrams and photographs—Rima's photographs—pinned on the walls; lumps of stone bearing labels stacked upon the floor; and in open cases were all sorts of fragments, found during the earlier stages of our excavation and duly tabulated in the same way.

There was a very dilapidated mummy-case at the farther end of the hut, which we had taken over from the Egypt Exploration people and had not troubled to remove. The lid rested against the wall. Then there was a long, bare table, very stoutly built, upon which finds were stacked at the end of the day, examined and sorted according to their value. This, particularly, was my job. But at the moment, as I have said, the table was empty. When I had seen it last before leaving for Cairo, the body of Sir Lionel Barton lay upon it, covered by a gray blanket.

Now, in almost complete silence, for twenty minutes or more, I had watched an ex-detective inspector of Scotland Yard carrying out a detailed investigation in that strangest of settings.

Weymouth had not confined his inquiries to the hut alone, but, assisted by a flash lamp, had examined the lock of the door, the windows, the path outside; but had finally returned and stared at the table.

Now he fixed his eyes upon me, and:

"Mr. Greville," he said, "you are not prejudiced by certain suspicions of mine which are shared by Dr. Petrie. I asked Mr. Forester to see to the comfort of Jameson Hunter because I wanted just the three of us alone here. Now, you look pretty well whacked, but I know how you feel about this thing; so I am going to ask you a few questions."

"As many as you like," I replied.

Superintendent Weymouth sat down on the bench just beside the door, and knitted his brows; then:

"Where is the headman Ali Mahmoud?" he asked.

"Forester tells me he sent him across to Luxor tonight with a letter for our friend the manager of the Winter Palace. Forester asked him, in the letter, to call you, Superintendent, in Cairo, and to explain what had happend. Ali should be back now."

Weymouth nodded thoughtfully.

"Leaving out for the moment the circumstances of Sir Lionel's death," said he, "how long a time elapsed between your finding him in his tent and the removal of his body to this hut?"

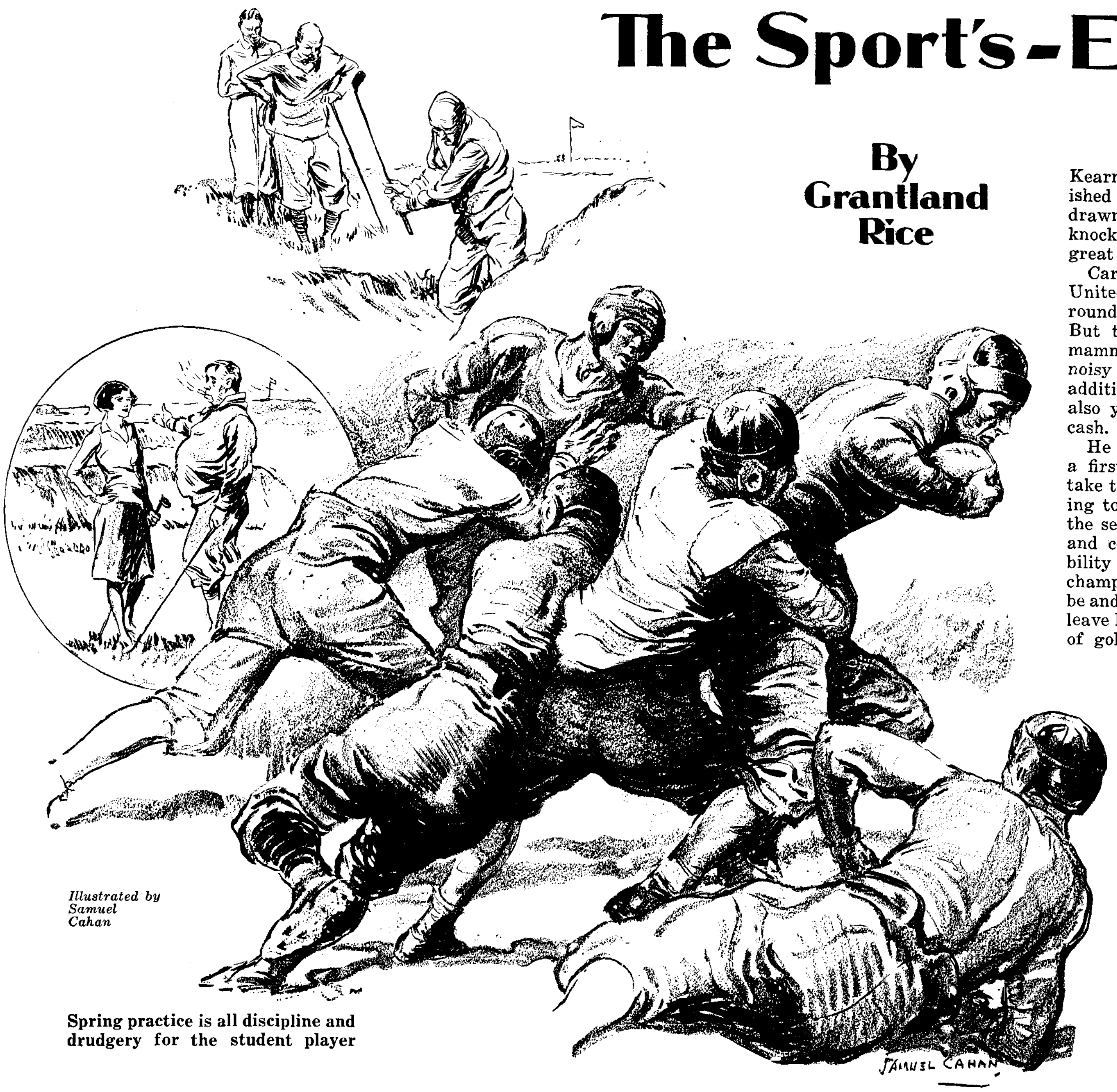
"Roughly, two hours," I replied after a few moments' thought.

"During those two hours someone was always in sight of the tent?"

(*Continued on page 69*)

The Sport's-Eye View

By Grantland Rice



Illustrated by Samuel Cahan

Spring practice is all discipline and drudgery for the student player

By Proxy

A WELL-KNOWN golfer reports that a minister he took out for a round of golf got into a deep trap. He whaled away three times without dislodging the ball.

In a near-by bunker another duffer was having the same experience. The latter finally broke into a spasm of profanity, applying to the battered ball every blazing epithet he could remember.

"I see," said the minister, turning to his friend, "that this fellow and I are playing the same ball."

The Player's Kick

Dan McGugin, the former Michigan star who has been coaching football at Vanderbilt University for twenty-five years, is decidedly against spring football practice. And his reasons are sound.

Mr. McGugin is an attorney of high standing and he offers a certain amount of logic that is hard to meet. "There is enough discipline and drudgery in a football season lasting from early September to December," he says. "But this is offset by the thrills and excitement of Saturday games. Spring practice is *all* discipline and drudgery. It means no fun or recreation for the student player. It is overdoing the game. To be effective it must take men away from other less strenuous sports.

"Yet the university that has spring practice carries a big and decisive advantage over the one that does not. Those who do not believe that spring practice is a good thing for the average player are forced to face a heavy handicap each fall when they come up against those who do have the extra training period."

The issue seems to be: Shall football be a college sport or shall it be the business of developing winning teams?

Speed on the Hoof

In discussing lack of foot speed among present-day heavyweights someone asked Jim Corbett how he ever developed such fancy stepping.

"When I was a young fellow," Corbett said, "I had several of my early battles in livery stables. If you got backed up against the heels of a horse you had to be prepared to dodge or sidestep a kick from behind and a punch from in front. And that took some quick thinking as well as fast footwork."

Reasonable Restraint

The great Shires may decide to win a pennant for the White Sox this season by chasing the other teams off the field and thereby having each game forfeited to his team. He must exercise a certain amount of caution, however, and not chase the umpires away so the forfeitures can be officially made.

Depression Preferred

Irvin Cobb had just reached the first tee on a sporty golf course. He first sent his caddie back to the golf shop to see whether he could get a miner's lamp before entering some of the bunkers waiting ahead. "There are at least four of these bunkers," said Mr. Cobb, "that I would never think of braving without a torch."

About this time a lady, standing near by, asked if she might follow along and watch a few holes.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Cobb, "if you are that morbid."

The Valuable Set-Up

So many acidic volleys have been fired in the general direction of the set-up in boxing that it seems time someone spoke in his defense, proving his worth to the future of finance.

Many of those who have been growling about the set-ups Primo Carnera has been pushing over have forgotten the early career of Jack Dempsey. Jack Kearns knew that he had a great fighter in Dempsey, but he was having a hard time making any headway. Whereupon the astute Kearns arranged for Dempsey to meet a series of bulky push-overs such as butchers, stevedores, etc., who wore their collars cut low so as to be prepared for the worst. They knew pretty well what was coming. And in almost no time Mr. Kearns was able to prove to an astonished public that young Dempsey had drawn sixteen consecutive one-round knockouts. Here at least Kearns had a great start for his ballyhoo.

Carnera's first three fights in the United States lasted less than two rounds, something under six minutes. But the set-ups provided to feed the mammoth Carnera not only launched a noisy ballyhoo in his behalf, but in addition to the advertising space they also yielded the big Italian $48,000 in cash.

He might have been tossed in against a first-class boxer and been forced to take the next boat to Europe with nothing to show but a headache. As it is, the set-ups brought him a lot of money and considerable talk about the possibility of his being the next heavyweight champion of the world. Maybe he will be and maybe he won't. But if he doesn't leave here with the crown and a shipload of gold it won't be the set-ups' fault.

The Missing Mug

All available tennis resources in the United States are being gathered to bring back the Davis Cup next summer. But the outlook, while not hopeless, is none too hopeful as long as a young Frenchman named Henri Cochet continues to block the road.

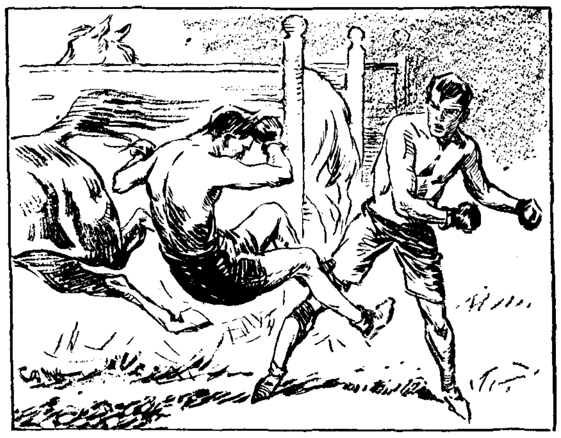
Cochet means two French victories, for at least another year or two. That in turn means the United States must develop talent that can win the other two singles matches and also win the doubles.

Tilden has been the only United States entry able to make much headway in the singles. And Tilden is another year older than he was in 1929 when his best was good, but not what it used to be. The point is that, so far, no young Tildens or Johnstons have come along in the last ten years to plug the gaps that Big and Little Bill were forced to leave.

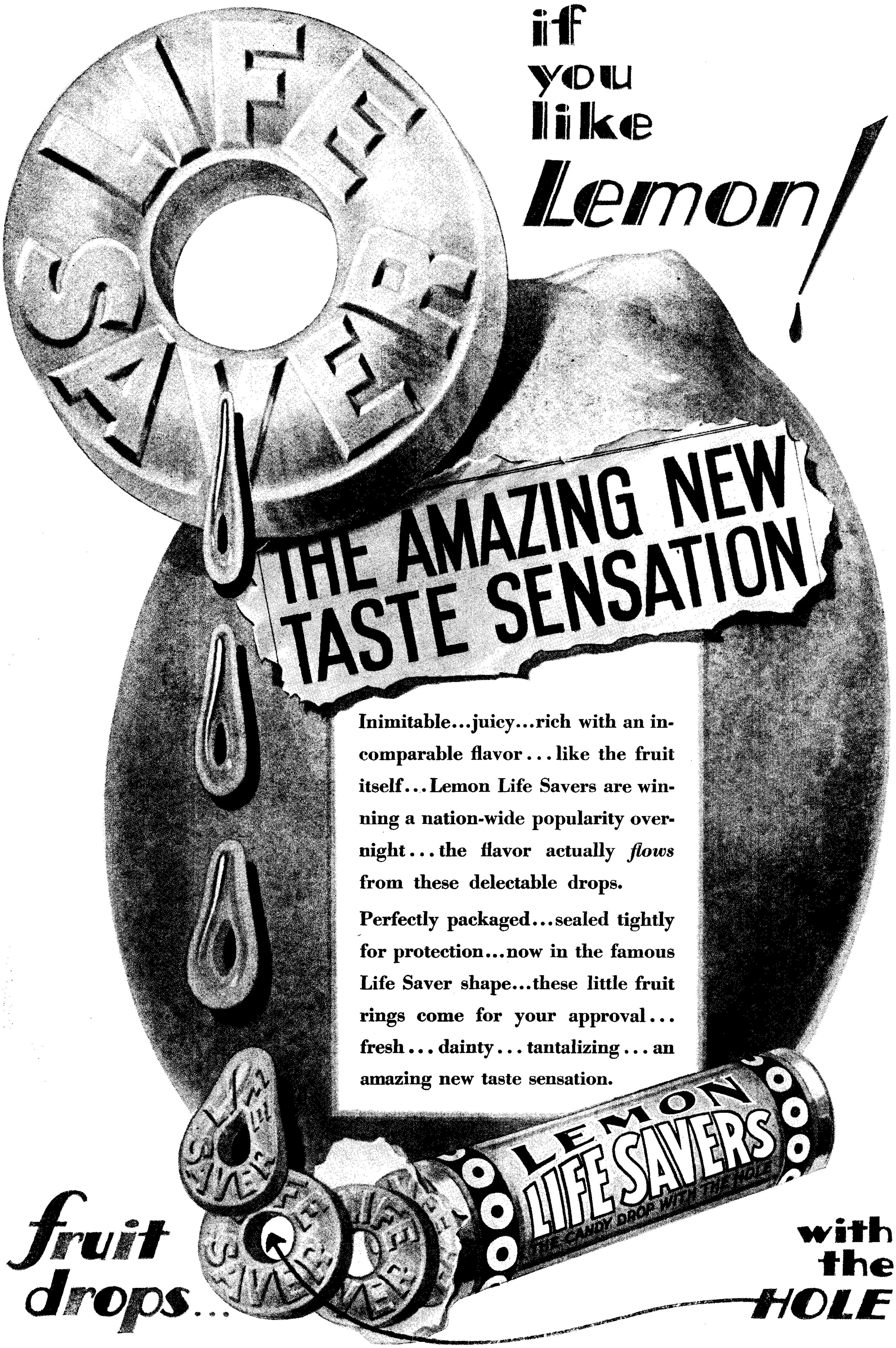
The local outlook took on no new glow when Borotra stopped Tilden rather abruptly, three sets to one, only a few weeks ago.

Weed 'Em and Reap

Some expert has figured it out that only one out of every ten thousand golfers has the right swing. Still it is the other 9,999 who keep weeds and grass out of the bunkers and who also keep the rough properly mowed without extra expense to the clubs. They at least have a certain use not to be overlooked.



Corbett fought several battles in livery stables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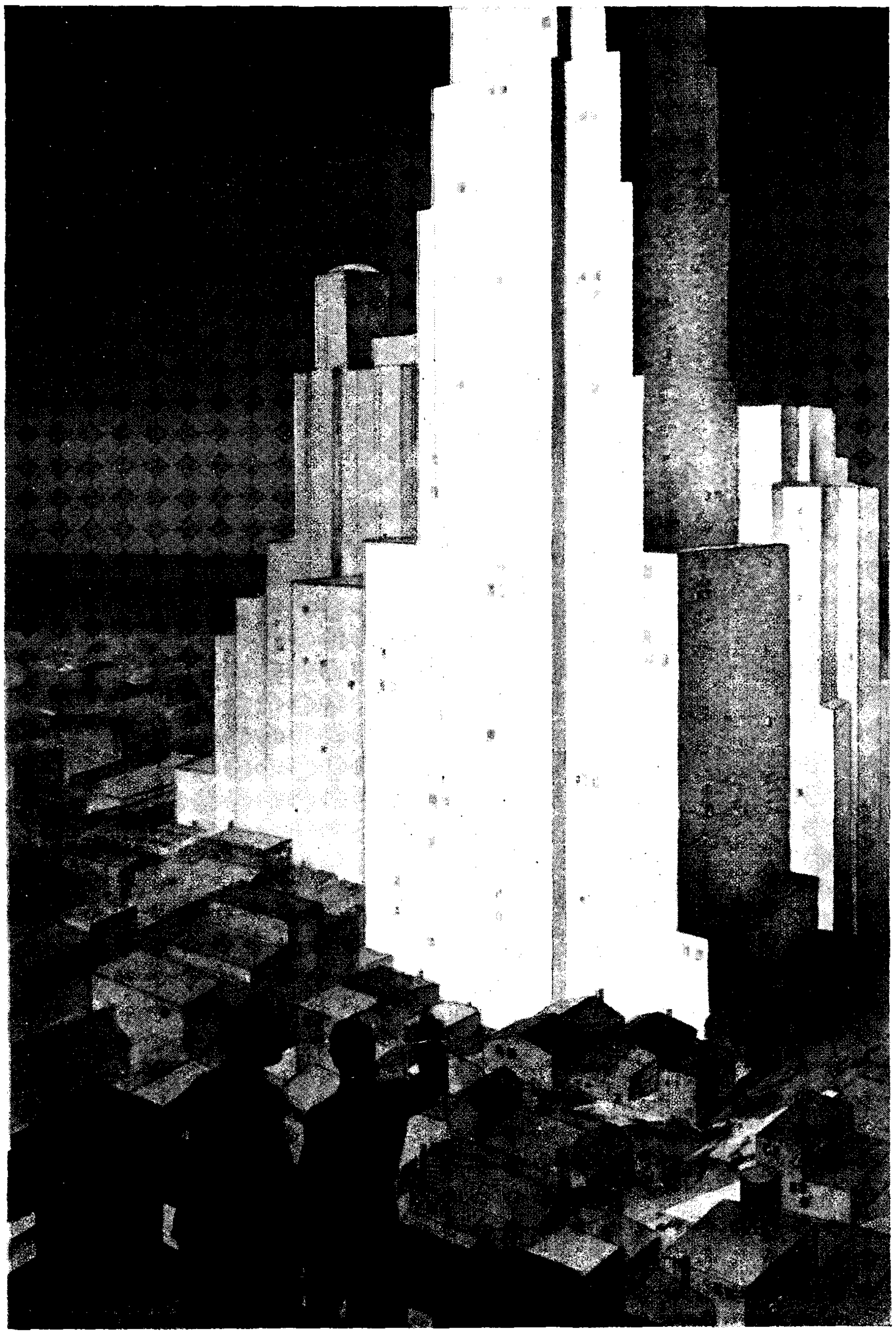
LIFE SAVERS
LEMON LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE
fruit drops...
with the HOLE

Inimitable...juicy...rich with an incomparable flavor... like the fruit itself...Lemon Life Savers are winning a nation-wide popularity overnight... the flavor actually *flows* from these delectable drops.

Perfectly packaged...sealed tightly for protection...now in the famous Life Saver shape...these little fruit rings come for your approval... fresh... dainty... tantalizing... an amazing new taste sensation.

We have but one story for you . . . . . *there it is*



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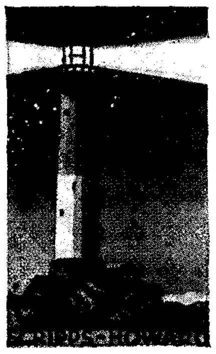

NEW YORK	*Telegram*
CLEVELAND	*Press*
BALTIMORE	*Post*
PITTSBURGH	*Press*
SAN FRANCISCO	*News*
WASHINGTON	*News*
CINCINNATI	*Post*
COVINGTON	*Kentucky Post* —*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*
BUFFALO	*Times*
INDIANAPOLIS	*Times*
DENVER	*Rocky Mt. News*
TOLEDO	*News-Bee*
COLUMBUS	*Citizen*
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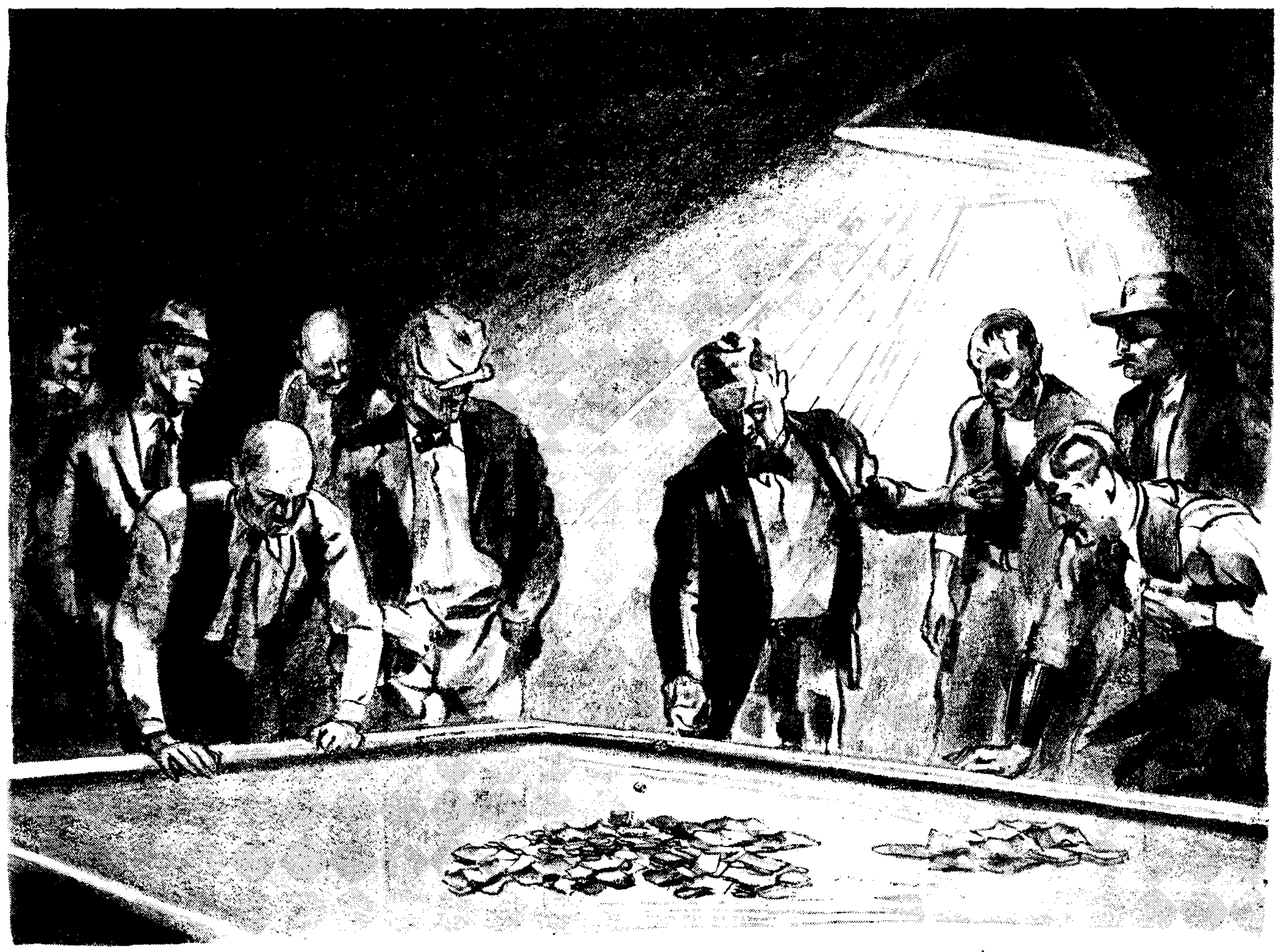
By Howard McLellan

A gunman on the Big Time usually takes in more than $60,000 a year—and he is always broke. To keep money is impossible: his friends see to that. Investments are closed to him and he has to shoot his money and shoot it fast. This article follows the well-worn trail of "hot money" into the dives and over the green tables

Hot Money



Gambling, often crooked, is the only form of investment open to the gunman

WABASH TOMMY'S trigger-trained eyes are cold gray, merciless, calculating, shifty—"cannon eyes," gangland calls them. His shoulders sag, his hands are palsied and he moves with an aimless shuffling gait when he's laying off his racket. He's forty, but looks sixty-five.

But on the make he's a different man. The symptoms of premature decrepitude disappear when his fist holds a loaded .45 and he springs to the running-board of a pay-roll truck or pokes his rod through a bank teller's wicket and commands in a coarse drawl, "Come on, let's have that dough!"

With this technique he has collected $600,000 in "hot money" over a period of ten years.

He is older than the current crop of sheik bandits but equally bold and modern, and he has a world of experience back of him. He started in the stick-up racket at seventeen. Crime had not yet entered its big business cycle. Hold-up artists were called highwaymen, a gentle romantic term long since discarded. They wore black dominoes or blue bandannas, partly to hide an old-fashioned shame, chiefly to screen their features from sharp eyes and long memories. Tommy was among the first to drop his mask. This was the beginning of the bolder age in banditry.

"I got a jolt in San Quentin"

Of the twenty-three years he has been a seasoned professional Tommy has actually worked at his racket only ten. He would have invested the whole twenty-three in the racket but various states had him locked up at different times for a total of thirteen years. But while he worked he cleaned up. He jammed three pay-roll hold-ups into a fortnight and pocketed $150,000. Sixteen other jobs, bank and pay-roll stick-ups, yielded him approximately $450,000. In the underworld he is one of many glorified gunmen whose takings have exceeded the half-million-dollar mark.

$60,000 a Year and Hungry

Six hundred thousand dollars in ten years fixes the average yearly income at $60,000, better by far than the yearly earnings of many bank presidents and executives; much more than the most of us expect to harvest in a lifetime.

Yet this "big success" of gangland is now, and always has been, busted!

When I met him in the dingy back room of a grime-frescoed eating joint in St. Peter's Street, St. Paul, all he had to show for his success was a waxy prison pallor, a hunted look, twitching nerves and unslaked thirst for a two-bit shock of gin, ginger and prune juice to "quiet the jump." He hadn't the necessary two bits for that.

Tommy was cocky, confident, but broke! Where had the $600,000 gone? What had happened to the last $40,000, the proceeds of a bank messenger hold-up, which, gangland understood, he had salted away before he was nabbed and sent to Waupun Prison in Wisconsin?

He supplied the answers in a rasping voice. He spilled quite a rigmarole and from this it was possible to budget his income and outgo for the ten years he'd been working. He supplied the items of expense. Bank and insurance company records and police check-ups on jobs he'd done furnished the income figures. This is what the budget looks like:

INCOME	$600,000
EXPENSES:	
Clothes	$ 1,500
Food	3,500
Lodging	1,800
Lawyers	3,000
Entertainment	4,000
R. R. fares—miscellaneous	3,000
TOTAL EXPENSE	$ 16,800
Balance	583,200

Expenses are probably underestimated in this budget. Gunmen keep no books. Hence there is no way of determining the exact amount of their expenditures. It is possible that Tommy spent double the amount credited to outgo.

This still leaves him an income over the half-million mark. And all of it had vanished!

To honest eyes the budget looks incomplete. Making budgets for gunmen has never been reduced to an exact science. For instance, no provision is made for taxes. This is not irregular. Gunmen pay no taxes, for tax ferrets can't get at the sources of their incomes.

Gunmen are supposed to lavish luxuries on the ladies of their mobs—jewels, furs and finery. But not the hundreds of Tommies. Ladies of the mob are the Lucy Stones of the underworld, and they "derrick" their own finery from shop counters.

Trigger-fingered gents are supposed to use dope and drink much alky. The fact is that big-timers like Tommy never use dope until they are infirm and at the end of their rope. Dope gnaws away at their nerves, rendering them unfit to plan jobs and handle the gun. They do drink, but when they want alky they hi-jack bootleggers. So their refreshments are "free gratis."

An honest, thrifty citizen could hardly get along on what Tommy spent for clothes, food and lodgings. But Tommy had clothes when he wanted them. Freight-car thieves got him top coats, suits, hats and shoes, which he bought at the prevailing "hot" rates, which are low, or just helped himself. If he failed to pay, the freight-car boosters couldn't holler. It was "hot" stuff.

Tommy dined in the cheap armchair eating joints, the dingier the safer. He and his kind avoid the better hotels and high-class dining places. Their crude manners and evil make-up are not in harmony with their fat bankrolls, and they only arouse suspicion in fine places where hotel "dicks" and observant patrons make logical deductions, overhear boastful remarks and pass them on to the police. When Tommy slept in a regular bed, which wasn't often, it was in a fifty-cent or dollar-a-night flop joint in a dark side street. Forced to move often and suddenly he ran out on the landlady without settling.

The Gunman's Club

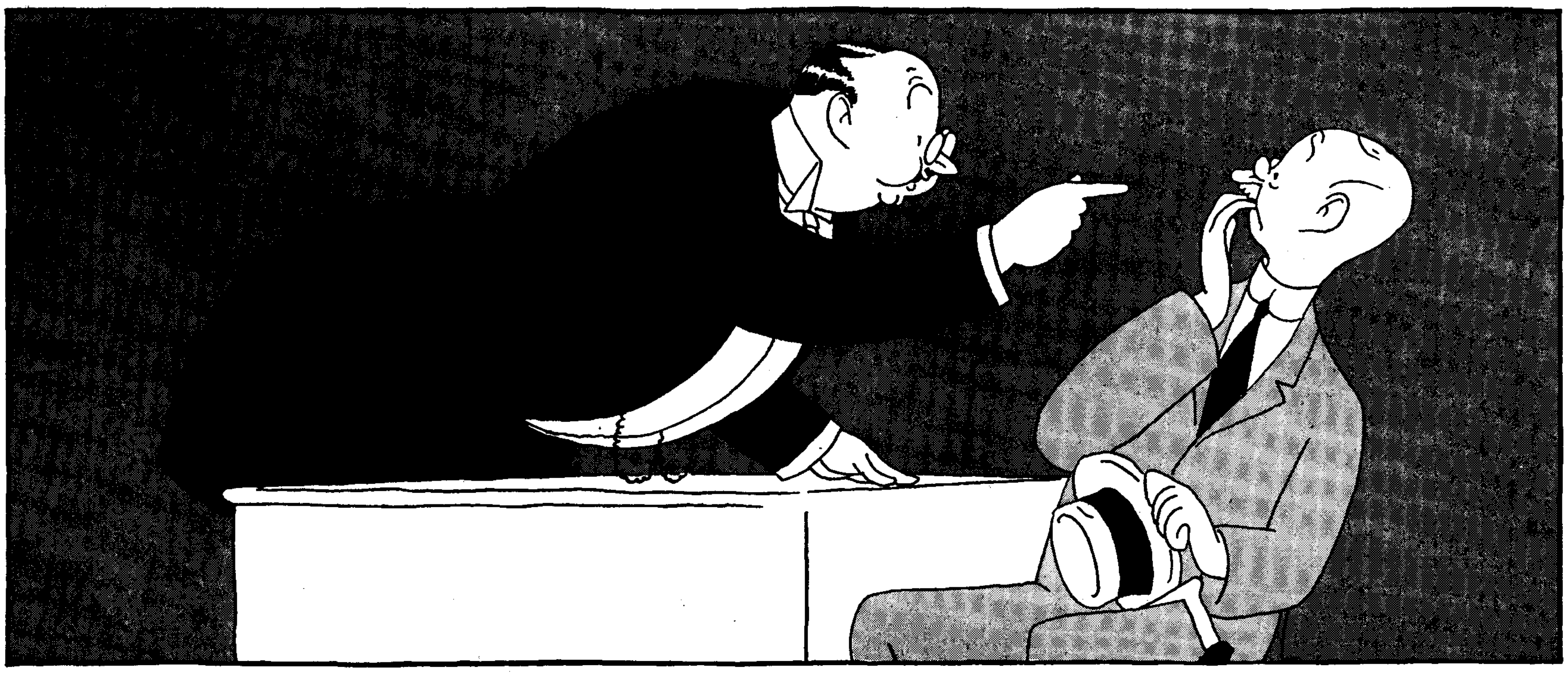
Had he ever tried to invest his money in a home, or stocks and bonds, or put it in a bank? And lay himself open to the tax collector, who'd check back and see where it came from? Not Tommy, nor any of the men who are on "hot" rackets.

But he did make one big, continuous investment. It was a non-dividend-paying investment—gambling! It wasn't the gambling fever that drove him to the tables of chance. It was the kind of money they play with that propelled him toward green-topped tables, dancing dominoes and whirring wheels. "Hot money." And on "hot money" Fate, the natural law of compensation, the long arm of coincidence, the inexorable processes of justice, one of these, or all of them, hang a curse. "Bum breaks" is the professional crook's explanation.

Tommy rubbed thumb and fingers together, indicating that money didn't stick to his hands.

"Hot money," he said, "butter fingers.

(*Continued on page 73*)



“The psychoanalysist tells you to go ahead and do it, an’ there you are. Either you’re cured or jailed, but it doesn’t really matter which”

When Dreams Come Through

> *“Aided by ouija boards, crystal globes an’ witch-hazel rods, the psychoanalysists have mapped an’ subdivided the human mind so minutely that they could sell it off for city lots if allowed to put in gas, water and a good sewerage system”*

Uncle Henry

“SAY,” asked Mr. Stubbs curiously, “jes’ what are psychoanalysists?”

“Nobody knows exactly,” said Uncle Henry. “Some say they’re elderly doctors who got tired answerin’ night calls. Others hold that they’re young practitioners tryin’ to get money to have their diplomas framed.

“Personally, ’Lonzo, I’m of the opinion that the medical profession is entirely to blame. You yourself know how all of us like to sit down an’ gab about what may or may not be the matter with us. Old or young, rich or poor, I’ve yet to see the man or woman whose face did not light up at the chance to park before an unoccupied ear, an’ explain jes’ what it is about their case that makes it so bafflin’.

“Back in the old days, doctors met this universal passion more than halfway. You could go into any physician’s office, pillow your head on his whiskers, an’ pour out your soul.

“Then came this era of specialization that took all the pleasure out of ailments. Before a patient could get well started on the peculiar pains that made his malady so mysterious, it developed that the doctor only wanted to hear about the gall bladder, the tonsils, or whichever organ he specialized in.

“Lord only knows what would happen to the race if psychoanalysis hadn’t been brought forward to meet the universal cravin’ for expert listenin’. Suppressed conversation swelled men an’ women to abnormal size, an’ the streets were filled with poor wretches runnin’ from house to house, beggin’ for as much as five minutes to talk about their glands or digestive tracts.

“Psychoanalysis meets the need even better than old-time medicine, for the practitioners of the new science sit with ears akimbo, absolutely careless of the flight of time. It’s quite common to devote a whole day to jes’ one dream, an’ I know of people who’ve spent months tellin’ about things they didn’t like to eat, an’ how the family on the mother’s side was always peculiar that way.

“Conversation is not only intimate an’ cozy, but far-reachin’, for psychoanalysis not only permits full personal discussion, but even encourages gossip about parents, grandparents an’ still farther back than that if the patient feels the urge. You can say anything about a relative an’ be sure of havin’ it received sympathetically. If I find the line isn’t drawn at relatives by marriage I’m going to go to a psychoanalysist myself.

“The best thing about psychoanalysis is the entire absence of risk. If you’ll remember, ’Lonzo, the old-fashioned doctor always brought the talk around to calomel or castor oil or mustard plasters, insistin’ that all you needed was a good cleanin’ out. The high-class psychoanalysist has a soul above such sordid things. All he wants to know is whether your grandmother ever saw a black cat about the time she got engaged, was your mother afraid of goldfish, an’ when was your great-grandfather born an’ why?

Simple, Isn’t It?

“With these answers in his possession, ’Lonzo, the psychoanalysist is able to guess authoritatively how far the psyche has disintegrated, an’ the exact nature of your inhibition.”

“Inhibition?” Mr. Stubbs repeated the word in a tone of bewilderment. “What’s that?”

“Such ignorance!” Uncle Henry sighed despairingly. “I’ll bet you can’t pronounce bourgeois an’ never even heard of libido. Ah, well, maybe you’re not to blame, for science has certainly gone ahead by leaps an’ bounds, not to mention fits an’ starts. As shown by experiments on infra-human mammals, ’Lonzo, such as trained seals, Siwash Indians, senators from backward states an’ croquet players, everybody has an inhibition of some kind.

“It comes from not doin’ your Christmas shoppin’ early, a frustration of the complete life reaction or stayin’ away from the polls on election day. It’s somethin’ that you’d like to do, but from which you’re held back by shame or decency or some other Victorian habit of thought. The psychoanalysist tells you to go ahead an’ do it, an’ there you are. Either you’re cured or jailed, but it doesn’t really matter which.”

“It sounds like nonsense to me,” declared Mr. Stubbs. “You can’t see the mind like you can teeth an’ tonsils.”

“Don’t be silly,” snapped Uncle Henry. “To a psychoanalysist the human mind is as exposed as a wart on the face, an’ has much the same appearance. Aided by ouija boards, crystal globes an’ witch-hazel rods, although some of the more scientific sit on tacks, they’ve mapped an’ subdivided the mental area so minutely that they could sell it off for city lots if they were only allowed to put in gas, water, pavements an’ a good sewerage system.

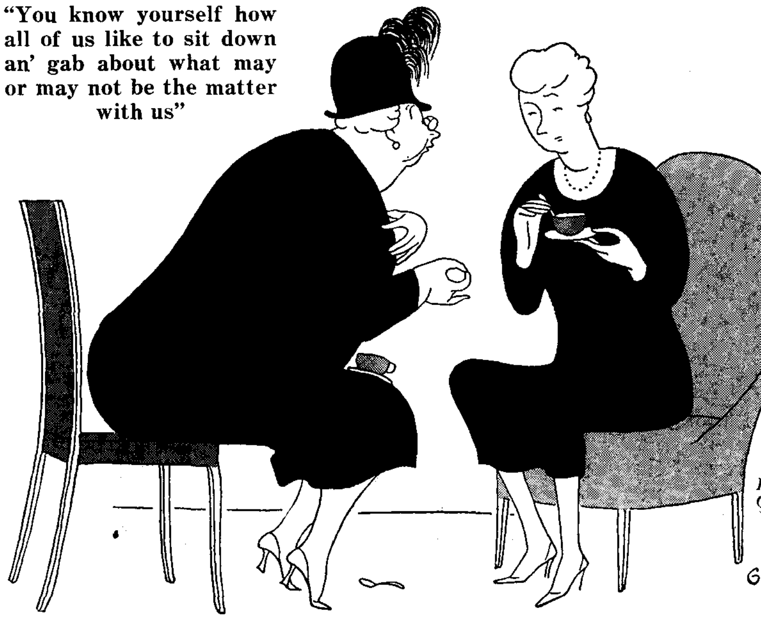
“Square in the center, or maybe on one side or other, is a pool effect called the Id. This is the reservoir of the instinctive impulses, an’ when they get around to fixin’ it up with lotus pads an’ a few gondolas, you’ll be surprised at its attractive appearance. To the left of the Id, or the right, jes’ as you please, is the Ego, an’ somewhere off at the back, tastefully screened by shrubbery, is the Super Ego which develops out of the Id and dominates the Ego.

“How have they found all this out? Well, the Germans went in for house-to-house canvassin’ as I understand it, the French tossed a coin, the English scientists put a personal in the London Times, while the American school relied entirely on billboard advertisin’. The results were added up, divided by two, an’ everything left over was pure profit.

“Proceedin’ from these established facts, the psychoanalysist is able to discover whether there’s any conflict between the primal instinct an’ the social instinct. That’s the cause of most of our trouble, ’Lonzo. As a consequence of this deadly, secret struggle, a sort of green scum forms on the Id, an’ the Ego is laid wide open to the ravages of the mealy bug an’ the boll weevil.”

“How’s psychoanalysis makin’ out?” asked Mr. Stubbs. “Is it growin’ much?”

“Fairly,” said Uncle Henry, “but it will never be a big success until it promises police protection.”



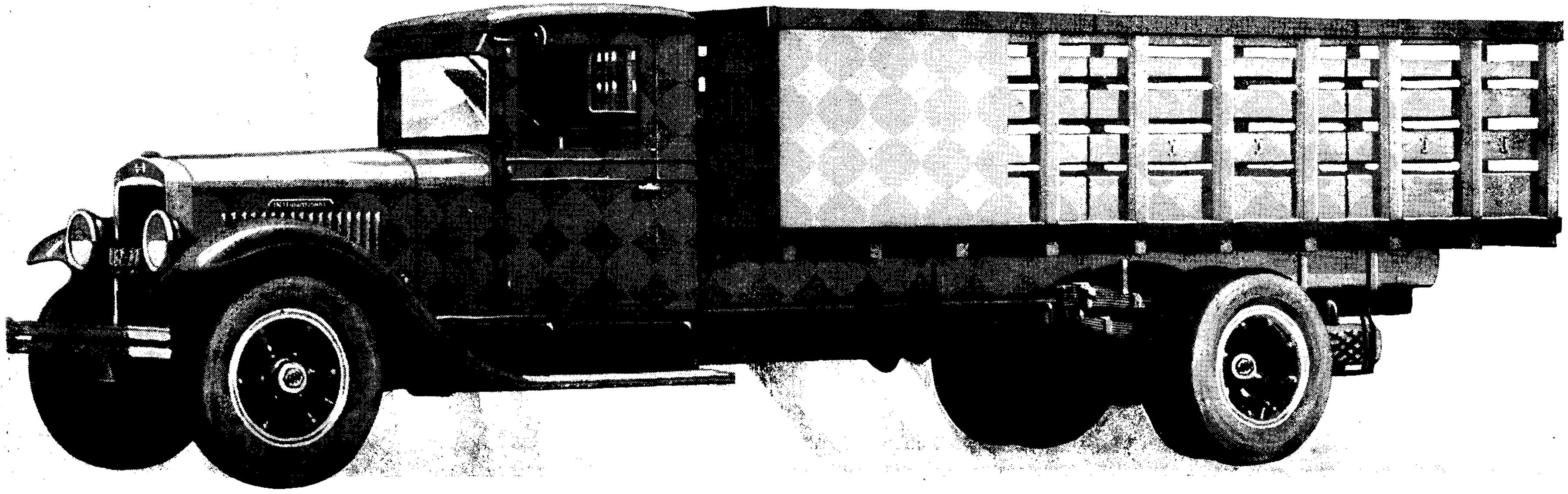
“You know yourself how all of us like to sit down an’ gab about what may or may not be the matter with us”

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

INTERNATIONAL

Ready Now . . .

A 3-TON 6-CYLINDER SPEED TRUCK



Brief Specifications of Model A-5

Wheelbase: 156, 190 or 210 inches.

Engine: International design and manufacture; 6-cylinder, valve-in-head, 7-bearing crankshaft, 7-bearing camshaft, removable cylinders; 3-point mounting with rubber-cushioned rear supports; pressure lubrication.

Clutch: Single plate, with built-in vibration damper.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 1 reverse, direct in high; one control lever.

Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear type.

Frame: Pressed-steel channel type, with deep middle section.

Springs: Semi-elliptic, front and rear. Auxiliary springs, quarter-elliptic.

Tires: 34 x 7 front, 34 x 7 dual rear, pneumatic, mounted on all-steel spoke-type wheels.

Brakes: Service, 4-wheel mechanical, internal expanding. Emergency, internal expanding on rear.

Here is the new 3-ton 6-cylinder International Speed Truck—Model A-5—now on view at all of the 159 Company-owned International Branches in the United States.

Sponsored by twenty-six years of automotive achievement, this latest member of the International line of trucks is definitely designed to provide the widest range of modern hauling service ever embodied in one truck.

The chassis itself, ready alike for high-speed transport and for the severe punishment of dump truck service, is being hailed as an outstanding advancement in automotive engineering. Be sure to read the specifications given at the left.

And Model A-5, as shown in the illustration, is as attractive in appearance as it is powerful in performance. Trim of silhouette and so obviously in tune with the times, it is a truck of which any owner may be proud.

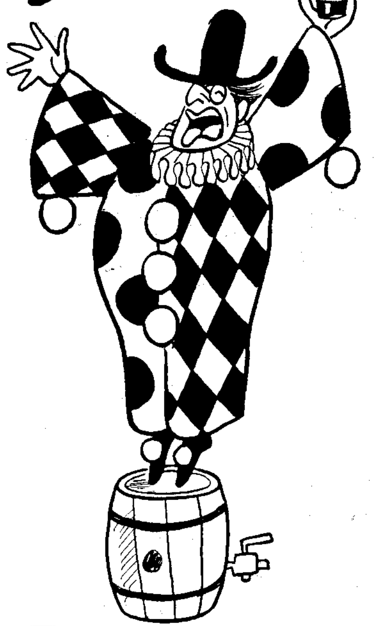
Favor the new 3-ton International Speed Truck with an exacting examination at the nearest International Branch, then ask for a demonstration of its prowess on your own job. Doing so will not place you under the slightest obligation.

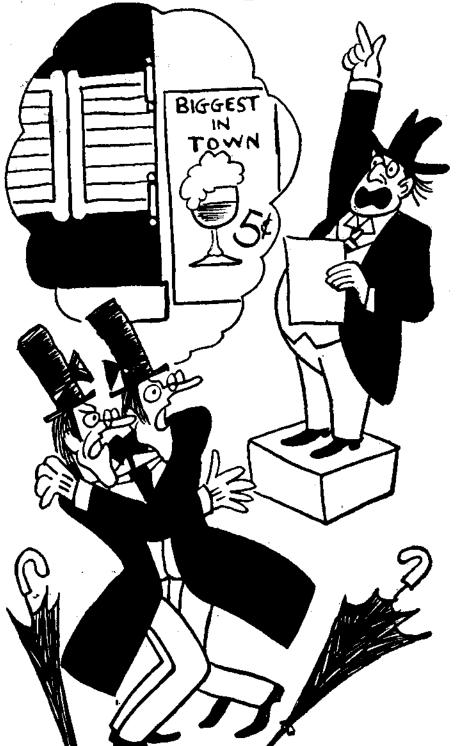
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Wet Blankets

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE





OPPOSITION to prohibition might get somewhere if it were not for the wets in Congress. Like the village atheist, they confirm the faith of the faithful, who hope to live to see lightning from the skies strike the scoffer.

I am referring, of course, to the professional wets, who on occasion yawp so loudly against prohibition that the drys imagine they see the swinging doors of the saloon open and a noisy rout emerge obscenely upon the streets. A forensic battle ensues, and the drys achieve a cheap and easy victory, which somehow gives them a sense of rightness, superior numbers being a convincing proof of reason and morality.

Except for their annual battle with the wets, which holds them together, the drys might fall to quarreling among themselves and out of the divisions among them might come something more practicable than the present attempt to stop the consumption of any drink containing more than one half of one per cent of alcohol.

If Senator Jones, the honest but dull author of the famous Five-and-Ten law, Senator Sheppard, author of the bill to put more people in jail than the nation can afford to build jails for, and Senator Harris, author of the bill to put an armed spy on every block, tend to make prohibition ridiculous, Senator Blaine, author of the proposal to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, and Representative Black and Representative Shafer, authors of loud noises in the House, tend equally to make the opposition to prohibition ridiculous.

Though more intelligent people, many of them inclined ten years ago to regard prohibition as a hopeful experiment, today doubt its practicability, there is no perceptible increase of the wet strength in Congress. On the contrary, the wet cause was never as unintelligently represented on Capitol Hill as it is at the present time.

In the Old Guard's Place

In place of Wadsworth and Jim Reed and Bruce in the Senate there are only second-raters today. Even Edwards, "wet as the Atlantic Ocean" though personally an abstainer, inarticulate Edwards, who could do no more than stumble through a brief speech, was a more impressive champion of the wet cause than any outspoken wet in the upper house today.

Wadsworth had the authority of birth and social position. He belongs to a family which had been prominent in the affairs of State since the government was started. He was well poised, moderate, sensible and generally respected.

Jim Reed was a great orator who spoke with a voice that the Senate listened to. He often by a certain extravagance of manner strengthened the convictions of those opposed to him. But he had a passionate love of individual liberty and so spoke for a cause that is older, broader and dearer to men's hearts than the right to drink what one will. He was the last of a long line who had lifted up their voices on the Hill for freedom. And men respected him for his truth to the faith that was in him.

Bruce often irritated men by talking too much and too vehemently. He was irascible. But he was a gentleman and a scholar. He could put together words as no one now in the Senate can put them together. The smell of old leather bindings was about him.

In place of these we have Blaine, a nervous man with an unattractive manner, a long-winded and confused speaker, without charm, who empties the seats of the Senate and the press gallery when he takes the floor.

He loves to run his head against a stone wall. His proposal to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment was characteristic. It was futile, as futile as shaking your fist at a mountain or trying to sweep back the sea. It was certain to be defeated in the Senate.

Destructive Criticism

It could do nothing more than convince the country how impotent the wets are and how hopeless opposition to prohibition is. If he had planned something to help the drys he could not have chosen more wisely. And outside of Blaine in the upper house there are only wets who are practically silent, perhaps from possessing a discretion that Blaine has not or perhaps because they have drys in their states whom they do not want to antagonize.

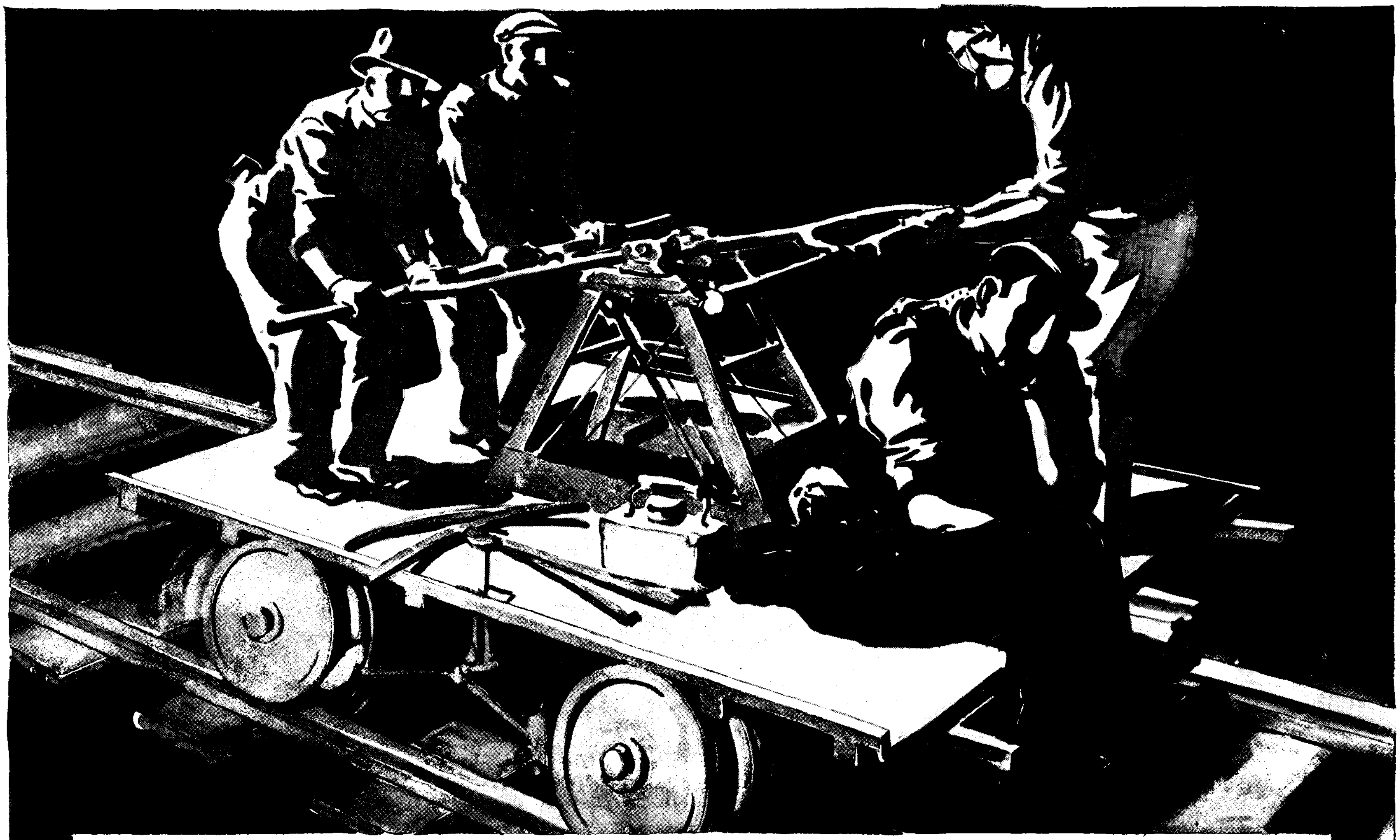
In the House the wet cause is apparently regarded as a circus. Its performers are its clowns. Black is a smart young man from New York who uses the wet cause to advertise himself. Shafer of Wisconsin is a more robust and noisier Black.

La Guardia is abler, shrewder and better informed, but he is a sort of political Pierrot, staging little shows such as the producing of beer like a magician by mixing two liquids. He loves a laugh not wisely but too well. Oliver of New York makes a speech that reads well with a poor delivery and an unimpressive manner.

Linthicum of Maryland, chairman of the unofficial wet committee, is nobody in particular. Beck of Pennsylvania is an able man, a great lawyer and a fine speaker. But he dislikes the company of Black, Shafer and La Guardia. The wet show is of the ten, twenty, thirty sort.

Out of the wets in Congress, and this includes even the better men who have gone, have come no leadership and no program. The old political rule that you cannot beat somebody with nobody is ignored. You cannot beat prohibition without a substitute for it that will eliminate the evils that have come with prohibition and will not bring back the evils of the saloon. This much is clear.

There is probably some social gain from making liquor relatively hard to get and expensive. And there is a great social loss in creating a huge and desperate criminal class to supply the natural appetite for liquor. There ought to be somewhere in Congress brains enough to preserve one of these things while at the same time ending the other.



They call him "*No Poosh*"

HE LOOKS as able as the other three—yet he is contributing nothing more than freight to the efforts of his fellows.

This sluggard of the section gang is like the fourth quart so often found in a gallon of ordinary motor oil—a quart that looks as good as the other three, but contributes little or nothing to the lubrication of your motor.

It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil—a quart of waste.

But you never get this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State—for Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined like ordinary oils. It is carried a step further—*super*-refined. And this extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*.

Instead of three quarts of *lubricant* and one quart of waste, you get *four* full quarts of lubricant in a gallon of Quaker State—you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon!

That's one reason why you get such extra sweet lubrication from Quaker State Motor Oil. Here's another...

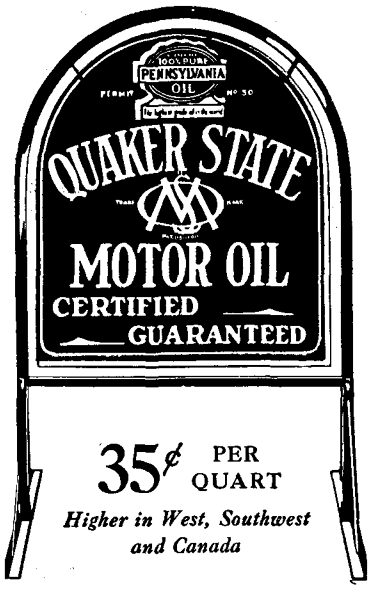
Every gallon of Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the very finest crude oil known, the finest the world produces!

Try a filling of Quaker State. You can *feel* the difference it will make in your motor—in its smoother power and sweeter purr. Drive up to the green and white service station sign—and drive away with Quaker State in your crankcase. Your motor will tell you what a sweet difference that *extra* quart makes! © 1930, Q. S. O. R. Co.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED
PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL



Get that Extra Quart in every gallon of

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

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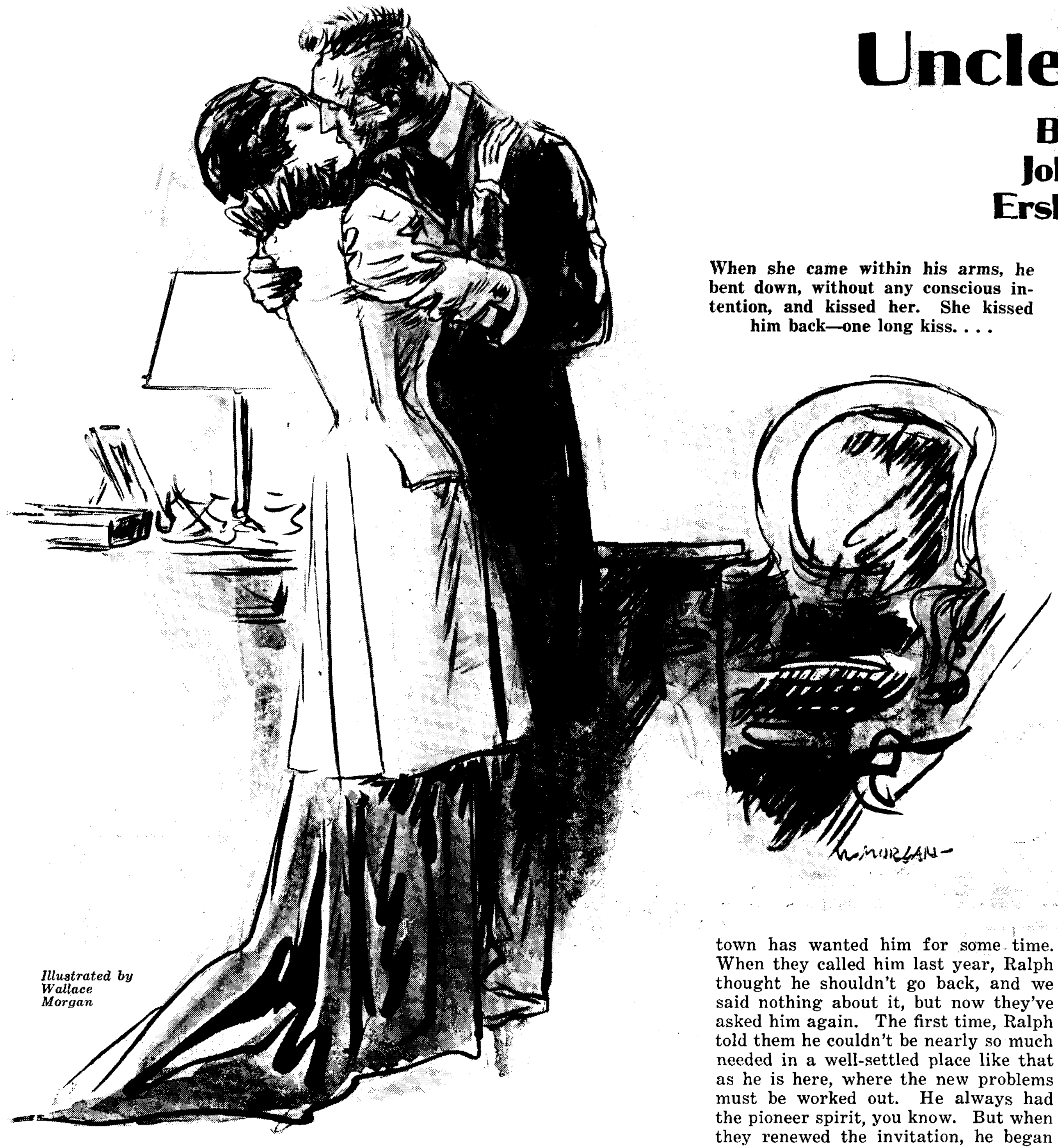
QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE MEDIUM HEAVY • QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS • QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

Uncle Sam

By
John
Erskine



When she came within his arms, he bent down, without any conscious intention, and kissed her. She kissed him back—one long kiss. . . .

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE foundling asylum of the little city of Bellevue is a lovely little girl. Her name is Irene. Her mother, known as "Mrs Gordon," is unmarried.

Their marriage having proved childless, Sam and Priscilla, his devoted but narrow-minded wife, decide to adopt Irene. Meeting "Mrs. Gordon," to discuss the matter, Sam receives a rude shock. The woman is Mary Stewart, an old sweetheart! Another shock follows swiftly. Pledging Sam to secrecy, Mary confesses that Irene's father is one of Sam's brothers—Orlando.

Irene comes to live with the young couple in their little farmhouse. And Priscilla learns "Mrs. Gordon's" identity! Thereafter, Sam and Priscilla drift apart. . . .

Ten years go by. Oil has been struck on Sam's farm. He is wealthy. He controls a bank, a taxi service, a hardware factory. All are successful. He is powerful, resourceful, strong. Only three persons, however, really love him: his sister, Antoinette; Irene (now a successful professional dancer); and Mary Stewart. He is far from happy. His friends fear that he is overreaching himself. His brothers, envious of him, think he is "money mad." They are willing, however, to share in his benefactions. They have already sent their children—George, Gretchen and Rafael—to live with him and are planning a joint request for his help in their several businesses.

Sam's liberal ideas have been severely criticized by Stockton, the minister, and others in the city. He has withdrawn from the bank and is concentrating his fortunes upon Western Common, an uncertain stock which, Sam feels, represents an investment in the future.

Irene visits him and confesses that she is in love, but for some unexplained reason she is never going to marry.

Rafael, Orlando's son, is giving him cause for concern.

These troubles have aged him. His friends notice it. Even Phil Berton, his secretary, believes he is losing his grip. Sam orders his will to be revised and pays a call upon Father Hugh. The priest's philosophy is very different from Sam's, but the two men understand each other, and in their conversation Sam finds strength to meet the problems that lie ahead.

X

THE doorbell rang. Priscilla answered it herself. At the threshold, dressed in a smart street gown, stood the minister's wife, Cora Stockton.

"Priscilla, my dear!"

"How pleasant, Cora! What brings you out so early in the day?"

Cora walked in with an air of high excitement. Evidently she brought extraordinary news.

"I couldn't wait to tell you! It's just been decided this morning! Ralph is leaving Bellevue!"

As she said it she looked so happy that Priscilla knew congratulations were expected. But Ralph Stockton had belonged to the place for so many years, had become for so many of his people besides herself a symbol of continuous propriety, a bulwark against the Bellevue innovations, that the thought of his going gave her a little shock.

"Whatever has happened, Cora? I am too astonished to speak."

"Well, you know a parish in our old town has wanted him for some time. When they called him last year, Ralph thought he shouldn't go back, and we said nothing about it, but now they've asked him again. The first time, Ralph told them he couldn't be nearly so much needed in a well-settled place like that as he is here, where the new problems must be worked out. He always had the pioneer spirit, you know. But when they renewed the invitation, he began to think that perhaps there was another duty equally important, the duty of keeping up the traditions on which we all must depend. There has to be some central source of inspiration, don't you think? They've exchanged letters, and this morning a very satisfactory one arrived. Ralph will accept. I had to tell you first of all."

"If it makes you and Ralph happy, I am sure you know what is best to do. We shall miss you both. We have grown up together here."

"I'll never forget the friendships I have made." Cora's voice expressed no regret whatever, but at the moment that was hardly to be expected.

"Won't Ralph find it a little quiet back there? I've always thought of him as more than a minister—as a public leader. Think how many good works he has started here, or taken a hand in."

"Oh, but that's just it, Priscilla! What convinced him that he ought to go was the offer to write for the syndicate."

Priscilla waited for more light.

"He's to write an article, a little sermon, if you choose, for one of the large papers. It's to go in I don't know how many others. And then he'll answer the questions people ask him. Ralph says the opportunity is limitless. What he preaches on Sunday to his congregation will be just a sort of rehearsal for the large audiences."

Priscilla found herself thinking that this way of spreading the word of God was a little vulgar. She could hardly believe it was Cora Stockton's voice she was listening to:

"Ralph says that even in doing God's work you should use up-to-date methods. You shouldn't abandon all the conveniences to the devil."

The words hurt Priscilla in ways that she could not at the moment define to herself. Whatever her criticism of Sam had been, she was sincere. Or if ever not sincere, then only as all human beings fail at times to know themselves. The motives which controlled her, or which she hoped controlled her, had been of the spirit. What had seemed discouraging in Sam's life had been the influence of money upon his decisions—money at least had been there as a result, and sometimes, it had been easy to suspect, as a motive. While Cora talked, Priscilla realized that her own mind was poisoned. She was thinking of what Ralph would earn by his syndicated articles. He was going to become a rich man, like Sam—and by preaching the word of God! Of course she had no right to suppose his motives were mercenary, but she did wish—

"Ralph feels too that his work here is finished. He says that with the parish in such good condition the moment has come for him to quit. You shouldn't stay beyond the peak of your success."

"We'll be sorry to have him go, Cora, and I don't know what you mean by the peak of his success. There still will be sick people who would be glad to see him, and plenty of us whose lives he knows and to whom he has been a help. We shan't feel that his moment has passed, not as long as we live."

"That's lovely of you to say, Priscilla." Cora was quite cheerful, as though her husband had received a pretty compliment. "It's awfully good of you, but I really think a younger man may brighten up the work and carry it on much farther than Ralph could."

PRISCILLA *remembered the days* when Sam was discovering oil on the farm, when Ralph had been for her a champion of spiritual things. He was a young man then. Perhaps if they called a new minister, they might find in youth another voice for their souls. Youth! She and Sam were getting on. Youth meant Irene, George, Perry Hill, Rafael.

"Cora, I don't think the youth of today will bring us much comfort."

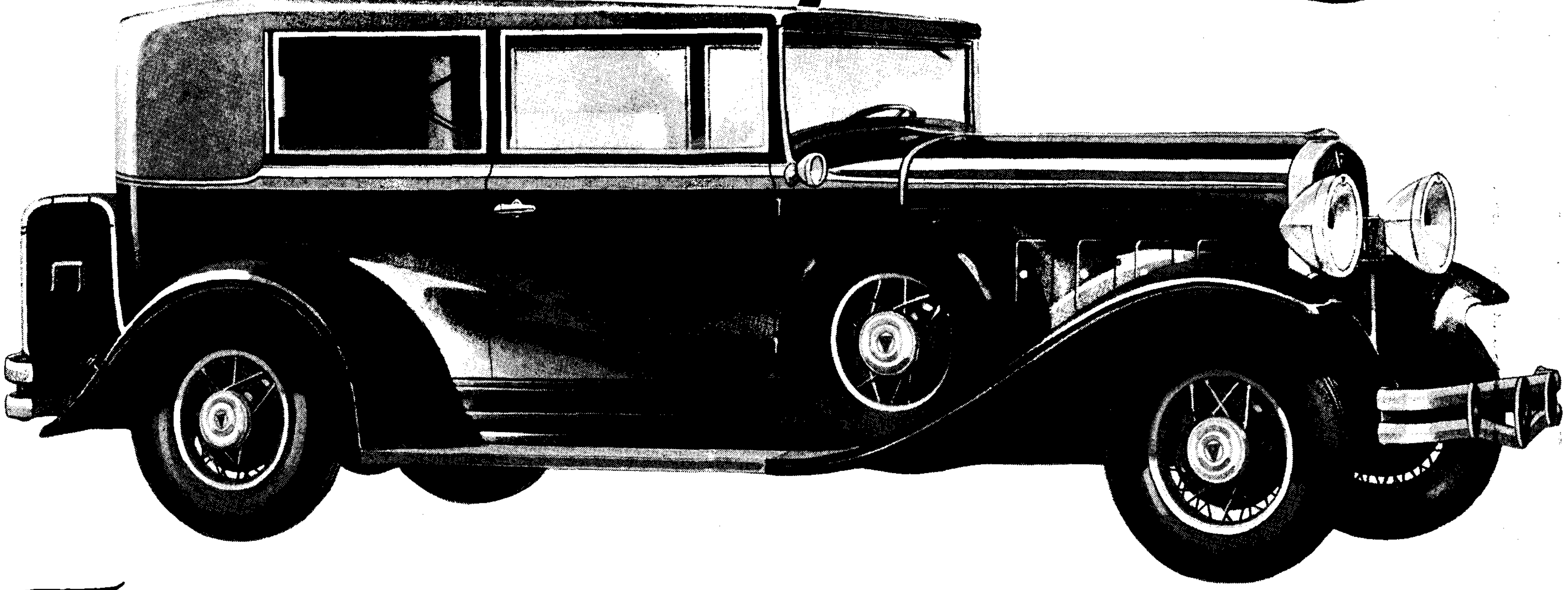
Cora tossed her head. She had a becoming hat.

"Oh, I am all for the youth of today. Ralph says the improvement is prodigious. There was a moment a while back, you remember, when we all were worried, but he thinks that crisis is past. He says the country wouldn't be so prosperous as it is now if it were not sound at heart. It would be too immoral."

Priscilla had no logic with which to search this optimism, nor had she the disposition to contradict it. But something was subtracted from the stability of her universe, since Cora Stockton talked in this vein. She felt a new kind of loneliness. For the first time in years she was conscious of sympathy with Sam's point of view. Far apart

(*Continued on page 46*)

HUDSON'S Great 8



Fascinating, Brilliant, Economical—a totally new type Eight

HUDSON'S Great Eight is totally different. It is the car ahead and the pattern of the future. Hudson pioneers a new field. This new design is its discovery and reward.

It strikes off the shackles of bulk and useless weight—as in new airplane design—with greater horsepower in proportion to weight—and even greater economy. ¶ Thus power has a chance to be free, spontaneous and effective. It gives smooth, effortless performance and a soaring sensation in motion that many veterans call quite the finest thing in motordom. Engineers have long sought smoothness like this—a car that makes hills and levels all like constant coasting. You will find it the most distinctive ride in your experience.

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight • Low set motor—straight line drive • Ten body types on two chassis lengths • Four 2-way shock absorbers • Engine starter on dash • Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge • Radiator shutters • Spare tire carried in fender well • Tire lock • Luggage carrier • Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.

This new Hudson looks every inch the great car that it is—beautiful, distinctive, charmingly inviting and hospitable. And every chassis and body detail is designed to be worthy of its leadership. Center of gravity is lower. That contributes to roadability. So also, do two-way shock absorbers and synchro-silenced axle construction. Roof line is lower. Yet headroom and road clearance are increased. Wider seats, more spacious interiors give even greater comfort. You will not hesitate to acknowledge remarkable achievement in every particular of this new type Eight. But perhaps your greatest wonder will be that it is all accomplished without sacrifice of Hudson's well-known price advantage.

THE ONE AND ONLY WOMAN IS A G·P·A

She is a buyer of cabbages and draperies, of toilet soap and easy chairs, of sedans and of socks.

She is the General Purchasing Agent of the household—for example, 84% of all the tooth paste used is bought by her.

Perhaps she knows Ipana—knows it well and buys it. But, on the off chance she doesn't—we list, for your advantage and her own, the three great virtues of this modern and successful tooth paste.

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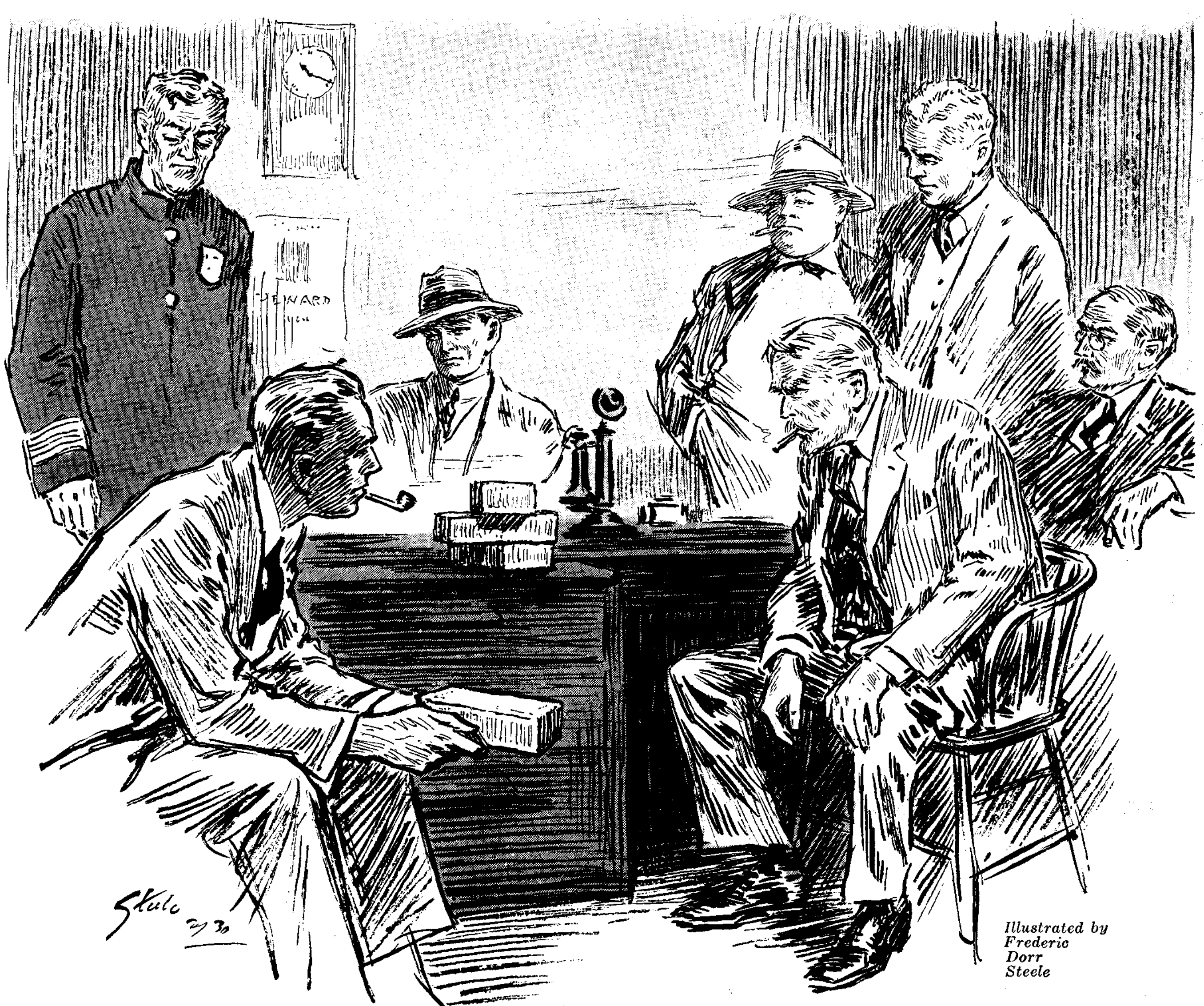

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

"I guess you better fish or cut bait, Captain. Jail or home? Which?"

Alderman Tommy drops in

Continued from page 9

"That," said Ted, "is enough for a start. Coroner's a conservative judge of beauty. If he says she's not bad I bet she's a regular Clara Bow. Anything from you, Banks?"

"No," said the detective.

Tommy stood blinking at the sluggish current of the stream. "Floating or sunk?" he asked.

"Sunk," said Banks. "Six bricks in the bag."

"In a bag, eh?"

"Gunny sack."

Tommy turned away to the uniformed officer. "Found a house yet, Fred?" he asked.

"Nice little place on Jackson Street. The missus likes it fine."

"I'LL drop around and see it some night," said Tommy, and climbed into the ambulance. Meaney and Ted Plank were already in place and the ride back to the county building commenced. When they arrived they found the coroner and Detective Banks and a county physician present.

"Work fast, boys," said Ted. "The paper goes to bed at two—and here's the rest of the gang." This was to three other newspaper men who arrived breathless and demanding to be told.

They sat about the office smoking impatiently while the coroner and doctor went about their business in the next room, from which they presently emerged.

"Talk quick, you birds," said Ted.

"She was about thirty," said the coroner.

"You guessed that once. What's her name? How was she killed? Any identifying marks?"

"She was struck on the head—"

"With a blunt instrument," interrupted Ted.

"What about her hands?" asked Alderman Tommy.

"Eh?"

"I mean," explained the young man, "did she do washings and have calluses and like that?"

"Her hands were small and very well kept. Soft. Nails taken care of by somebody that knew how."

"That's the boy, Tommy," said Ted. "How about clothes?"

"Not a rag."

"There was this," said the detective and he exhibited to them a strip of wood perhaps five inches long by three quarters of an inch wide and rounded at the ends. "Loose in the bag it was."

"What is it?" Ted asked eagerly.

Tommy glanced at it and chuckled. "Tongue depressor," he said. "Hum."

"Exactly," said Banks. "Nobody has tongue depressors around loose but doctors. Must have tumbled into the bag in the general confusion."

"The hands," said Ted, "indicate she was a young society woman. Would you say that?"

"I'LL do my best for you," the coroner said with a grin. "She might have been. About five feet four tall. Weighed a hundred and twenty, maybe. Blue eyes. Light brown hair, kind of curly."

"Birthmarks? Moles?"

"Nary," said the doctor.

"No record of missing women at headquarters," volunteered Beebe of the News.

"How long?" asked Tommy.

"I wouldn't say over twenty-four hours."

The reporters headed for the door but Tommy stopped them.

"I wasn't here," he said.

"O. K.," promised Beebe. "'Night."

IT WAS too late that night to attempt identification through routine channels; there was nothing specific upon which to act, and Tommy, knowing there could be no more of interest until the next day, said good night and went home.

In the middle of the next morning he walked unchallenged into the office of Chief of Detectives Pung. Captain Pung was an elderly man of distinctive appearance and vulgar speech. His fine head and carefully kept, pointed beard and intelligent eyes did not match his grammar or his inflections. One expected something cultured, almost scholarly from the possessor of such a brow, and was rather shocked at the vocabulary which issued from those finely molded lips.

"How be ye, Alderman?" he asked. "What's on your mind?"

"Just dropped in," said Tommy.

"Yeah? Well, set. The boys hain't dug up nothin' yit on this here woman-in-the-bag case." He mentioned in choice epithets his opinion of the case and of Detective Sergeant Banks who was in charge of it.

"Where's Banks?" asked Tommy.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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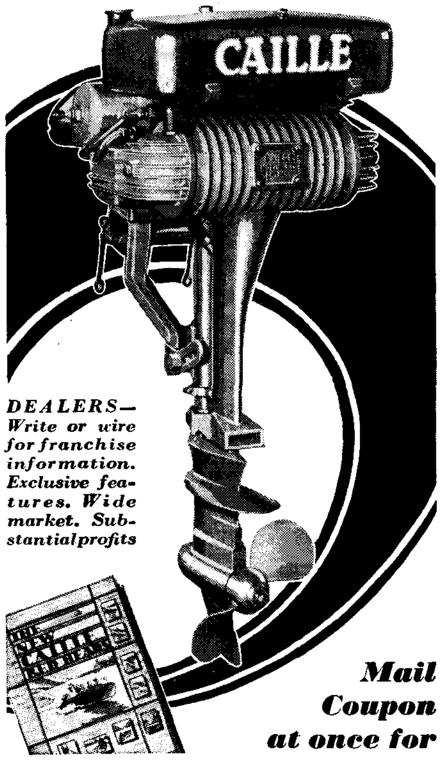

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Alderman Tommy drops in

Continued from page 32

"Time he was reportin' in. Went to the buildin' department."

"To look up building permits?" asked Tommy.

"Nothin' in that. Gives me a cramp in the leg." He turned like a terrier on Detective Banks, who came energetically through the door. "Well? Well? Well?" he barked. "You'll be poundin' pavements before this case is done. Bricks! Buildin' permits!"

DETECTIVE BANKS was an imperturbable young man. His pleasant, round face with Irish blue eyes and ruddy cheeks under hair which had turned white prematurely, showed neither offense nor alarm.

"Hello, Tommy," he said.

"How many doctors," asked Tommy, "are building brick buildings?"

"Seven," said Banks.

"Any of 'em off color?"

"None we ever had to notice. I got six men out matchin' bricks this minute."

"You got bricks on the brain," said the captain. "Makes my ear ache."

Presently the telephone rang and Banks answered. He listened briefly, said O. K. into the transmitter, and turned to the captain. "Riley's got his brick matched. New garage. Doc Marley Clarkson, corner of Vineland and Walters."

"Huh," snapped the captain.

"It's in the right neighborhood. Vineland runs right down to the crick," said Banks.

"Call Vineland Station and have him hauled in," the captain ordered. "We'll put him over the jumps."

It was close upon five o'clock when Tommy saw Precinct Detective Hawks make his way through the hall with a huge young man in tow. They went to Captain Pung's door and entered. Tommy followed in time to see the encounter.

"Doc Clarkson, eh?" growled the captain.

"That's my name. What's wanted?"

"Buildin' a garage? Buildin' a brick garage?"

"Who are you?" asked the big young man, not belligerently, almost placidly, one might say phlegmatically.

"You'll find that out soon enough. Brick garage, eh? I'm Chief of Detectives Pung, that's who. What'd you kill her for?"

The young doctor did not smile nor did he start. His broad, pleasant face remained imperturbable.

"Who'd I kill?" he asked.

"And sunk her in the river with a mess of your bricks," said the captain savagely. "We got it on you. You even left one of them tongue depressors of your'n in the sack."

"Is this," asked the big young man, "what a third degree is like? Did I autograph the tongue depressor?"

"We got you checked up. We know when she come to your office and what fur. We had our eye on you anyhow—doin' that kind of business."

"Do you smoke in here?" asked Doctor Clarkson.

"Take him and make him look at her," said the captain.

"I'll go along," said Tommy.

Tommy studied the imperturbable young doctor when he was confronted with the body of the woman he was accused of killing. There was nothing to see.

"Who was she?" asked the young doctor, and turned away as if he had no further interest in the matter.

"Back to headquarters," snapped the captain, and the little parade made its way through the streets to the detective bureau. The doctor took a chair uninvited and Tommy's eyes twinkled at the expression on Pung's face.

"You," said the doctor to Tommy, "look as if you might answer a question. What's it all about?"

"You read the papers," said Tommy.

"Oh, yes."

"That was the young woman who was found in the creek."

"I guessed that," said the doctor. "And I guess you don't know who she is, and I guess that my connection with it is a brick. I saw a brother snooping around the new garage with one in his hand—like a woman matching a piece of cloth at a bargain sale. So let's get down to cases. You lads are in a fog, so you pick on me, and there we are. When you're through I'll go home and doctor a few measles."

"Huh," snorted the captain.

"Don't you recognize her, Doctor?" asked Detective Banks more courteously.

"I wouldn't care to say offhand," replied the young man. "And that's that. Do I go to the bastile? If not, I'm running along."

"Not till I'm through with you," bellowed the captain, and Clarkson shrugged his shoulders resignedly, filled his pipe and commenced to smoke. Captain Pung did his best in his blustering way, and staged a minor sort of a third degree, but it carried the investigation no farther.

"I got a right to own bricks," said the doctor, "and it's your business to stop them from being swiped. I guess you better fish or cut bait, Captain. Jail or home? Which?"

"Go on home," said the captain, "but we'll have a man on you, mind."

"I guessed that," said the doctor. "Good afternoon."

He went out—not exactly nonchalantly, but certainly calmly.

"Cool cuss," said the captain. And then to Banks: "That's what your bricks got us. Swell lead, eh?"

"Maybe," said Banks.

THAT evening Tommy dropped in at the Vineland station for a chat with the lieutenant at the desk, and inspected the new horses at Engine House Fourteen; after which he rang Dr. Clarkson's doorbell. The doctor's office had just emptied itself and his office hours were over. He greeted Tommy with humorously lifted eyebrows.

"Just had the other fellow in to supper," he said. "Kind of a nice detective."

"I'm not a detective," said Tommy. "My name's Rouse, and I'm an alderman."

"Thought I recognized your face. Heard a lot about you. Where do you fit in?"

"Just thought I'd drop around," said Tommy. "Kind of wondered why you didn't identify that woman."

The doctor considered. "From what I heard around," he said presently, "you're pretty smart and you'd rather get folks out of trouble than into it."

"I kind of liked your looks," said Tommy. "That's why I came."

"Her name's Mrs. Whidden," said the doctor. "Janet Whidden. She was here a couple of times. Couldn't sleep. Here the day she must have been killed, according to the papers, so I wasn't anxious to identify."

"What time?"

"Around half past one or two."

"Lived where?"

"Hundred fourteen Vineland. Boarding house."

There was a pause while Tommy pondered; then he rubbed his nose and looked at Clarkson out of the corner of his eye. "Better tell me the rest of it, hadn't you?"

The office door opened a crack and a small voice asked: "May I come in?"

"Always, anywhere and for nothing," said Dr. Clarkson.

A tiny woman entered—tiny in comparison with her huge husband—and dainty and fair and rather prim to look at in spite of her yellow hair and violet eyes. She seemed not more than twenty, and one would have taken her for the sweet, clinging type without either brains or will for anything but her personal appearance.

"Is he a policeman, too?" she asked.

"This is Alderman Tommy Rouse, my dear. What do you think of him?"

Mrs. Clarkson regarded Tommy with what seemed to be the stare of a wax doll before she replied. Then she nodded her head twice emphatically.

"Trust him," she said.

"We've been married six weeks," said the doctor.

TOMMY clucked sympathetically, but his wife would have none of that. She frowned as an expensive mechanical doll might frown. "None of that," she said. "I'm glad I married him before this came up. He's going to need somebody like me. She was a bad woman. I was sitting in my room when she came first, and I knew it."

"Oh, she was bad, eh?"

"Wicked," said Mrs. Clarkson. "Harmful to people. Tell him, my darling."

"Well," said the doctor, "she came here first for insomnia. Then in a couple of days she came back again and demanded to be put on the payroll."

"Eh?" exclaimed Tommy.

"Yeah. You know it's fatal to a doctor if he gets talked about. Sensitive profession. Hippocratic oath and all that. If it gets whispered around that a doctor talks about his patients, or that he is not absolutely impersonal with his women patients, he's in the soup. Ruined and hung up to dry."

"Yes," said Tommy.

"So this woman told me she was going to start the whisper, and write a letter to my wife, too, saying I had been exceedingly personal on her first call." He grinned. "Imagine writing such a letter to *my* wife!" He turned to look at her proudly.

"I'd have made her eat it," said little Mrs. Clarkson sweetly.

"So," went on the doctor," she said she would go on the payroll for ten dollars each and every week until death do us part."

"Only ten dollars!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Queer, wasn't it? She didn't come so expensive."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her," said the imperturbable young man in his most imperturbable manner, "that she'd better go home and be nice, because if my wife got a letter, or if she started any whispers, I would look her up very promptly and kill her as dead as a herring."

"And he meant it, too," said Mrs. Clarkson, "and the woman knew he did, and it scared her."

"When was she here last?" Tommy asked.

"The afternoon of the day she must have been killed."

(*Continued on page 36*)

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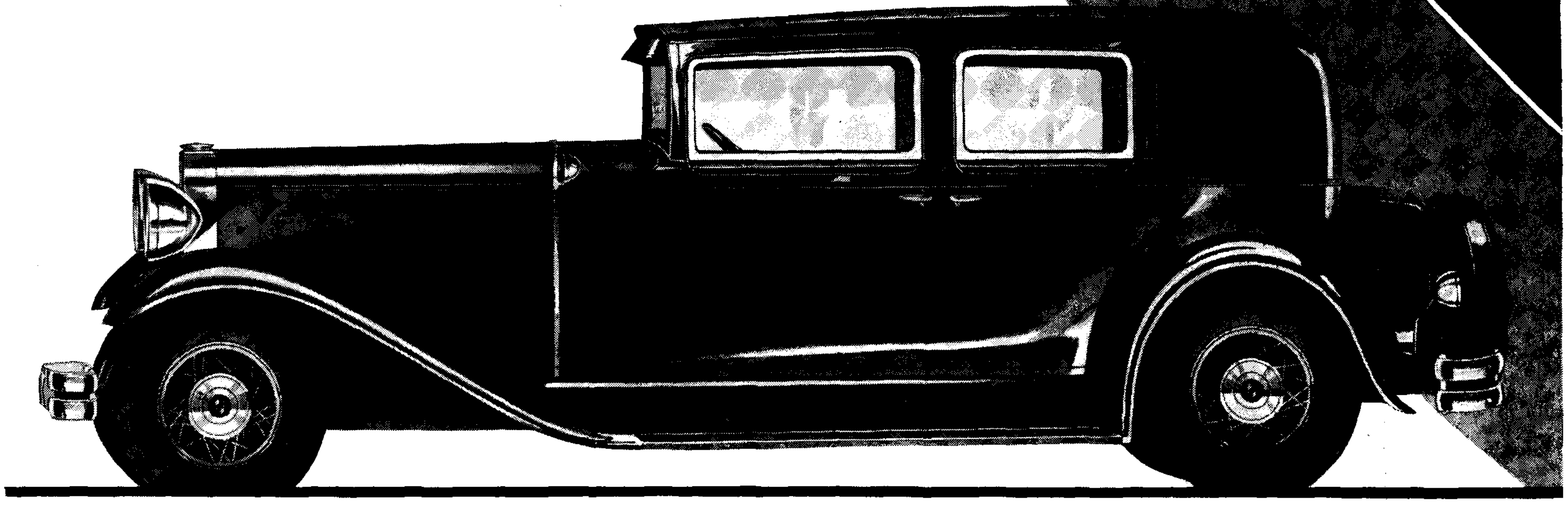

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Alderman Tommy drops in

Continued from page 34

"Doctor," said Tommy, "it looks as if you were in a fix."

"I'll be arrested?" asked the doctor.

"When the police run this down—as they're pretty sure to do—I think you will."

"Aren't you going to tell them?"

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Clarkson to her husband. "Of course he won't tell."

"I won't need to," said Tommy. "Well, I guess I better be getting along."

"Good night," said Mrs. Clarkson, "and come again."

"Most likely I will," said Tommy.

It was early for him, so he took a street car downtown and went to headquarters, where he found Sergeant Banks in a little flurry of elation.

"I've got her identified," he told Tommy.

"As who?"

"A Mrs. Janet Whidden. Lived in a boarding house on Vineland Street."

"How'd you run her down?"

"Figured she lived around there. Guessed it must be a boarding house. No worried husband or relatives. The rest was just plugging. Calling at boarding houses till I found the one. Nineteenth place was it. Landlady said she hadn't been alarmed because the woman often went away for days at a time without a word. Kind of mysterious woman."

"Where's Camera Eye?" asked Tommy.

"Playing dominoes with the night super."

"See if Meaney's around the morgue. I'd kind of like Camera Eye to look her over."

Camera Eye Higgins was a detective lieutenant with a remarkable faculty for identifying criminals by rogues' gallery photographs. There are half a dozen such men in the country, famous in police circles. Perhaps their faculty is as much instinct as memory, but the fact remains that they can look at one of those double-barreled photographs which police departments circularize—full face and profile— and then, maybe in ten years, recognize the original walking along the street.

"Meaney's there," said Banks.

"Tell him we'll be right over. Let's get Camera Eye."

THEY routed Higgins from his game of dominoes and dragged him reluctantly away. They tramped over to the county building and Meaney took them into the morgue.

"Got her," Higgins said presently.

"What?" exclaimed Banks.

"Sure. Gertie the Badger. Used to work the Badger Game around Pittsburgh about seven-eight years ago. With a feller named Prouty. White-Vest Prouty was his moniker. Let's git out. I got a quarter on that game with the super."

Once in the detective bureau again Banks turned to Tommy. "What's the idea?" he asked. "What d'you know? Why'd you think of ringing in Camera Eye?"

"Thought it might be a good notion," said Tommy.

"It was," said Banks, "but what made you think of it?"

"Ten dollars a week," said Tommy rather cryptically. "She was satisfied with ten a week. Couldn't figure that out for a minute, but then it came to me that a lot of tens a week count up. And it was kind of cool and efficient—and professional."

"What was?"

"Everything," said Tommy. "Now you go out and see how many doctors been paying blackmail to her."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the detective.

"G'night," said Tommy.

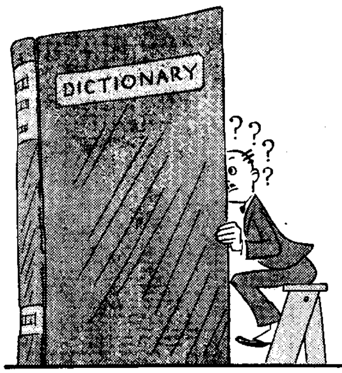
Detective Banks stared after him with a look between admiration and fury.

IT WAS mid-afternoon next day when Tommy dropped in at the boarding house where Janet Whidden had lived, and was shown by the landlady to the dead woman's room. When he was left alone he sat in a chair and stared about him. His eyes rested on a couple of paper-covered novels—which might have been expected to be present. They lay upon a somewhat decrepit golden-oak table. From between the pages of one protruded an end of paper and Tommy walked across to see what it might be.

Its nature rather surprised Tommy, for it was a page torn from the catalog of a manufacturer of waxworks. He turned it over in his long fingers and wondered how such a page came into Mrs. Whidden's possession. Then he thrust it into his pocket. Presently he pulled out the drawer of the table and scrutinized its contents. There was nothing. There was nothing anywhere—which, thought Tommy, was as it should be. If he were right in his surmises concerning Janet Whidden her room would contain few records of her life or dealings.

When he was through he walked down Vineland Avenue toward the

(*Continued on page 38*)



WORD HUNT

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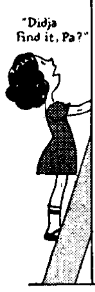
"Didja find it, Pa?"

1	D	A	N	C	E	D	Tripped, glided or leaped rhythmically. Also, bobbed up and down; dandled.
2	D	A	N				Anger or temper. To be angry. Also, dandruff.
3	D	A	N				One who dances.
4	D	A	N				To fondle; toy with; pamper.
5	D	A	N				Peril; jeopardy; risk.
6	D	A	N				(Variant of DANDY) a boat.
7	D	A	N				In a moist and disagreeable fashion.
8	D	A	N				More damp, moist, humid.
9	D	A	N				To hand or swing loosely. Also, to hang about anyone.
10	D	A	N				(Dial. Eng. and Scot.) Variant of DAUNTON. Also, (Scot. and Dial. Eng.) for DAUNT.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

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2. Brocage
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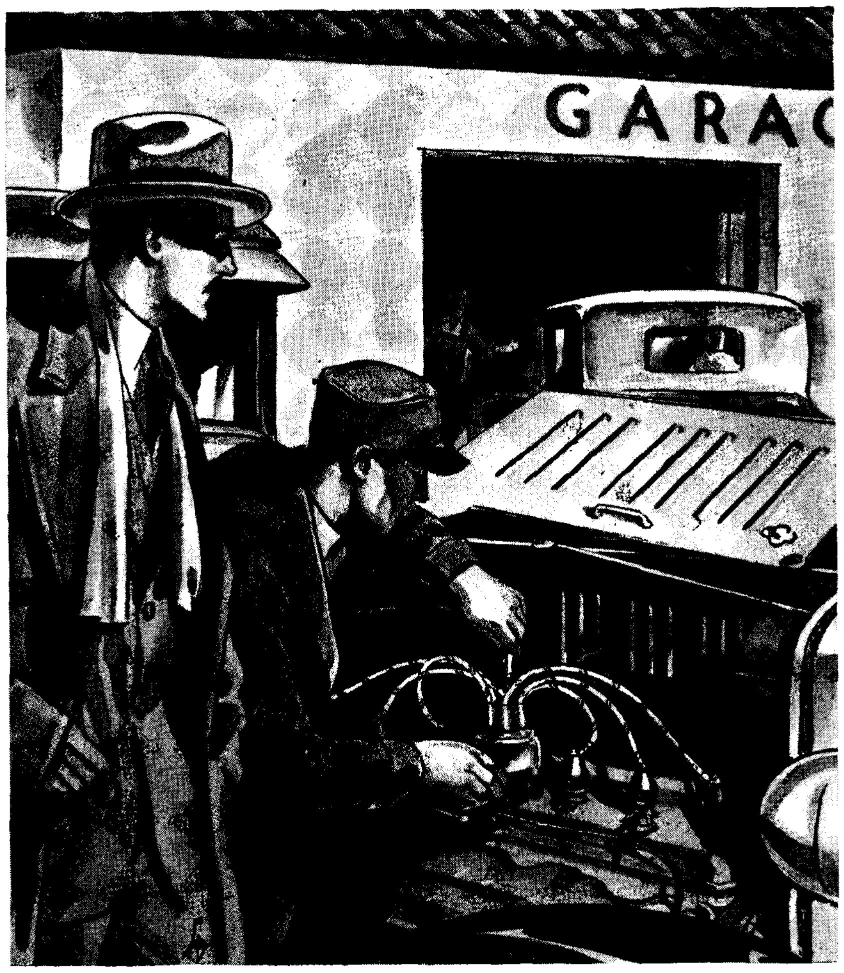

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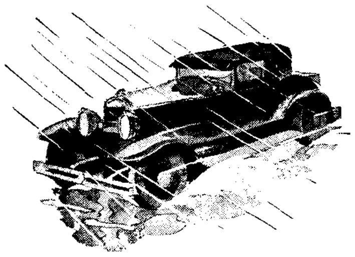

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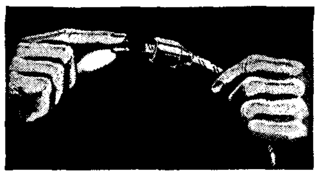

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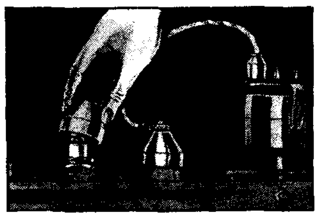

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Alderman Tommy drops in

Continued from page 36

heart of the city, but his progress was not rapid. He stopped to chat for a moment with Patrolman Williams, who was ringing in at a box on the corner; he encountered Doc Keegan, tall and cadaverous in his silk hat, as that eminent medical man stepped out of the door which led upward to the offices of Keegan and Kitteridge and their medical museum for men only. They passed the time of day. Then he met Precinct Detective Jacobs, to whom he chatted for five minutes before he asked that officer to do an errand for him.

"I'm going to headquarters," he said. "Call me there and tell me."

IN THE detective bureau Captain Pung was in conversation with Detective Sergeant Pease when Tommy arrived, and looked up with habitual grimness as the young alderman entered the room.

"Well," he said, "we're going to make the pinch."

"Doc Clarkson?" asked Tommy.

"Him. We got it on him. It seems this Whidden woman was takin' it off the doctors."

"Yeah?" asked Tommy.

"We got a strong line on her. Well, the afternoon she was killed she went to Clarkson's. Mentioned it to her landlady. That's the last seen of her. Now, my theory is she was blackmailin' Clarkson and he had had enough of it, see?"

"Good theory," said Tommy.

"Banks is goin' out to run him in."

"Any hurry?" asked Tommy. "Guess I'll go along, but I want to get a telephone message first and send a wire to Pittsburgh. Clarkson won't get away. Maybe an hour or so."

"He won't git away," said the captain. "We got a man on him."

"Sure," said Tommy. "Smoke?"

"What's the idee?"

"Nothin' much, Cap'n. Just want to see the pinch. Yeah. There's the telephone."

"For you," said Banks, who answered the ring.

Tommy placed the receiver to his ear. "Yeah," he said. "Five years, eh? Before that, where? Pittsburgh, eh? Sure? Much obliged, Jacobs. Say, who's the other fellow? Never saw him? Imaginary, eh? Maybe so. G'-by."

He turned to the captain. "Goin' up to the super's office. Can you wait?"

"No harm, I guess."

So Tommy climbed the stairs to find the superintendent absent, which was perfectly satisfactory so long as the sergeant who acted as secretary was in.

"Hello, Jim," said Tommy. "Want to send a wire to Pittsburgh in the super's name. To the department there. Have 'em rush an answer."

Then Tommy sat down and considered matters connected with the Clarkson case, and considered them with grim attention and tenacity. He had an hour for this exercise before a long telegram was delivered which Tommy read slowly and pocketed. "Much obliged, Jim," he said, and retraced his steps to the detective bureau.

"All ready," he said to Banks.

They got out a department car and drove westward in silence. Presently they stopped before Dr. Clarkson's office and alighted. Banks rang the bell and the doctor answered in person.

"We come to take you to headquarters," said Banks.

"I'll tell my wife," said the doctor imperturbably.

"Bring her along," said Tommy, and the doctor looked at him oddly.

"She thought I could trust you," said Clarkson.

"Ask her what she thinks now," said Tommy, but that question was unnecessary, for little Mrs. Clarkson appeared at her husband's side.

"I still think so," she said gravely. "Wait till I get my hat."

In the car the doctor sat beside the detective while Tommy sat with Mrs. Clarkson in the back seat.

"Banks," said Tommy suddenly, "stop here."

"Where? What's the matter?"

"Under the sign," said Tommy. "We're all going upstairs."

"Say, listen here, Alderman," expostulated the detective.

"Rather be a lieutenant than a sergeant?" asked Tommy. "If you would I guess you better drop in here with me. And fetch the doc and his wife along."

Mrs. Clarkson lifted her baby violet eyes to the big sign which covered the upper half of the building and then nodded her head emphatically. "I knew I could trust you," she said. "I never did like advertising doctors."

"With waxwork museums," said Tommy. "Nasty business. Nasty men do nasty business. How about it, Sergeant?"

"Don't get me in trouble," said Banks, but all the same he followed with his prisoner as Tommy opened the door and escorted Mrs. Clarkson up the stairs to the office of Keegan and Kitteridge, who cured by mail when the patient could not arrange to come to the office.

"Do it quick," said Tommy to Banks. "Surprise him. Arrest him for the murder of Janet Whidden. I mean Doc Keegan."

"What? Why?" demanded Banks.

"Because he did it," said Tommy. "And then see what happens. I like surprises. They startle folks."

Banks shook his head dubiously, but, as the door opened to disclose the tall, spare frame of Dr. Keegan the detective stepped forward.

"Doctor," he said harshly, "I arrest you for the murder of Janet Whidden."

"Known as Gertie the Badger," added Tommy. "But not known so well as Dr. Kitteridge of the firm of Keegan and Kitteridge, eh?"

KEEGAN, suddenly pasty-faced, backed away and tried to close the door in their faces, but Banks' foot was much too efficient for that, and the handcuffs were on Keegan's wrists before he could make a second movement.

"I didn't," Keegan expostulated. "I never saw the woman. I don't know such a woman." His voice was unsteady and he mouthed his words.

"Good," said Tommy, "then you'll produce Kitteridge. Lots of folks have been wondering about Kitteridge. No good, Doc. It was twenty minutes past nine of the sixteenth when you carried her out in a sack. Patrolman on the beat saw the sack and you. Thought it was somethin' out of your museum. Then you stopped a minute at Clarkson's new garage and got six bricks for sinkers, and then you drove to the creek." He turned to Banks. "Kind of a partnership quarrel," he explained. "Should have stayed in Pittsburgh, Doc. But Gertie couldn't very well, eh? And Janet Whidden graduated as a nurse before she took up the badger game and went in for retail blackmail on the side with Keegan here. Just what was the quarrel, Doc? I bet she was hard to get along with, eh?"

"She—she was a devil," said Keegan through his teeth. "She drove me to it. She drove me till I couldn't stand any more."

"I bet you," agreed Tommy. His eyes roved about the office, stopped a moment on the door which led into the museum, and moved on to the desk on which stood a ball of glass whose business it was to be a paper weight. "So you hit her with the glass ball, eh?"

"She bled me, and I couldn't get rid of her. She was a bloodsucker," Keegan said hoarsely.

"D'ye know, Doc, I think you might have gotten away with it if she hadn't meddled with the business here. Helped you pick out wax figures for the museum and all like that, didn't she? You'd be surprised how surprised I was when I found a piece of waxworks catalog in her room. Yeah, until I walked past and saw your sign so handy. Maybe you'd have been all right if it hadn't been for that. So I asked around and the patrolman happened to see you lug down that gunny sack on the night you killed her."

Keegan shrugged his shoulders. "This won't be any worse than going on like I was before," he said hoarsely. "I'm glad I did it."

"When I got a report from the Pittsburgh police about you and Gertie, why, I felt pretty well convinced," said Tommy. "Some of the police sort of had an idea Doc Clarkson did it. On account of those bricks and one thing and another. But he didn't look to me like a man that would." He turned to Detective Banks. "Got it all clear, Sergeant?" he asked. "Here's the piece of catalog. Patrolman Williams and Detective Jacobs have a lot of facts they didn't know they had. So go on down to headquarters and give Cap'n Pung a surprise party. He'll enjoy it."

"Aren't you coming?"

"Guess not. I'm not in this at all. But I'll give the story to the newspaper boys. Yeah. Ought to get you graded up to lieutenant."

BANKS stared at him. "Lots of times I don't get you—quite," he said. "But much obliged."

"Welcome," said Tommy. "I'll walk home with the Clarksons. Doc Keegan, that big sign was bad luck to you. Advertisin' doctor! Mean business. If you hadn't advertised with that big sign I bet I never would 'a' thought of you."

The Clarksons were silent as they turned up the street toward their home, and Tommy had nothing to say. It was not until they reached the steps that the doctor said huskily: "I was in a bad hole. I don't know how to thank you. I don't see how you ever figured it out."

Tommy glanced down at Mrs. Clarkson, who smiled at him but said nothing.

"Just luck," said Tommy. "If I hadn't dropped in to that woman's room I wouldn't have found that waxwork catalog; and if I hadn't dropped around to chat with folks, and met Keegan under his sign, and all, and kind of put two and two together it would have been pretty tough. But it come out pretty good, didn't it?"

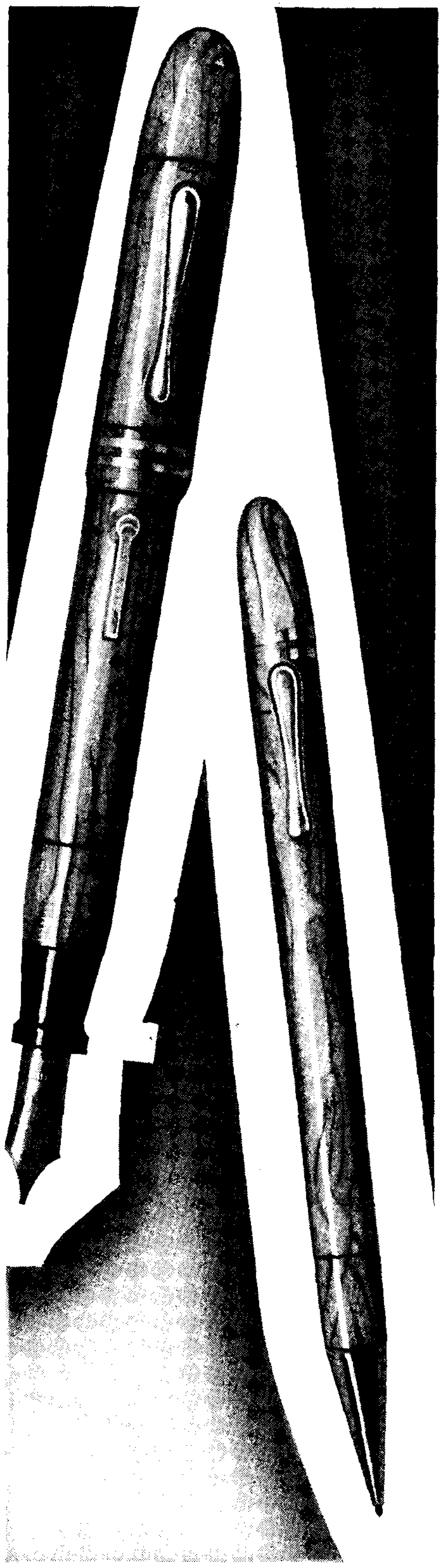
"Come in, Alderman. I'll stir around and get us some supper," said Mrs. Clarkson.

"Not tonight," said Tommy.

She smiled up at him again, and the smile became a sort of impish grin.

"All right, then, Alderman," she said with suspicious gravity, "but you will drop in on us some time, won't you?"

"Apt to," said Tommy.



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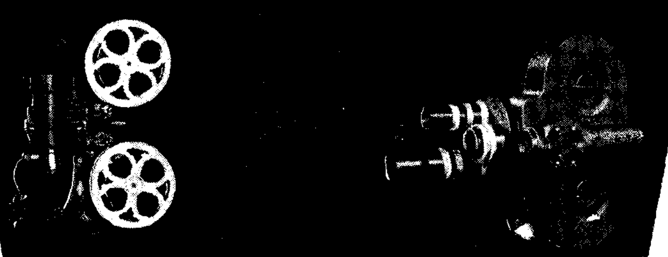

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LatherKreem is the **original American made "No-Brush, No-Cup, No-Soap, No-Rub shaving cream."** Twenty years old. Used the world over.

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Please send me one week's supply of LATHERKREEM without cost to me.

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Spring Chic

Continued from page 12

themselves and their reputation as prophets, say bright navy with white. This is a perfectly grand situation for the innocent bystander, because those of us who like the one generally fight shy of the other. Both are practical, and this year both have such support behind them that everybody is sure to be happy. For second place—authorities differing again—we have our choice of green or the beige-to-brown scale. The navy-ites assure us that brown is finished even as an accessory color; navy-with-white for town, white-with-navy *later* is *their unbending* creed. The other side pooh-poohs this idea with great gusto, pointing to the fact that brown combines well not only with beige and white but with the pinks and the turquoises which are to be so big a feature of the resort season. What we say is, "Let them fight it out; probably we'll have both."

Sports colors begin with white—not off-white, but clear, dead white. Pink will be everywhere and in gradations to suit all types. Blue will be very good, not only in navy and turquoise but going on through to the lighter tones. Some of the pinks and blues will look as though dust had been brushed into them. Yellows will be soft rather than brilliant as they were last year. Green will register. And there will be self-toned Basque stripes as well as vari-colored stripes on a light ground.

In the evening, pastels will appear with great acclaim, and white will still be seen. Pink will have a big run, but light blue will be a strong contender and may get in ahead. Flowered chiffons will favor greens on a light ground. Taffeta will try to take its place with chiffon among the leading materials. Tulle, net, flat crêpe and lace will continue. The most popular wraps are all short, and velveteen is an accepted material for them.

So far we've considered plain colors. How about prints? Could we get through a spring and summer in town without printed crêpes? Could we put over a resort season without those huge, exotic flowers that bloom at night on printed chiffons? . . . The answer, of course, is no.

Becoming Hats for a Change

But this doesn't happen to be a year when prints get into the fire, flood and divorce columns on the front page. They're lovely, they're classic, so we'll buy and wear them as usual. But they'll all play secondary parts in our wardrobes—or so the prophets say.

When we choose a print for earlier town wear, we'll pick one with a small figure on a dark ground, perhaps with a façonné design too; later on, the backdrop will brighten and the patterns will enlarge for the country. As a change-off from prints, polka dots of all sizes will be popular.

Many of the dresses will have a lingerie finish of some kind.

Sleeves, in the town versions of these and other silk dresses, will be full length, three-quarters length, or extending a few inches below the elbow. For resort wear, too, one is to have wide choice. Some dresses, of course, will be sleeveless, but cap sleeves, bertha effects *and little sleeves that stop two or three* inches short of the elbow to turn back or tie are newer and more in accord with a thoroughly feminine mode.

For the new stockings, sunburn shades are the only shades, and these are slightly darker than they were. "Lobster-legs"—the aggressively pink sort—have been out for a long time, though one still sees all too many of them. Some were dyed that way. Others looked demure and dusty enough when first purchased, but the laundry seems to bring out one ferocious wave of pink after another as the milder colors fade. Any manufacturer of hosiery who can truthfully advertise that he's tamed the pink will have many grateful letters from his public.

Shoes, this year, will be simple—with pumps leading the field. Blue shoes for blue costumes—or black shoes, if cost has to be considered. Brown shoes for beige and brown. Green or brown or black shoes if one goes in for green, the choice depending on the shade of cloth or silk chosen around which to build an ensemble.

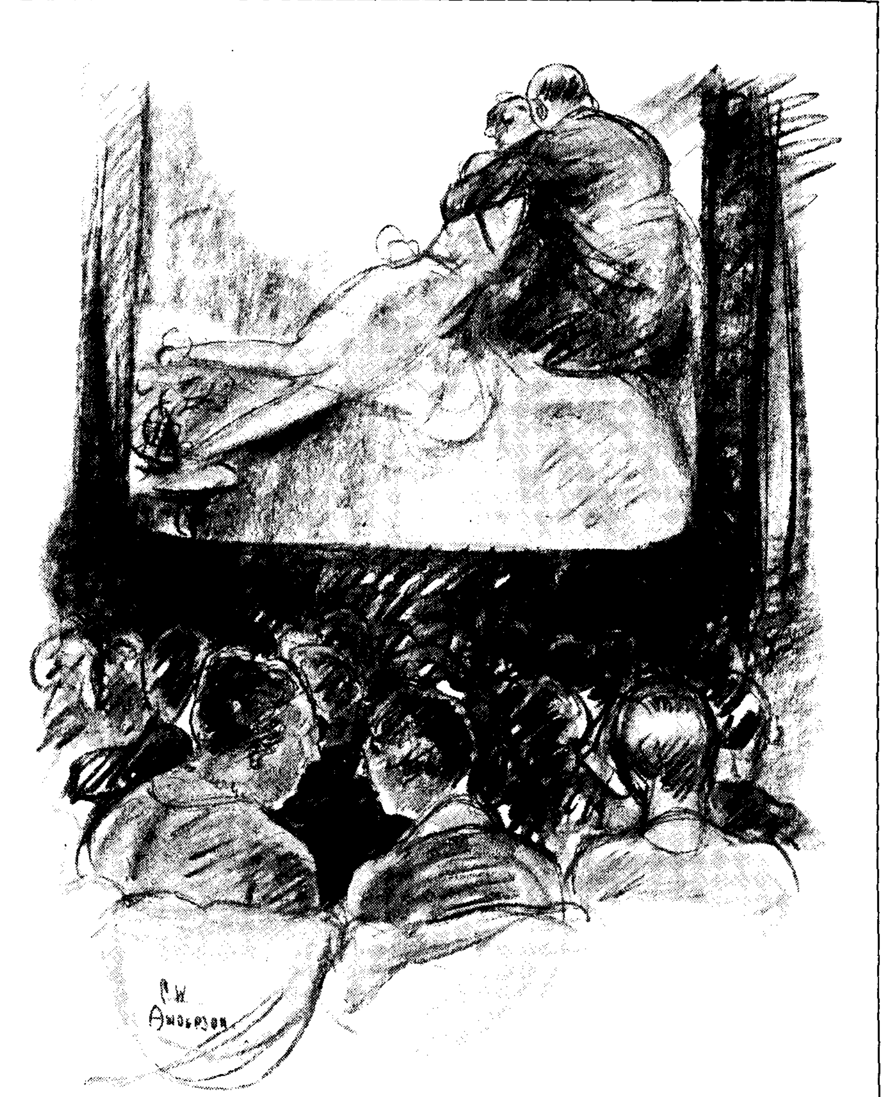
Gloves may be beige to match stockings, but, especially with the navy-and-white or the black-with-white costume, white gloves will be preferred.

One sees a great change in hats—not only in their lines but in their spirit. The peeled effect of the brimless hat is gone, and how many sighs of relief go wafting Paris-ward nobody but the lady with the long nose, the inadequate eyes, the irregular features or the lined countenance can possibly imagine. The skinned-cat hat was built for the girl who could stand a klieg light on each separate part of her facial map—so thank heaven for the new wavy brims with their flattering shadows. Thank heaven, too, for the subtle alteration in the feeling of hats as a whole; they aren't "little rags" any more, so hard for most of us to get away with, so impossible for the really mature. Only the ever-popular béret continues to appear in felt, straw or flannel. The new hats that we're beginning to see are "milliners' hats"—hats of clever line and intricate calculation for becomingness.

Felt and straw will be chosen for spring hats. Some of the new straws are tweedlike in texture, and a new member of the panama family is making its début—a highly lacquered straw called panamalaque. Linen, shantung and other fabrics will be popular, usually chosen to match suit, coat or dress.

White Flowers and Mufflers

And now to mention briefly a dancing chorus of lesser lights that will enliven the spring and summer pageant, we might include—white piqué flowers to go with the navy and white costume—men's silk handkerchiefs in white, to be used as mufflers with the more tailored type of suits for early wear—handkerchief-linen blouses, an extravagance but ever so smart—a long separate coat in dark blue cheviot with skirt to match, useful in spring as a change-off with the suit, adaptable to later wear over white sports clothes even on the lordliest yacht—an assortment of colored ribbon bands for a simple hat in straw to save space in week-end packing, not a new idea but still smart and always economical—something in the new-old paste jewelry for evening wear, now that the recent flood of "dressmaker" inspiration seems to be on the ebb. . . . If any astute reader has a birthday in the offing, or a repentant husband willing to make amends in a practical manner, let her keep this list for future reference.



"She is doing it to save her father's good name. You would do the same."

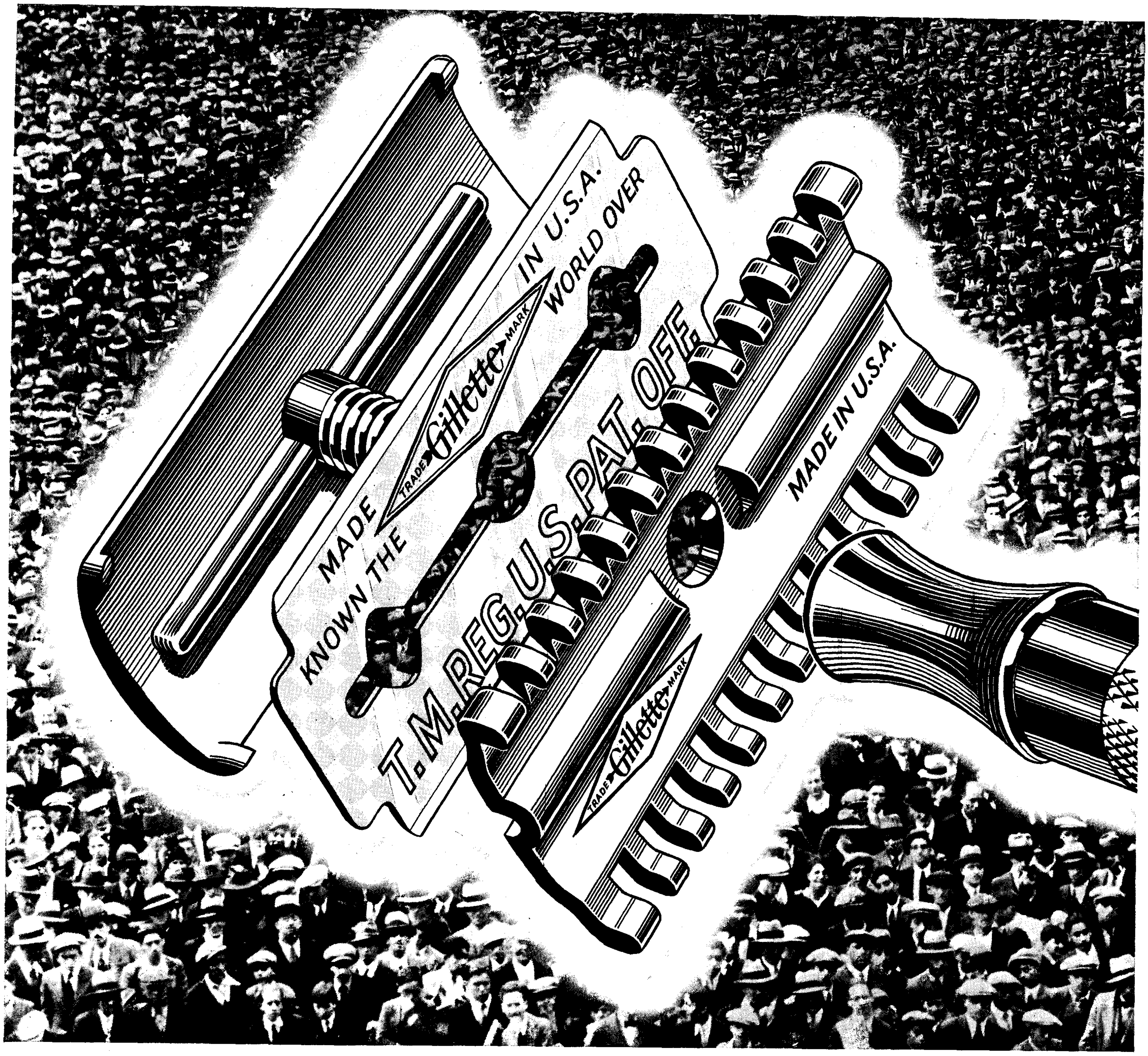
TRADE Gillette MARK

Gillette announces

— the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years...

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

A New Gillette — a New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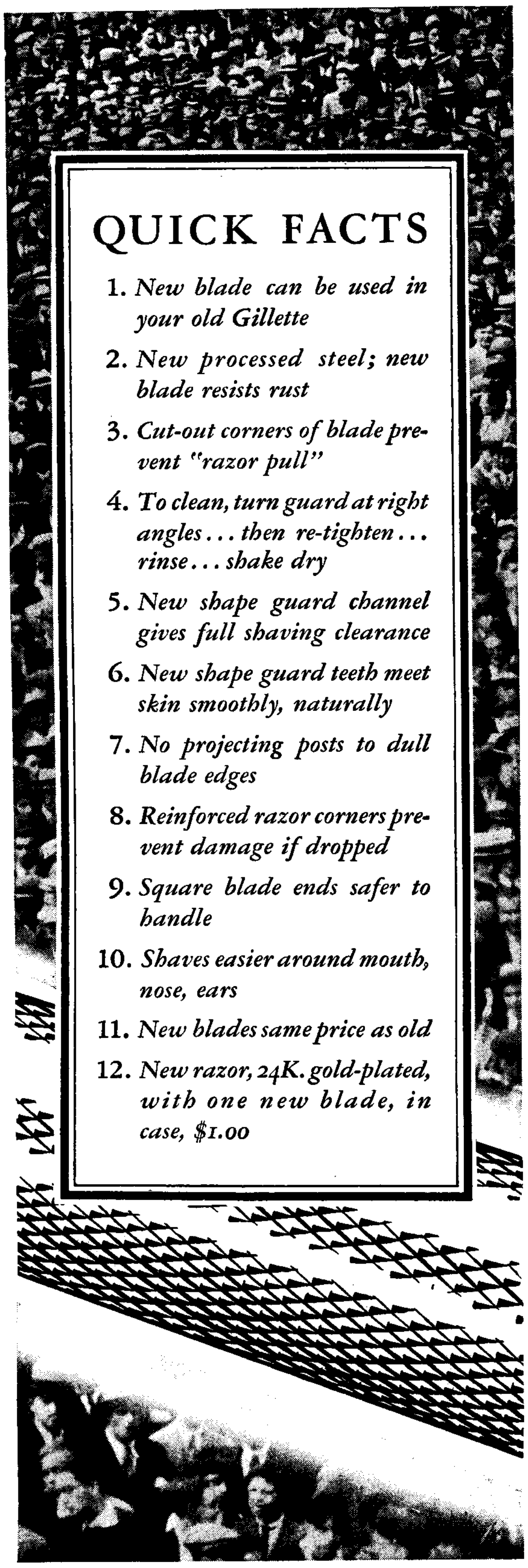
Blade
Gillette Razor



QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

No more "razor pull" . . . No more wiping . . . with this new blade of processed steel

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Gillette changed the shaving habits of the nation by creating a safety razor with double-edged replaceable blade—an improvement so far-reaching that it has maintained leadership throughout the world for more than a quarter of a century without essential change.

Today Gillette offers another great contribution to man's shaving comfort—a New Gillette Blade and a New Gillette Razor (patents pending).

The New Gillette Blade can be used in your present Gillette Razor. To preserve and increase the good will of the one hundred and ten millions of present Gillette owners has been the first consideration. But the New Gillette Razor has so many points of superiority that any man who has tried it once will gladly discard the faithful instrument of the past.

Used together, the New Gillette Blade and the New Gillette Razor abolish forever the two unpleasant factors in shaving—"razor pull," and the tedious drying of razor parts. Imagine a shave so smooth and cool that you hardly feel the razor on your skin. Think of the time and trouble you save in the course of a year by not having to take the razor apart for cleaning—just rinsing it off and shaking it dry. These are two—but only two—of the advantages of the new razor and the new blade. Read the many other advantages summed up in the column at the left under "Quick Facts."

Back of these great improvements lies a fascinating story of research.

Cause of "razor pull" found

More than twenty-seven thousand men have been interviewed—some with stiff beards, others with tender faces, men who are hardest to please. Tens of thousands of used

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

THE GREATEST SHAVING

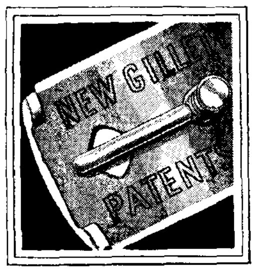
razors were examined. In these studies a discovery of far-reaching importance was made:

In almost every case when a man complains that his razor "pulls," an expert examination shows that it has been nicked or dented by being dropped on the washstand or floor.

Why should a little nick—even a microscopic nick—spoil your shave? Here is the reason:

The parts of a Gillette Razor are machined to a fine precision. The slightest dent at one of the corners causes an unequal tension on the blade, throwing it out of perfect alignment. The blade may even crack under the unequal tension. Perhaps you have had this happen for no apparent reason. Perhaps you have blamed the blade for the trouble.

Gillette finds the answer



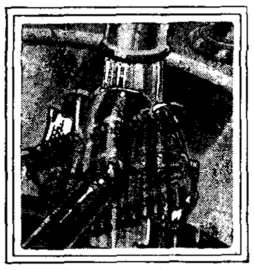
The reinforced corners

We could not keep men from dropping their razors. But we could offset the harmful effect. To do so required a change in both the razor and the blade. In the razor we reinforced all four corners of the cap with sturdy lugs made to withstand nearly any kind of abuse.

The blade was treated even more ingeniously. All four corners were cut out; when the cap and guard of the razor clamp together, the blade is not held at the corners. Even if you drop the New Gillette, you probably will not dent it. Even if you dent it, you do not, *cannot* spoil your shave.

New processed steel... Rust-resisting

Just rinse... Shake dry



So easy to rinse

What strikes your eye immediately at the first glimpse of the new blade? It shines. A new, different, finer finish . . . the result of a new process of treating the hard, special steel.

How many tedious minutes you have had to waste in unscrewing your razor, washing it off, and carefully wiping it dry! How many towels have been cut! Now all this nuisance is abolished forever—the new blade resists rust. A single twist of the fingers turns the new razor blade at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold the razor under hot running water. Shake thoroughly. Lay on the shelf.

Shaves closer in corners

Note the ends of the blade particularly. They are square—the old blades were rounded. A square end is much easier and safer to handle with wet fingers . . . no fishing down the drain pipe for a slippery blade. But even more important, the ends of the blade are much more nearly flush with the ends of the razor cap and guard . . . much easier now to reach those inaccessible little corners around the mouth, the ears, the nose.

Notice the longer, bent-back teeth

When an instrument is precisioned so finely, the smallest thing may be tremendously important. Thousands of tests proved that the teeth of the New Gillette should be a little longer—bent a little farther back.

A little improvement? Yes. But notice how smoothly, how comfortably the new razor slides over your skin. A shave so perfect that not a sign of a whisker remains. Yet so easy that you have hardly felt the presence of the razor.

The old posts are gone too. They stuck through the blade and so often caught and dulled the edges. A wide transverse bar supplants the old posts; and the blade is held firmly but easily in place.

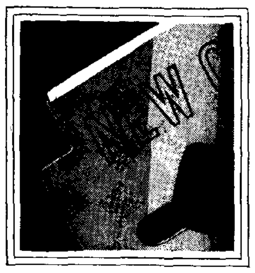
Blade edge is clear but protected

Still another improvement. The guard of the New Gillette has the famous channel beneath the blade edge. This channel allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. Until now this feature has been available only in Gillette Razors selling at prices from five to seventy-five dollars.

And the price is only $1.00

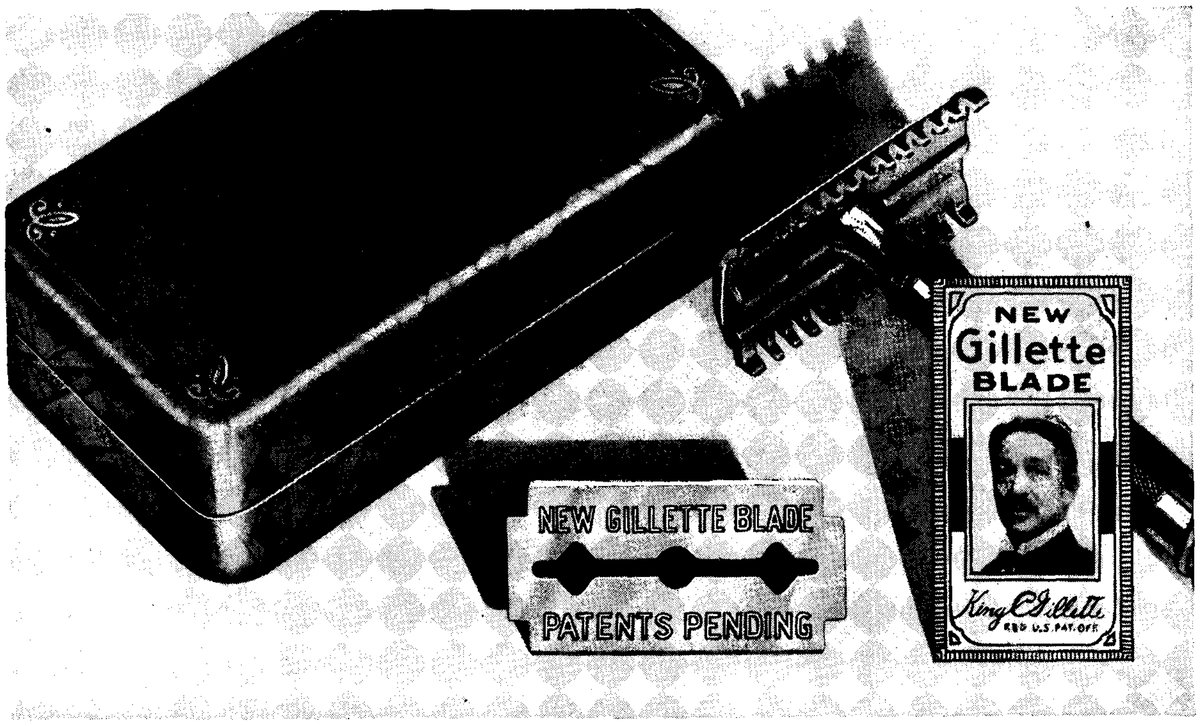
Twenty-eight years ago the lowest priced Gillette Razor sold for $5.00. Millions of men paid the price gladly. Some of the very first Gillette Razors are still in daily service. They were the biggest bargain in shaving comfort ever offered to men.

Today Gillette has the largest blade and razor plant in the world. Special automatic machinery, almost human in its ingenuity, developed by Gillette at a cost of millions of dollars, makes possible production on a tremendous scale.



Cut-out blade corner

The New Gillette Razor, with all its improvements, can now be sold, 24K. gold-plated and packed in a neat case, for only $1.00. De Luxe sets in various finishes at from $5.00 to $75.00; but the new regular model at $1.00 contains all the essential improvements.



The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price $1.00 *Other DeLuxe models at $5.00 to $75.00*

IMPROVEMENT IN 28 YEARS

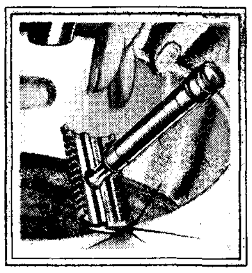
And the new blades, of steel especially processed to resist rust, come to you at the same price as the old.

You spend thousands for a new car ... Spend a few pennies for a wonderful new shave

We repeat again that the good will of our millions of present owners has been the first consideration. The new blade had to be made to fit the old razor. It does fit. Even in a dented old veteran the new blade will give a much better shave.

Merely shake it dry

But you owe it to yourself to go the whole way, and gain *all* the advantages of *all* the improvements. Thousands of men in this country buy a new automobile every two years, and still shave with the Gillettes they bought five years, ten years, and even over twenty years ago. Other men, having dented their Gillettes, blamed the blades.


Punishment-proof!

To all these men we say, here is a chance to have the greatest bargain in comfort and convenience that $2.00 has ever bought:

$1.00 — *The New Gillette Razor* — smoother, cleaner, more efficient.

$1.00 — *The package of ten New Gillette Blades* — rust-resisting, easy to handle, insured against "razor pull."

Buy them . . . try them both today.

At your dealer's

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

$1.00 *for ten and 50c for five*

NEW
Gillette
BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
King C Gillette
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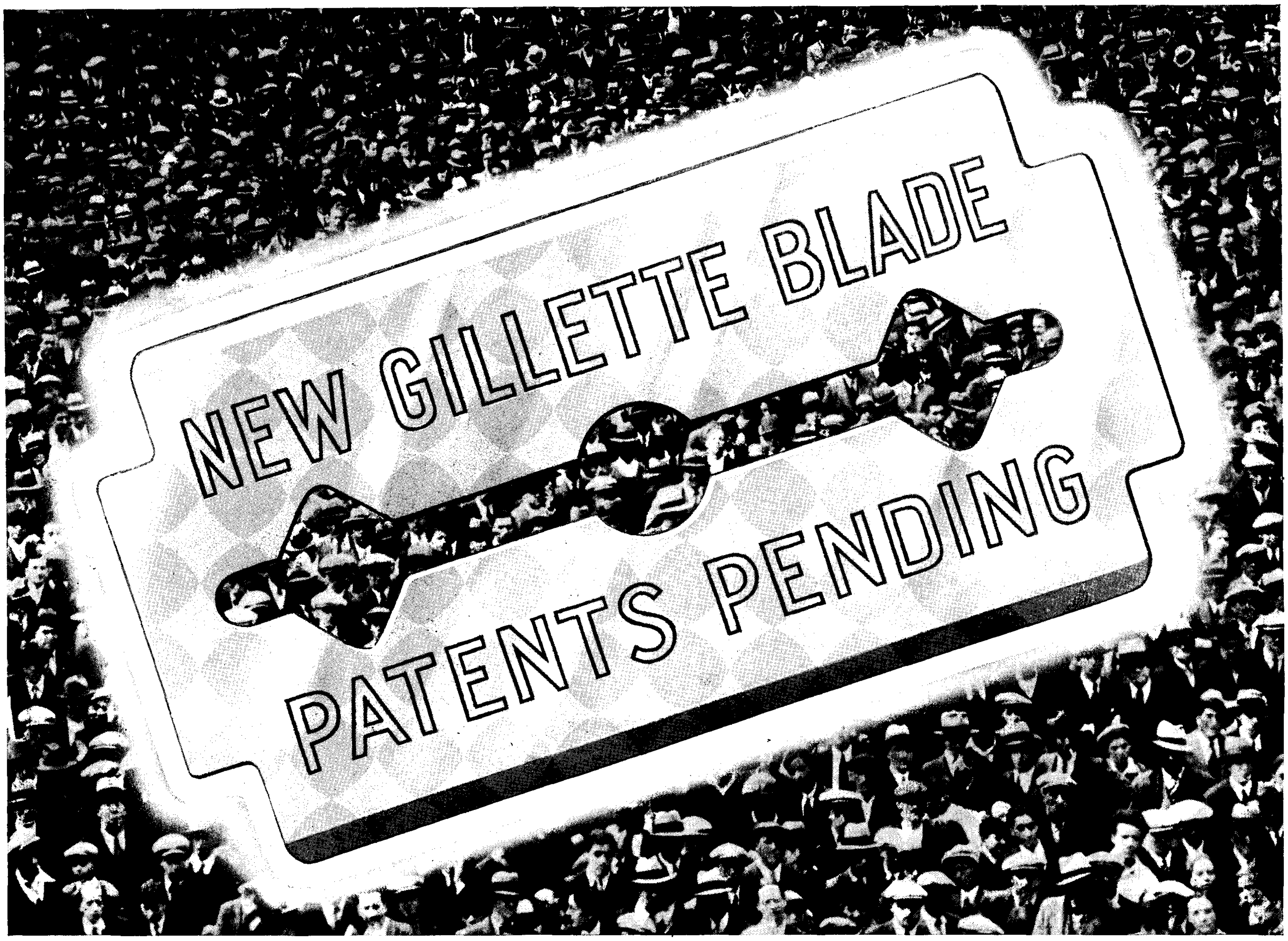
NEW Gillette BLADE

The New Gillette Blades in the new green packet

Gillette



This is the New Gillette Blade with square ends and the cut-out corners that prevent "razor pull." Made of processed rust-resisting steel

EDISON:

Does our average letter cost 50¢ and will the facility of direct dictation cut that cost in half?

It will be a simple matter to prove this. And it will amaze you to learn the high price you are paying for twice-written letters — once in a note book, once on the typewriter.

Let us prove this. Telephone "The Ediphone," your City, or ask us for the book, "An Easy Way to Chart Your Correspondence."

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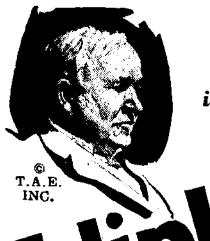

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Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 30

as they were, she knew instinctively at that moment they were nearer than Cora and she.

The minister's wife waited a second to be certain there was nothing more that should be said. She got up, briskly.

"I want to tell one or two others, Priscilla. I'll run on. I do appreciate your good wishes. Good-by, dear."

WHEN Sam called up his wife, she surprised him by the amiability with which she accepted his absence from lunch. "All right," she said. "But I want to see you before dinner—alone. I'll stop in at the office, about four." . . . His hour with Father Hugh soothed and strengthened him. He went back to the office with something like his old energy.

When he reached his desk, Perry had a few papers spread out for him.

"There's a personal letter I left unopened," he said, "and there are two documents you will probably want to look at, at once. They're not very cheerful."

Sam gave his attention first to the documents. One was his will, left by the lawyer. He read it over with a curious sense of looking at himself from the outside, and from a great distance. Priscilla and Irene were provided for, George and Gretchen, Rafael, and their brothers and sisters. He hadn't realized before what a large family he had. There was something provided for Antoinette too. The total was rather impressive.

Some of the cheerfulness, however, which he had accumulated at Father Hugh's wore off when he noticed the assets named in the documents wherewith to make good his bequests. Apart from the house, which of course was Priscilla's, and his shares in the factory and the store and the taxi company, his main reliance seemed to be Western Common.

He told himself there couldn't be better stuff to rely on, but he knew the courage was a little forced. For a moment he sat with the document before him, gazing through his window at the view. Very extraordinary, he must admit, that a man like himself with such a faculty for turning things to profit should have saved so little. Where had it all disappeared to?

Well, of course he could count up and inform himself, if that were any real satisfaction. Most of his money had gone into living or into making living a pleasanter experience for others, but that kind of investment didn't show up very well in merely financial columns. He had the satisfaction of knowing that the money had been far from wasted, but if he were to die now the satisfaction would do his heirs little good. Well, no use to get melancholy about it.

The other document was a notice from his broker that Western Common had gone down several points, and more collateral was needed to cover his investment.

He read the note twice, took out his large handkerchief, and mopped his brow.

It seemed as though most of the forces which had shaped his life were converging on him now, and not for pleasant results. Would he sell out and take his loss or hang on? To him the stock had never seemed doubtful, though he wouldn't ask another man to invest in it, and he never had found a tangible reason for his faith. It was just a matter of instinct. Of course, if it continued to slump, he'd soon reach an end, but he could last on for a while, if he wanted to take the risk.

He got up in his old way and walked over to the window, with his hands in his pockets. Talking with Father Hugh, he had learned one or two things about himself. Deep in his heart he wished he could show himself right to his fellows. He had seen two things clearly—that he had never cared really for money, and that to any ordinary eye he must have seemed devoted to nothing else. But he hadn't cared for it. What he wanted for himself, as he stood there looking out the window, was what he had yearned for, years ago, while watching the woodcutters in the autumn forest.

THERE were certain flavors of life which he loved, the adventurous aspects of it, if you choose—but perhaps adventurous was too big a word. Excitement was too big a word, too. He had loved nature, trees, seasons, landscapes, vegetables, young animals, including children; in fact, he liked to see things grow. There it was! That's what he had been after, all his life. That was probably why he had taken this unreasoned interest in Western Common. It was the worst stock on the market—notoriously bad. But everyone who pretended to know admitted there might be something in the ground, where the drills were still poking about for ore. If they should strike a rich vein and a whole new business should spring up—well, that's the sort of thing he ought to be in. Other temperaments could look after the finished business of the world. His fate was to back whatever was just starting.

With such thoughts he reasoned himself into something like his usual hopefulness—but when he turned to the desk, there was the note staring him in the face. More collateral! He sat down again, with his head bent forward.

IT WAS several minutes before he realized that his fingers were playing idly with the unopened envelope marked "Personal." He picked up his long, flat, tin paper-cutter, and ran it along the edge. The letter was typed, and nothing on the outside had shown where it came from. At the bottom of the page he saw John's name. He looked back at the envelope. Yes, the postmark was from home.

"My dear Sam: I hope this won't take you too much by surprise. Orlando, Frederick and I, thinking over some of the conversations we had when you were here, have decided to pay you a visit. For so many years we have thought about Bellevue and spoken of it, always with no first-hand information, and therefore have doubtless fallen into so many errors about it, that we begin to envy our children, who know it on the spot. Frederick informs us that your house is large. We are therefore encouraged to hope that we shan't inconvenience you overmuch.

"The women of our respective households haven't quite the same interest as ours in your growing city, but they naturally share with us a desire to see how the children are getting on. They will come too. I am sorry that Antoinette can't make the journey with us at this time.

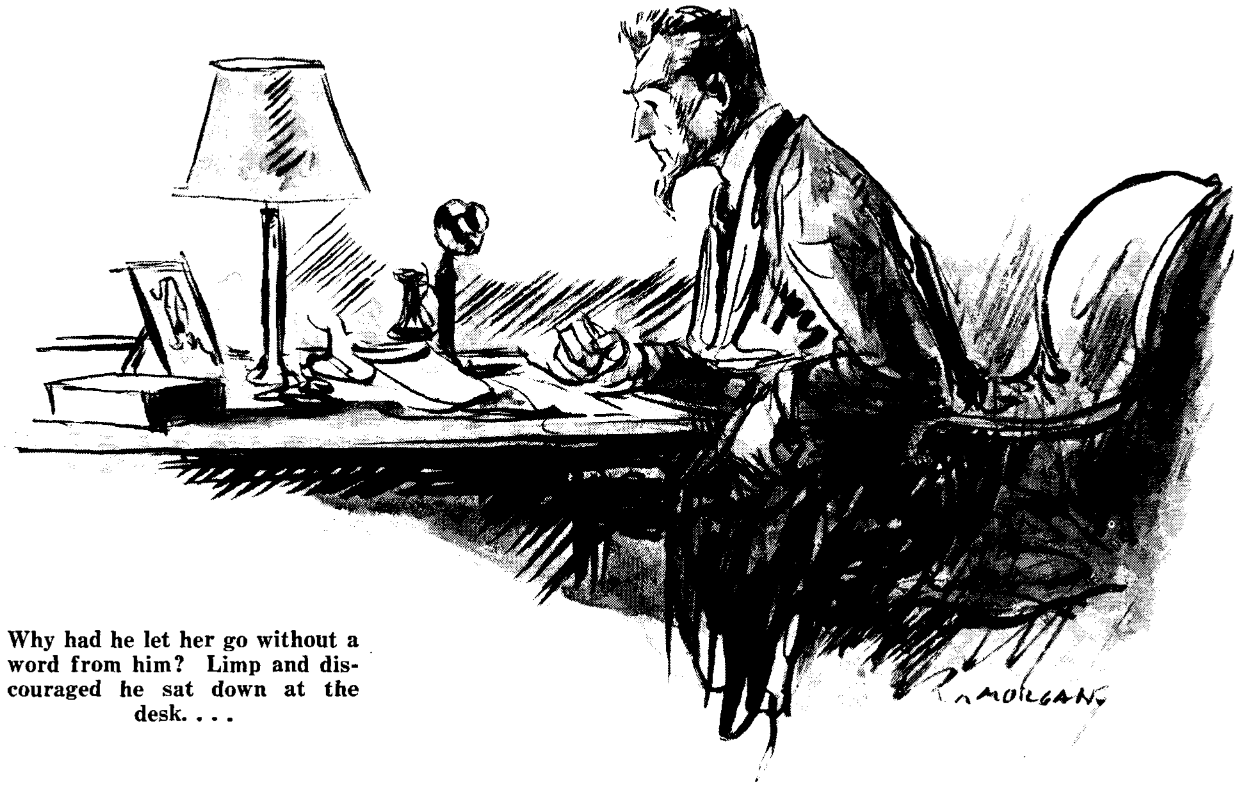
"Will you and Priscilla let us know whether our coming would be entirely convenient?

"Our affectionate greetings to you and her, and to our children."

Sam put the letter down, with a little laugh. Perry heard him and opened the door to see if he had been summoned.

So John would like to know whether

(*Continued on page 48*)



Why had he let her go without a word from him? Limp and discouraged he sat down at the desk. . . .

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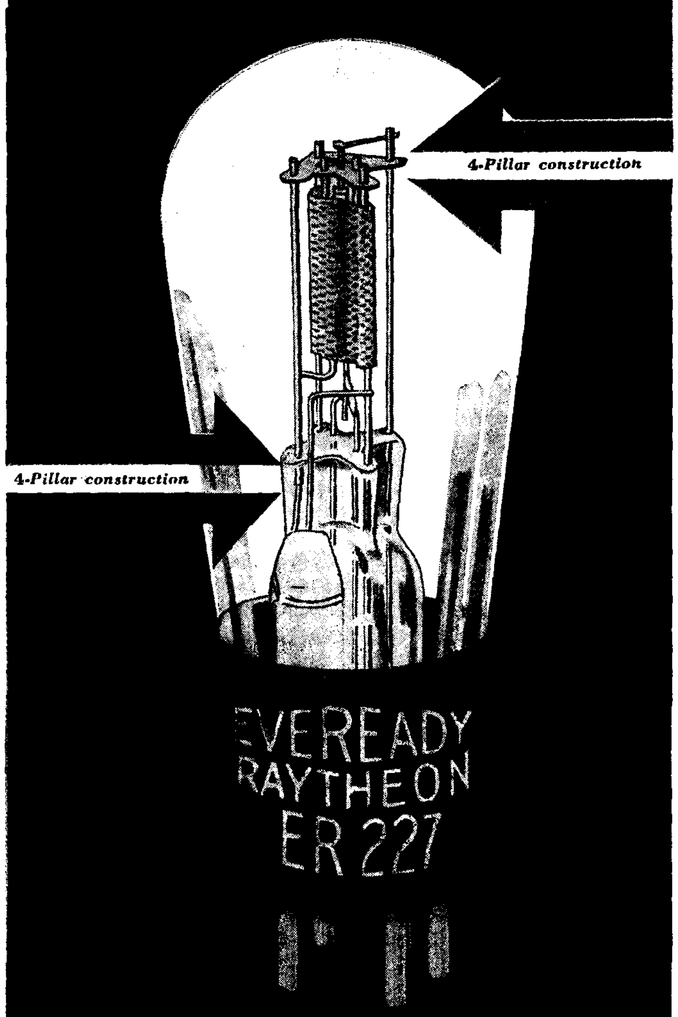
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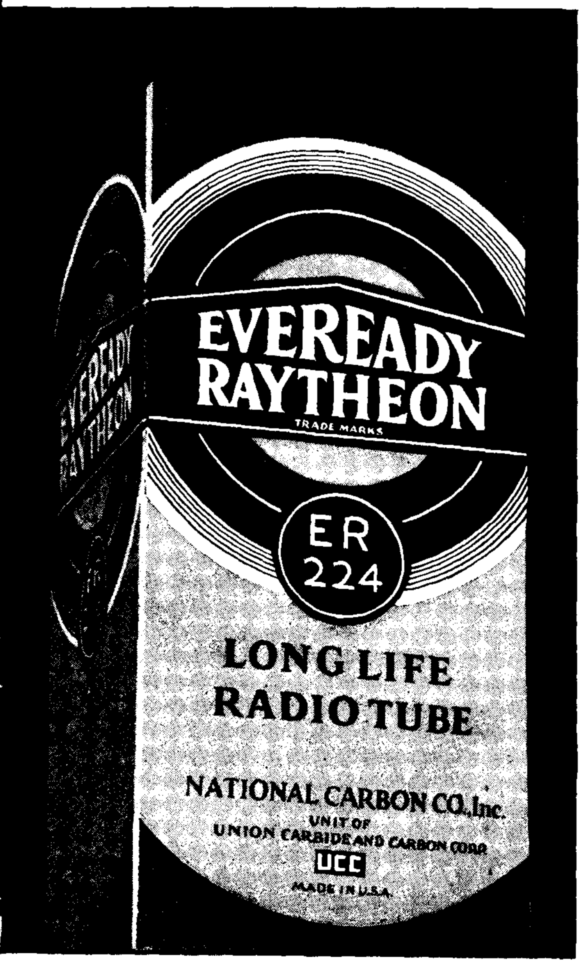
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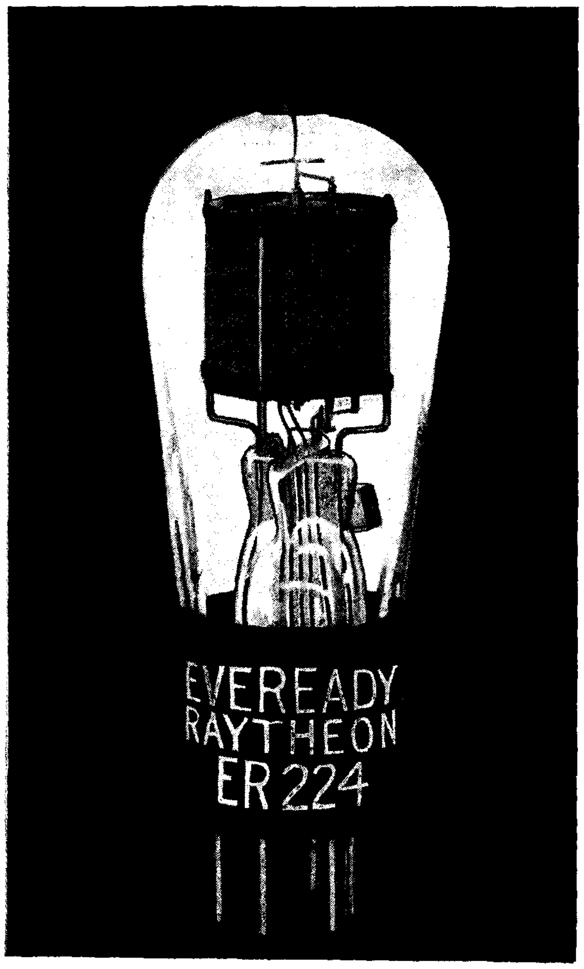
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Lonely Hearts

Wilbert has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter — why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, *we* will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

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(Hint No. 3) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke *all* the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the "heel," and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 16.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 46

it was perfectly convenient! How in Heaven's name could he take them all in? Of course what they wanted was to follow up those suggestions as to a sort of universal partnership, in which he was to furnish the capital. He laughed again. If a few more problems were put up to him that day, he'd be ready to admit that life has its funny side.

He reached his hand toward the telephone to call Priscilla, then remembered suddenly that she was coming in anyway at four o'clock. The dial on the desk before him said ten minutes past three. No use calling her now. . . . There she was already! He heard a woman talking to Perry in the room outside. He reached over and opened the door himself.

"Come in, Priscilla!"

It wasn't Priscilla. It was Mary Stewart. She shut the door behind her and walked over to him. His mind was slow in grasping what he saw—nobody could have been farther from his thoughts at the moment. She smiled at him, as though she knew he was as glad to see her as she seemed at being there again. Instinctively he held out both his hands, without moving from the spot. She walked toward him, with her eyes and her smile lifted to his face. When she came within his arms, he bent down, without any conscious intention, and kissed her. She kissed him back—one long, passionate kiss, which, to his own surprise, seemed to him obvious and proper. They held each other's hands so, smiling at each other for a moment, then she took the chair by the desk, unbuttoned her coat, and spoke to him, not as though they were two lovers meeting, but like old friends meeting after a separation.

"I knew you wouldn't be expecting me," she said. "I couldn't be sure till yesterday that I should be traveling this way."

SHE had never seemed lovelier, but for the life of him he couldn't help calculating that if she stayed an hour, Priscilla would find her there.

"Sam, I'm glad I came. You know—well, I almost had to. And you, Sam?"

He knew he was blushing a little, and felt himself too old to show such confusion. Her eyes were fixed on him; his fell to the papers on his desk. Suddenly her manner changed.

"Sam, Irene sent her love."

"Then you did expect to stop here!" He couldn't resist pointing out the inconsistency.

"Oh, sooner or later I knew I should."

They both laughed a little at her attempt at subterfuge. When he lowered his eyes he saw the clock on the desk. The hand was getting to the half-hour. At four Priscilla would come!

"Irene is afraid you are disappointed in her. She says that when she told you that night about Merrill, you were a dear, but you were shocked."

"I was, Mary. I still worry about it. I'm afraid she's going to be unhappy."

"I am sure she is," said Mary, quite cheerfully. "She'll be unhappy, like every other human being."

It was as though he heard Father Hugh's philosophy again, but in a moment Mary gave him reason to see that she came at this result by a different approach.

"She'll be unhappy, but at least she won't have missed anything, and though I've had my share of hardship, I'd say it's better to suffer any sort of pain than merely to be spared. The people who are prudent don't escape unhappiness, they escape life."

"Are you telling me, Mary, that if you were to live your life over again, you'd do it just that way?"

"Oh, none of us would—and yet given all the facts that went into my life, I wonder what way would be better—that is, better in the end. After all, our lives make us what we are, at least in part. I don't mean that, perhaps," she corrected herself. "I mean that I've got some things out of an experience I didn't like which I could have learned in no other way. I am glad I've found out how to take care of myself, even how to earn a living, and much more—how to keep up my courage. If Orlando and I had married, perhaps I shouldn't have needed such virtues. The trouble with you, Sam, is that you've never really let yourself go! I think you are one of those who have missed a good deal."

THERE was that light in her eyes again which made him half fear and half hope she was making love to him. It was pleasant to be told he had missed something. It encouraged him to wonder what it was, and whether it was too late to go back and get it. On the other hand, the clock was moving, and his ordinary sense had enough control of him to suggest that if he weren't careful, he might easily be an old fool. He made an effort to turn the subject.

"When we talked about Irene before, I couldn't make out, and I can't now, why she and Merrill don't marry. I suppose it's none of my business, but I can't understand what they are trying to do."

Mary turned very serious.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Sam, yet we can talk quite plainly. I don't know whether you've ever had a great love, but some of those who have had wish they could have known only the fineness of it, all the part that lifted their souls, without the other consequences. Without the disillusions."

In his face she saw that he was thinking of her own case.

"I mean even what happens to married people—perhaps especially to them—what happens to you when the things that seemed all flame become habit and routine, and a sort of prison."

"What does Irene know about that?" said Sam.

"Nothing at first hand. But when I talked with her that time we met, our first talk as woman to woman, I told her everything I had felt or known, and she told me what she was trying to get out of life."

"She is basing her ideals on very little experience, I'd say."

"Sam, observation is a kind of experience. All her life she had known you and Priscilla."

He felt a sudden pain, as though she had stabbed him. The truth of her words was obvious.

"I am sorry to hurt you, but if you criticize her, you ought to know her whole view, and she'd never tell you. She doesn't believe in matrimony, Sam. Merrill would marry her in a moment, and I agree with you that if they don't marry, this romance of theirs will burn out, and they'll drift apart. I think Irene saw at least the possibility of that from the start, but she told me she wanted to keep her soul free to remember a perfect romance, unshadowed, even after it might come to an end."

Her words weighed him down terribly. It was as though some recording angel had written in the book forever that because he had not been a great lover, Irene, the child he had loved, could never be entirely happy. He had nothing to say. . . . In the silence he heard the large clock in Perry's room sound four. Mary rose.

"I have to go, Sam."

She held both his hands with hers, as when she had come in, and looked straight in his eyes, but he knew she would not ask for a kiss now, nor care to give him one.

"I'm going because it's time, Sam, and I shan't come back."

"Why not?"

"While we have been exchanging these few words, I knew suddenly that we had come to an end."

He might have said something in protest. There was an ache in his heart, to think of seeing her no more. But he stood there, gaunt and silent, waiting.

"I realized all at once that I had said to you everything I ought to say, ever, and that you knew all about me you will ever need to know. To meet again, dear Sam, would be only—repetition."

When she moved to the door, he stood where he was, forgetting his manners. She opened the door herself, and looked back at him.

"Just because I don't come," she said, "don't think I don't—"

Perhaps she would have said the word, if the door hadn't been open, and if Perry hadn't been sitting out there at his desk. Sam cursed himself for standing spellbound. Why did he let her go without a word from him? He had been very stupid. His knees turned weak under him. Limp and discouraged he sat down at the desk. . . .

Priscilla opened the door and came in.

"I'm sorry to be late, Sam. Why, you look like a wreck! What has happened?"

"It's nothing at all—just the wear and tear of a busy day. I'll go home with you now, if you like."

"Sam, I wanted a word away from the house. The children are there all the time, and I want to discuss them."

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Sam, we really ought not to take in any more! I know what your relatives are planning, and I hate to be inhospitable, but we'd better wait a while, to make sure we can bring up these we have. For some time I've meant to tell you—indeed, ever since I came home—but Rafael more or less forced me to speak now. He's a dear child, but a terror."

Sam sat straight in his chair, picked up John's letter and held it toward her. She read it slowly—her hands dropped with it to her lap. She looked over toward him and laughed.

"Heaven help you, Sam. You're fated!"

SAM took up Irene's new picture, and looked at it again. The Spanish costume was striking, but he didn't care for that—he studied the face, to see if she had changed. He still had the photograph in his hand when Perry opened the office door.

"Will you see George for a moment, sir?"

"What's he want? Come on in, George."

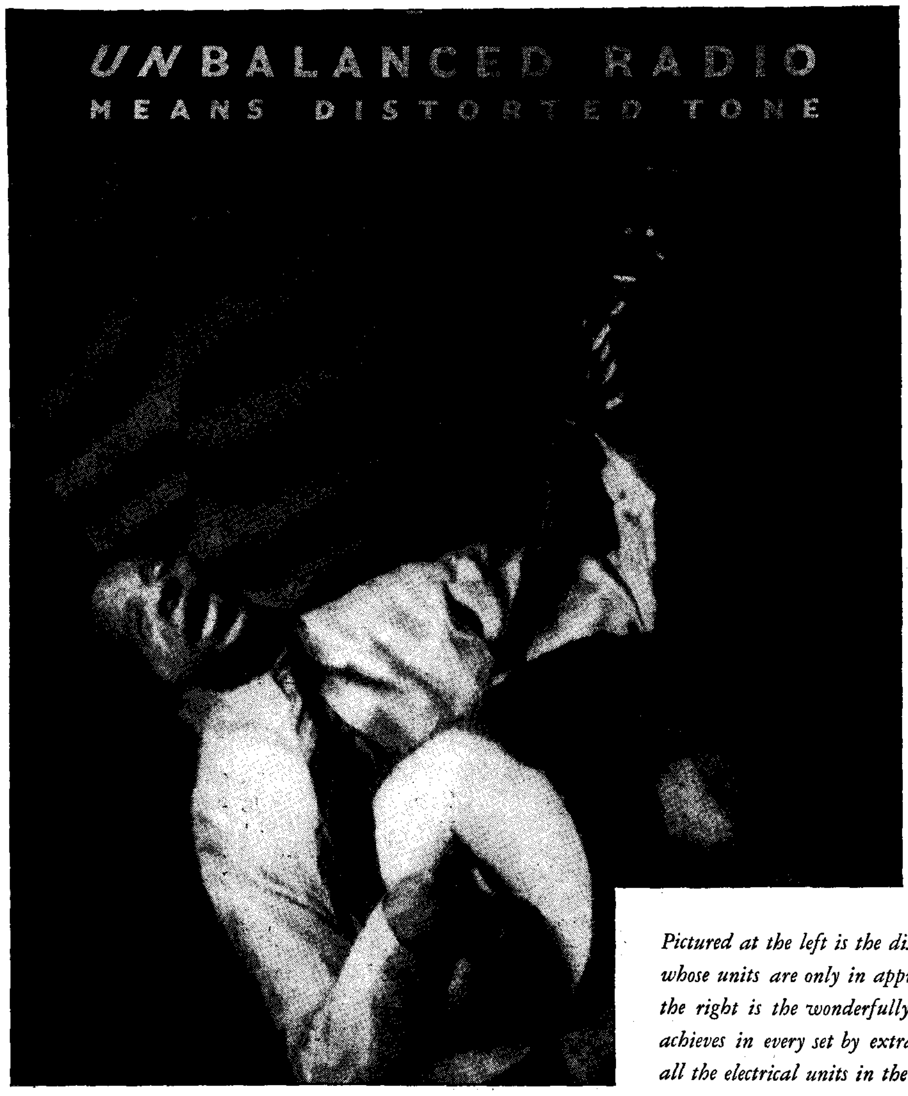
George didn't wait for the invitation. He had become a more spirited edition of his father, with the same wholesome complexion, the same dignity of carriage, but with far more light in his eyes and in his smile. Now he was slightly excited.

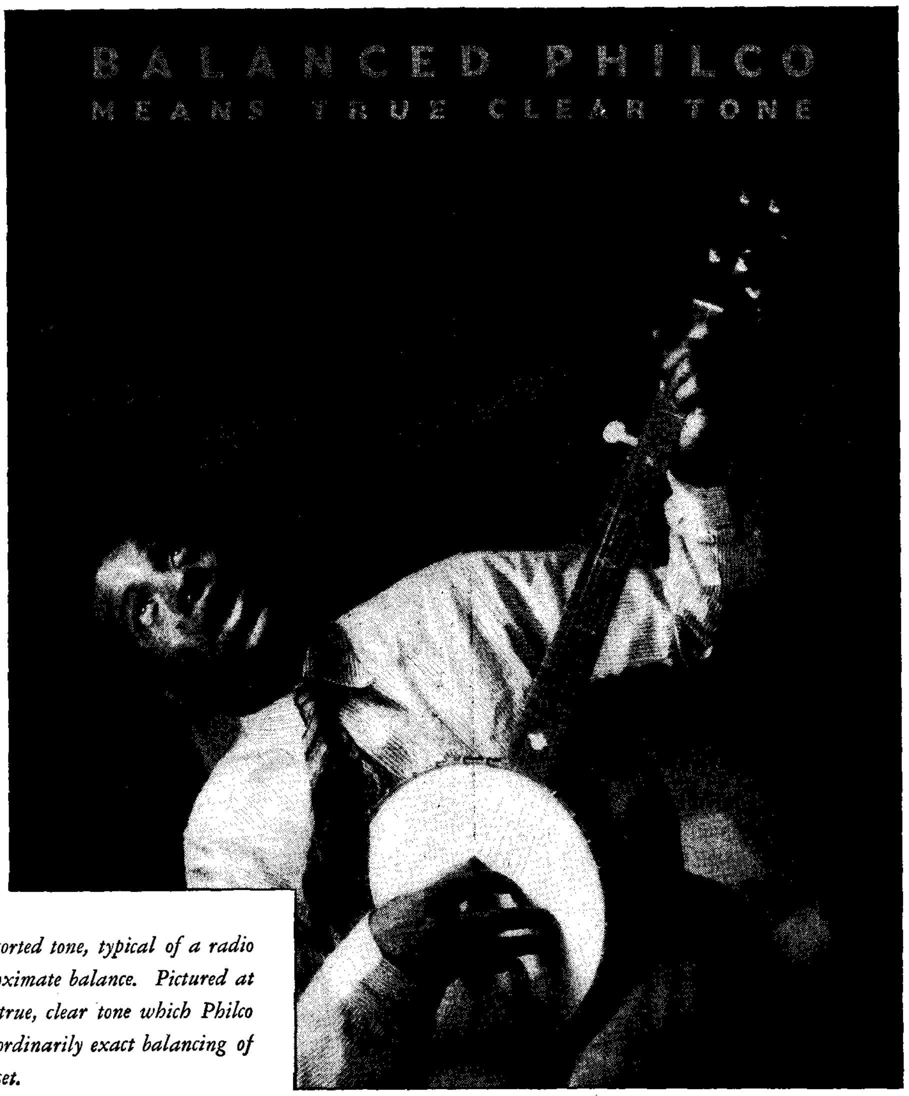
"Uncle Sam, I had to see you today where I could say a word out of Father's hearing!"

"Sit down. What's the matter?"

"After breakfast this morning, when you had left the house, Father told me it was time I gave up my work here and went home. He's got it into his head I ought to go back with him tomorrow."

(*Continued on page 50*)





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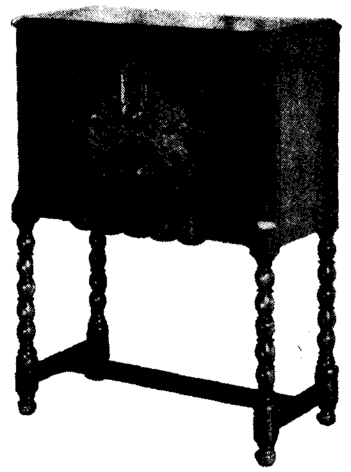

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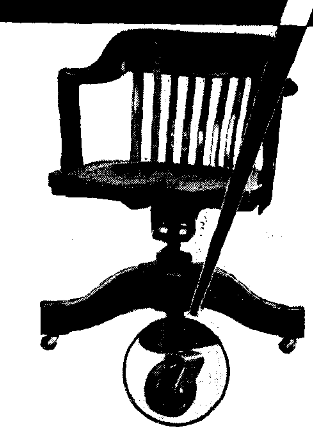

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 48

"Well, I don't suppose you will, will you?"

"I don't want to, but he's set on it, and he said he was going to break the news to you. I didn't know when that would be—I wanted to say first that I'm going to stay, if you will let me."

"Of course! What could I do without you? That'll be all right, George."

"I'm not sure it will be all right. I hate not to do what he wishes, but I think he's going to make an awful row."

"What's happened to him? He hasn't said a word to me—he doesn't need you back—I doubt if there's a place for you there!"

"Why, this morning he said he and Mother have been making up their minds that this wasn't a good place for me permanently. He thinks my character has gone to pieces."

"Well, maybe it has. Just what has he found that's wrong?"

"He says my manners aren't worth much, and I'm not interested in important things."

SAM smiled at the young man. "Of course that's rather serious, isn't it? Did he say what the important things were?"

"He told me I wasn't reading as much as I should—my education hadn't really come on at all, so far as he could tell, since I left home. The way we spend our time at the club, he says, is wasteful, and what finished me off, I guess, is my taking Gretchen to the movies last night. She told him something about the picture this morning. Isn't she the darnedest little idiot!"

"He didn't like the picture, eh?"

In spite of himself George laughed. "It *was* a mess. And Gretchen made it worse. She likes all the wrong things. There was one place in it where the hero kisses the beautiful lady, and it lasted so long the audience began to count, as though it were a prize-fight."

Sam grinned. "And your father said he didn't like that, eh?"

"He just doesn't approve." George's manner changed suddenly. "Uncle Sam, I had another reason for speaking to you. I've heard something which fell in rather unpleasantly with Father's remark. Is it true you've sold the factory? Perhaps you'd rather not say."

"Yes, I've sold it. Whitcomb's pretty prosperous, you know, and he wanted to buy me out, so I—gave my consent."

"Well, that makes me wonder if you want me to stay here. I had an idea you were going to move me up from the store to the factory, sooner or later. If you are getting out of the business, if you should sell the store some day, perhaps there'd be nothing for me to do."

His own words sounded to the boy perhaps too calculating or selfish. "That would be all right, Uncle Sam," he added hurriedly, "only perhaps I ought to know now, if Father wants me to go back with him."

Sam reached over and touched his hand. "I'll look on you the same as my own son, George, so long as you care to stay. I can't see that you'd lose anything in the long run by staying with me. A lot of things are going to happen here before your life's over, and what interests me about this place is that you can *help* things to happen. At home, as I remember it, we had to accept pretty much what came."

He stopped a moment and his eye fell on the picture near the clock.

"It was all right for Irene to leave—she had a special reason. If you're happy here, I think you ought to stay, and if you stay, you'll find something to do, from year to year."

"Father wouldn't call that a very solid program, Uncle Sam. He'd like me to be what he calls settled."

"It's a matter of taste. I never was settled, and don't expect to be. Naturally I'm in favor of any necessary change. But you can take care of yourself, no matter what happens, and perhaps you'll have a better chance to grow than if you went back now and fixed yourself for life."

"If you tell me you want me to stay, that settles it with me."

"Of course I want you!"

"Thanks a lot, Uncle Sam!"

The young man took the hand Sam stretched toward him, and wrung it warmly. As he started toward the door, his eye fell on the desk.

"Oh—a new picture of Irene!" He bent over to look at it closely. "I wish to God Gretchen were like her, Uncle Sam!"

"You're very fond of Gretchen, aren't you?"

"Fond of her? She's a pest!"

Sam smiled. "Why do you want her like Irene?"

"Irene understands. Gretchen's always getting mixed up. I don't believe Irene, when she was Gretchen's age, would have given that account of the movie last night. Gretchen never gets used to things—here she's been going to the movies ever since she came to Bellevue, and she can't take it for granted yet that the villain gets killed, and the lady gets kissed. She's still surprised."

George moved to the door slowly. His duties at the store were on his mind, but he wasn't eager to cut off the conversation. Recently his uncle had had few moments so leisurely as this.

Perry opened the door.

"Mr. Berton would like to see you, sir."

George slipped out and disappeared. Phil came in.

"I just came upstairs for a moment. Mr. Wiggins has had to go out of town, and he asked me to explain that he can't get to the dinner tonight. Mrs. Wiggins will come."

"Well, we'll miss Tom. I wanted him to have a good talk with my brothers before they left."

"They're going tomorrow, aren't they?"

"Yes."

PHIL waited a moment. "I happen to know that Mr. Wiggins wished to see you about something else, sir. I've been wondering if you'd consider it a great liberty if I—"

"Go ahead, Phil."

"He's been particularly eager to get a word to you."

"What about?"

"He has some more bad news about Western Common."

Sam's cordial manner vanished:

"The last time he spoke of it, I told him, and you can say it again to him if the subject comes up, that I'd rather not hear another word! Tell him I haven't looked at the financial news for days. If it's going down, it can go. You can tell him, to finish off with, that I've staked everything I have on that stock, and I'm not going to worry."

His vehemence was quite unusual. Phil took the defensive:

"That's not altogether what I think he wanted to talk about, sir. He'd like to ask you about the sale of the factory. The news has disturbed us, if I may say so."

"Well, it's immensely kind of you both to be disturbed, but I don't see why you should be. I built the factory myself, and now I've sold it at a good profit. I'm willing to be disturbed that way till the end of time! What Tom really wants to convey is a suggestion or two as to how I ought to invest."

"If you don't mind, sir, I think he's right. Whenever we catch a rumor about your recent investments—"

Sam's eyes blazed. "Phil, you and I have been pretty good friends, and I'll take criticism from you up to a certain point, but don't think you and Wiggins can keep nagging at me forever! I've had just about enough! You and he can invest your own money any way you damn please, and I'll use the few instincts nature provided me with to take care of myself!"

Berton rose quickly. "I beg your pardon."

Outside, on Perry's desk, the telephone rang. They both listened to the voice. . . . The flash left Sam's eyes as suddenly as it had come there. He held out both hands.

"I'll beg yours, Phil. I ought not to have let drive at you that way. You and Tom are the right sort, but I don't think I shall lose anything on that mine. It's going to pay."

"Yes, sir."

Phil didn't sound entirely convinced. The telephone rang again. The sound made him feel he ought to be leaving. Sam detained him a moment.

"I'll whisper one word in your ear, and you needn't repeat it—there was a time when Tom was my only adviser—I mean for mines, and that sort of thing. I guess he thinks he still is the only one, but since he's been busy with the bank I couldn't sit around waiting for him. Some day when he admits I'm not entirely a fool, I'll tell him on what I've been basing my confidence."

PHIL waited a second and gave Sam's hand a squeeze.

Sam followed him to the outer door.

"I'll do that mail now, Perry, if you'll come in. You can probably answer all those yourself, and I'll sign them at the end of the afternoon—that is, if I come in again today. In a few minutes I'm going over to the high school with my brothers."

"You won't be here this afternoon?"

"No, I guess I'll give the rest of the time to them. They are leaving tomorrow, after breakfast."

Perry looked slightly disappointed.

"While Mr. Berton was talking with you your brother Orlando telephoned he'd stop here on his way to the school."

"All three of them?"

"I think he meant that he'd come alone."

Sam looked up sharply. He had grown to be alert to any unexpected move of those brothers of his.

"Hm! I thought Priscilla was taking them all straight to the school."

Perry added nothing.

"Well, I guess that will do, then. If anyone inquires for me, I'll be here some time tomorrow."

"Shall you want me here all afternoon, sir?"

"What's up?"

"I'll stay, of course, since you are to be away—but the baby kept us awake last night, and Lena's fagged out, and I was going to ask you to let me off at four, so that—"

"All right! Nobody will be calling after then, probably. *Is* the baby as sick as that? I'm sorry!"

"We haven't found the right formula yet for its food. Thanks awfully, sir!"

He hesitated again.

"There was another telephone call I thought I'd better not hand on to you, sir. It sounded queer."

"What was that?"

"It was a woman."

(*To be concluded next week*)

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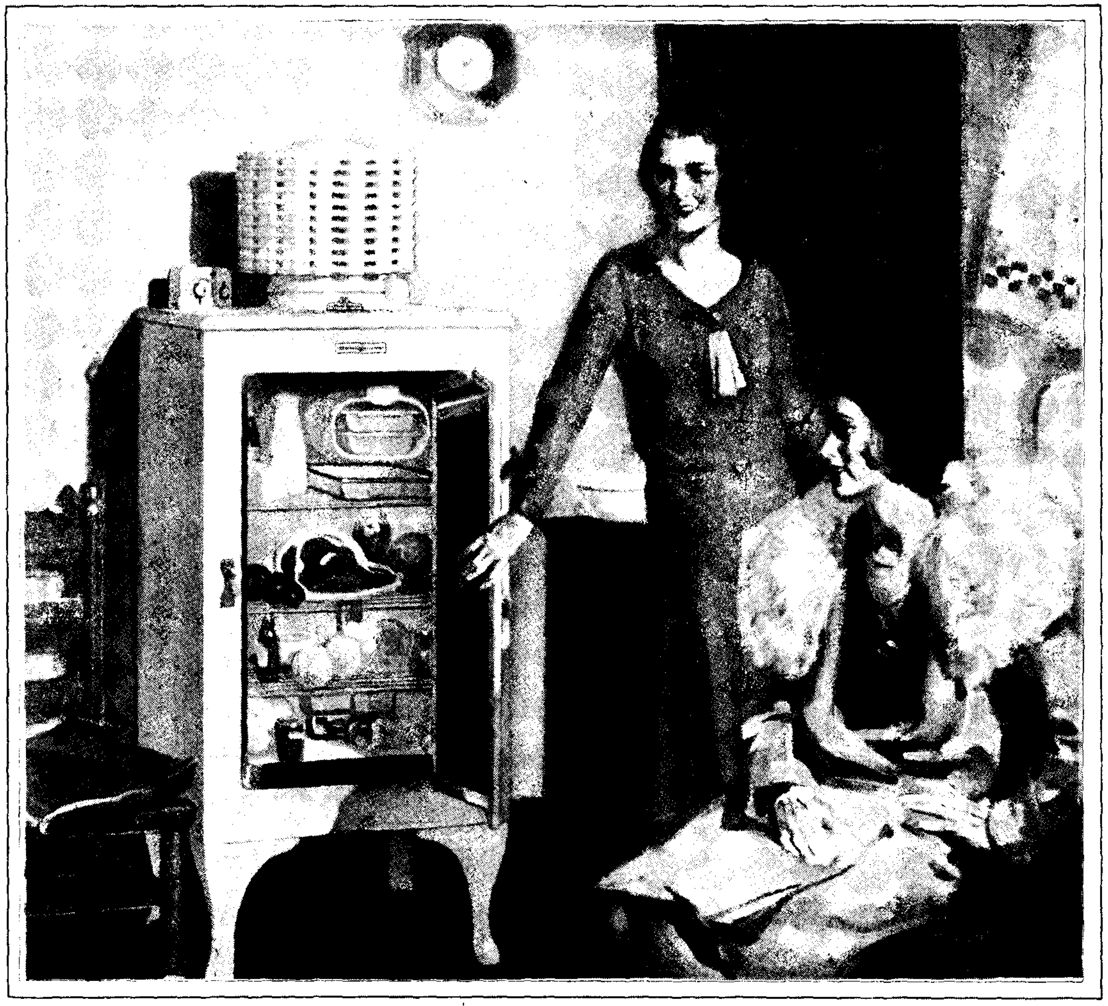

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Wrath of Kings

Continued from page 15

fools enough to throw away a hundred thousand pounds."

"Yah!" jeered the Dutchman, reeling crazily. "Tryin' to fool us again. Well, you can't. The wench is common prize an' the dice'll say who'll have her first."

Pushed from behind, he sprang forward, but brought up short with a rapier thrust through his heart. Despite loud encouragement, none of his fellows seemed disposed to cross swords with one so deadly, and as they hesitated, the Dane came bursting through the mass. Seeing the Black Prince at bay, a dead man at his feet, his great face flamed, and with the growling rage of some huge beast, he threw himself upon the pack.

"Mutiny against my captain," he shouted, biting, kicking and swinging his fists like flails. "Down, dogs! Down!"

"Enough!" The Englishman caught one of the mighty arms and clung until the Northman quieted. "The Dutch swine led them into it, and he is dead. Come, lads, up on deck with me, and we'll wash it all away with brandy."

NOT until midnight was at hand did his voice call Joan to the door, but when she opened, he smiled reassuringly.

"There has been much quarreling and fighting," he said. "Some are dead, others wounded, and those left, thank God, are well on their way to unconsciousness. Give me your hand and follow close."

"What is your name?" Joan asked.

"It would mean nothing to you," he parried. "Call me as do the others."

"The Black Prince!" Her eyes shone as she said the words. "I am sure he was not more noble."

Through the dark they crept, picking careful way past inert bodies that snored drunkenly, and on to the stern where a long-boat swung from the davits. As they reached it, a silent figure fronted them, looming huge in the blackness, and though the Black Prince reached swiftly for his rapier, swifter still were the iron fingers that gripped his wrist.

"Easy, Jarl." It was the voice of the Dane. "Are friends so many that you would kill one? Einar Christianson offers you his heart and hand. I have found a man," he continued with a queer effect of singing his words, "a true man and a brave man, and I will follow him to the world's end, his lot my lot, even as my fathers followed Svend Forkbeard and Canute. Ho!"

"Stop!" The Englishman reached up to choke a war cry that swelled the great throat. "Do you want to wake the ship?"

"I will kill them all with my bare hands," the Dane assured him. "Like dry sticks, Jarl. Aye, like dead twigs."

The Black Prince, peering close, saw the eyes and face of one asleep, and realized that the giant had reached a somnambulistic state of drunkenness. Resigning himself to the inevitable, he swung Joan into the boat, and followed with his self-appointed retainer. Placing the girl in the stern, where some cloaks were piled, he wrapped her warmly while the Dane, taking the oars, rowed off with strong, effortless strokes.

The sun's first light showed a little cove, fringed by palms, and beaching the boat, they dragged it to a hiding place deep in thickets of fern.

"Santiago de Cuba." Einar Christianson looked about him as one who revisits a familiar scene. "I have been here often to hunt the wild black cattle of the island. We pickled down the meat for our long cruises."

"Not entirely a safe retreat," shrugged the Black Prince, "but it will have to serve."

Cessation of effort, and the warmth of the sun, struck the Dane as if with a poleax, and while he slept the Englishman busied himself making a shelter, binding young saplings together with vines. This finished, he checked the stores, arranging them neatly and methodically.

"Here," he called to Joan, holding out a knife and pistol. "You asked for them yesterday."

"But I do not need them now," she said.

"Thank you." A profound gratitude colored his tone. "But we are not yet out of danger."

"I see," she said, and took the weapons.

For days they gazed out upon a sea barren of sail, while behind them there was no sign of life other than the flight of birds and the movement of black cattle. Disdaining a musket, huge Einar stalked herd bulls with a pike of his own manufacture, and Joan and the Black Prince fished in the lagoons or lounged at ease where massed foliage gave grateful shade at noontide. At night, beneath a moon that silvered all the earth, the Dane chanted sagas of his beloved Northland, the Black Prince told of wars in the Low Country, and Joan sang little ballads remembered from childhood. At last a morning dawned when they waked to see three ships at anchor some half mile to the south, and as they watched, long-boats put off for shore, loaded with men.

"Pirates," announced Einar after one look. "What's the order, Jarl?"

"Keep hidden, that is, if we can."

"It won't be easy," the Dane declared. "It looks to me as if they were going to careen and clean bottoms, and that's a job of several days. Suppose I go and spy out the land."

"They're Captain Tew's men," he told them upon his return. "A cruel, bloody lot. From what I could see, the ships are foul, and careening will keep them here for a week."

Hugging the beach, and lying close in fern tangles, two days went by without incident, but on the morning of the third, the buccaneers quit their hunting, and wandered aimlessly here and there, much after the manner of boys in search of birds' eggs. Along toward noon a small group headed directly for the thicket in which the fugitives lay hid, and the Englishman, seeing further concealment useless, looked to his pistol and adjusted his rapier.

"Stand forth with me, Einar," he ordered. "And you, Lady Joan, try not to be seen."

STEPPING from cover, he hailed the pirates with a friendly shout, and the Dane, advancing with him, recognized one that he had sailed with some years before.

"Marooned by Redhand," he explained briefly. "What's the chance of being taken off?"

"Bully!" A shaggy boatswain beamed warm welcome. "What with two prizes, we're damned shorthanded. Come right along."

"Not now," intervened the Black Prince. "We have a camp to the north, and will bring our kits on board tonight."

All might have been well, but some movement of Joan caught the eye of a ferret-faced Frenchman, and he darted past before an arm could be raised against him.

"A woman!" he screeched. "A woman!"

At that his two comrades rushed after him, their evil faces aflame, but Einar split the head of his former mate, and the Black Prince's deadly rapier accounted for the boatswain. Before the frightened Frenchman could turn to flee, the Viking's arms were about him, and the wriggling body, hurtled through the air, crashed horribly against a tree bole. The wretch's wild screaming rang far across the savannah, and a distant group, attention attracted, turned and came on a run.

"Out with the boat, Jarl," said Einar. "Leave it to me to hold them off."

For a moment the Englishman hesitated, and then seeing it as the best course, raced to where the boat lay hid, and dragging it from under the broken boughs, began to push it to the sea edge.

"The water and biscuit," he cried to Joan. "Those surely, and then what else there is time to bring."

Back and forth she ran, loading as he tugged, but even as they called for Einar to come, they heard shots and the Viking's war cry. The Black Prince, launching the boat with a final violent effort, called upon Joan to hold it on an even keel.

"And prime your pistol," he panted, turning as he hurried to Einar's aid.

Evidently the pirates had attempted to rush the Dane, seeing that he was alone, and though he had pistoled one, four others were hewing at him with their cutlasses, only kept at bay by the giant's pike. Blood dripped from his head and breast, showing that he himself had stopped some bullets, but the sweep of his mighty arms proved that the wounds were not vital.

SHOOTING down a scar-faced villain who hacked at Einar's legs, the Black Prince drew his rapier and met the rush of a burly German. Not only did the fellow fight well, showing some knowledge of parry and thrust, but the Englishman, sick with concern for wounded Einar, missed lunge after lunge. Finally steadying himself with a curse, he laid his man to the ground, his heart well skewered, and turned to help the Dane.

Even as he wheeled, Einar caught a cutlass on his pike, and leaping forward with a roar, locked arms about the pirate at his front. The other buccaneer, a catlike Spaniard, sprang instantly at the broad back, knife in hand. Although the rapier shot out like a serpent's tongue, the dagger went home still more swiftly, burying to the hilt between Einar's shoulder blades. Down fell the Dane, dragging his man with him, but as the Black Prince bent forward to stab, he saw that there was no need. The pirate's neck was broken, his head rolling horribly.

"Quick, Einar," he cried, putting an arm under the great body. "Can you stand?"

"No use, Jarl." The wounded man shook his head. "Get you gone, for the others will soon be up."

"Never!" The Englishman's face went grim. "Joan!" he called imperiously. "Joan! Your arm under his shoulder," he said when she came hurrying. "We must get him to the boat."

"Leave be, I tell you. The dog struck well, and I am a spent man." With an effort the great head raised. "Your hand," he muttered thickly, for blood filled his mouth. "Your hand. I have

(*Continued on page 54*)

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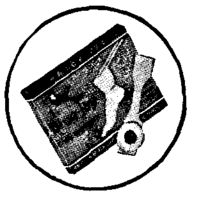

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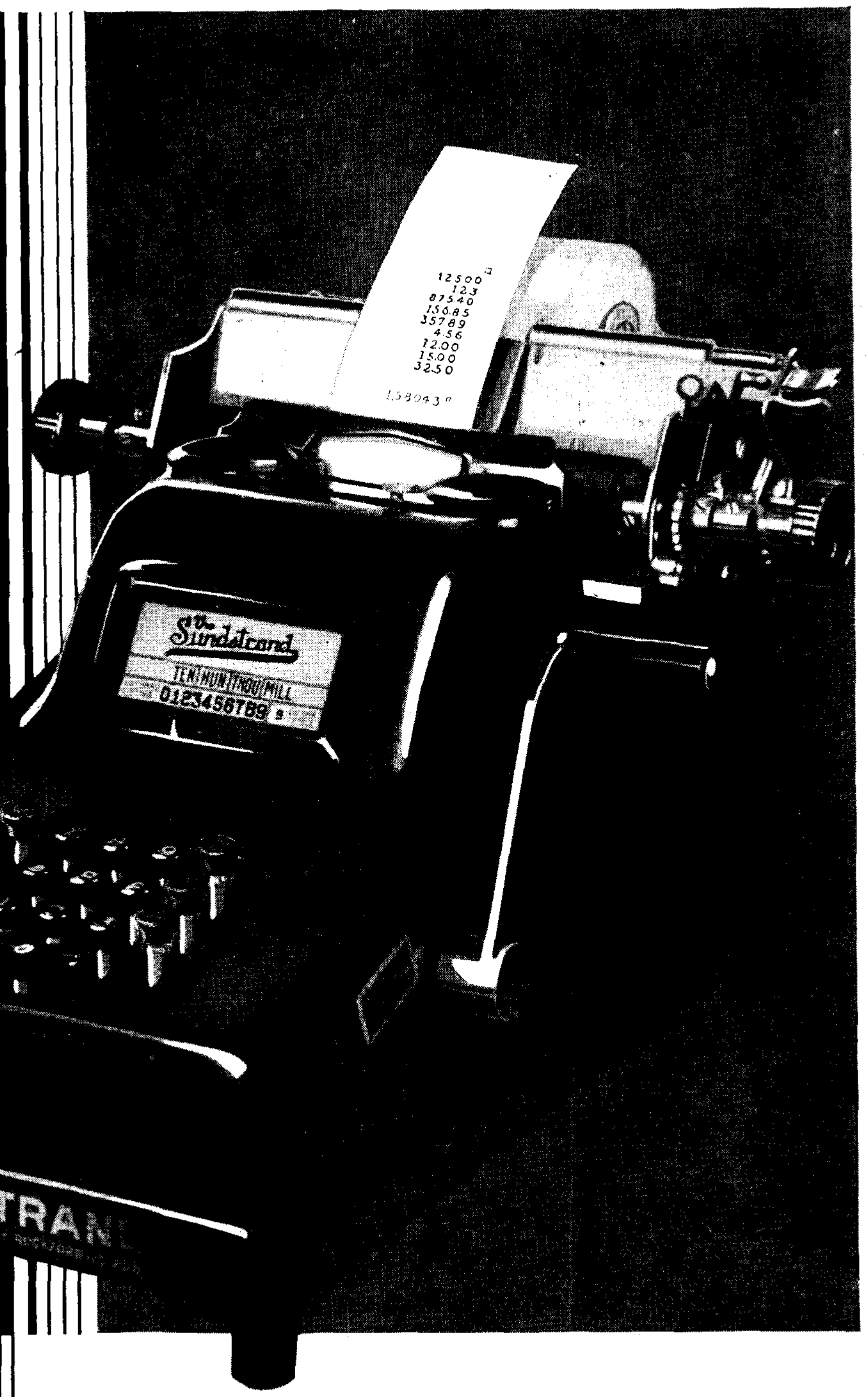
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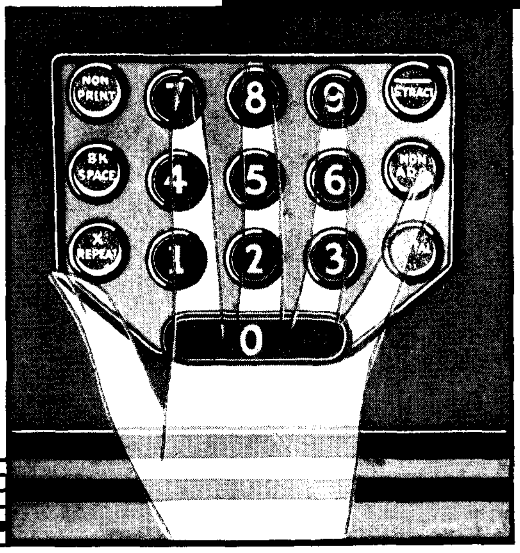
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The Wrath of Kings

Continued from page 52

been a wicked villain, but have I not kept my promise, Jarl?" Again he choked, but continued indomitably: "My promise to be true to the death?"

Another spurt of blood, a groan, and the Viking's body went limp in their hands. Nearer came the running figures, brandishing muskets and hangers, shouting curses as their eyes took in the scene, and the girl touched the Black Prince's arm.

"Yes," he said heavily, "we must go."

Pushing her into the boat, he hoisted the lateen, and they were lost in the gathering darkness before the pirates reached the beach. But when the shore was a dim blur, he quit the tiller and let his face fall down into his hands.

"To leave him there," he murmured brokenly. "Brave, gallant Einar! Not even a grave."

Without a word Joan put her arms about him, and drew his head down upon her breast. Holding him close while her own tears streamed, she pushed back the matted curls from his forehead, and found a resting place for her lips. Morning saw them far to the north, and when the sun's first rays beat upon her eyes, she opened them to see him bending over her, all the love of the world in his face.

"Was it something I dreamed?" he asked.

"No, dear one," she said, and lifted her mouth for his kiss.

Again he beached the boat in a palm-fringed cove, again he built her a shelter all fragrant with fern and aromatic vine, and again they looked out upon a sea all empty save for the wind and the sun, and heard only the stir of the leaves and the distant lowing of wild cattle. At night, when a young moon queened it over the blue, she talked of England, and the home that they would make, but these things he avoided resolutely, holding his own words to the miracle of her love.

"Have you no concern with our future?" she chided him at times. "With my doing all the planning for our marriage, sir, you make me seem a bold and forward thing."

"I am not yet used to the present," he told her. "Don't ask me to think beyond this dear moment, sweetheart my own. Happiness and I have been strangers for so many dreary months that I may not turn my eyes away, no matter how the future beckons."

SO PASSED the days, light and bright as windblown petals, and it was as if aroused from happy slumber that the lovers looked out upon the sea, and saw a ship against the horizon, a ship that flew the cross of St. George from its masthead.

"At last!" Joan's joyous cry startled the wheeling sea birds. "Signal, dear one! Signal for England and for home."

"For England and for home." A vast sadness was in the tone, but her own excitement refused it notice.

"Come, beloved!" Happily she tugged at him with both slim brown hands. "It is the beginning."

"Nay," he answered somberly, and taking her face between his palms, he kissed lips and eyes and throat. "It is the end."

"The end?" She echoed the words incredulously.

"I cannot go with you."

"But that is nonsense." Despite the assurance in her tone, fear darkened the shining glory of her face. "Have I not told you that I can have your pardon for the asking?"

"Not God himself could win my pardon from Charles Stuart."

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"I was one of the judges who sent his father to the block."

"A regicide!" Her frozen lips scarce formed the words. "Dear God!"

"I COULD not tell you before," he said, taking his arms away. "At first it did not seem necessary, for I thought our association a matter of days, and then"—his voice broke—"the night of Einar's death—after that—it was all so wonderful and precious I could not find courage to shatter the dream. And now it is good-by."

"No, no." As if shocked into new and agonized life, she locked her hands around his neck and held him fiercely, defiantly. "I will not leave you. Never, never! Nothing matters but you. Nothing else in all the world. Come." Now she caught his arms, and pulled him frantically to the denser thickets. "We will hide until the boat goes away."

"Impossible." Imprisoning the restless hands, he drew her close. "Can't you see it, heart's dearest? Loving you as I do, how may I doom you to the horror of my life? Outlawed, hunted, padding through jungles or else slipping from one pirates' nest to another, my companions the outcast and the vile."

"But wait. England is not the whole world. There is Europe."

"What king is not my enemy?" he asked drearily. "Did I not join in killing one of their sacred order?"

"America then." Again the girl flamed with hope. "You yourself told me you were working a way to the Boston settlements, and were sure that Puritan friends would provide a refuge. Yes, yes, dear heart." Her trembling fingers stopped his mouth when he would have spoken. "I have seen many of their boats in the harbor at Port Royal, trading for rum and molasses. It is only a question of days when one will come by."

"But you do not understand. What would do well for me might well be death for you. A rude shelter in the wilderness, far from the settlements, the peril of wild beasts and savage men, winter's crushing cold—"

"Can you say there will be no summers?" Her eyes, upraised, held all the courage of the world. "And I have heard of Indian chieftains won to enduring friendship. But even were it all suffering, beloved, even death, we would be together."

"I tell you no," he interrupted harshly. "Quick with the signal or it will be too late." Stripping the shirt from his back he started for the beach, but she stopped him short and seized the ragged garment.

"They must not see you," she said. "I will go."

AS HE watched her round a wooded hillock, pain twisted his face into ugly shapes, but when she reappeared, hurrying across the sand, he managed a brave smile. Without a word she sank to a bed of ferns, and drawing him down beside her, pillowed his head in her lap. Her lips silencing him, her hair curtained him, and as from a distance came the scream of gulls and the crash of cattle in the canebrakes.

"Say that you forgive me?" he begged.

"There is nothing to forgive. To the end of my days I will be thankful."

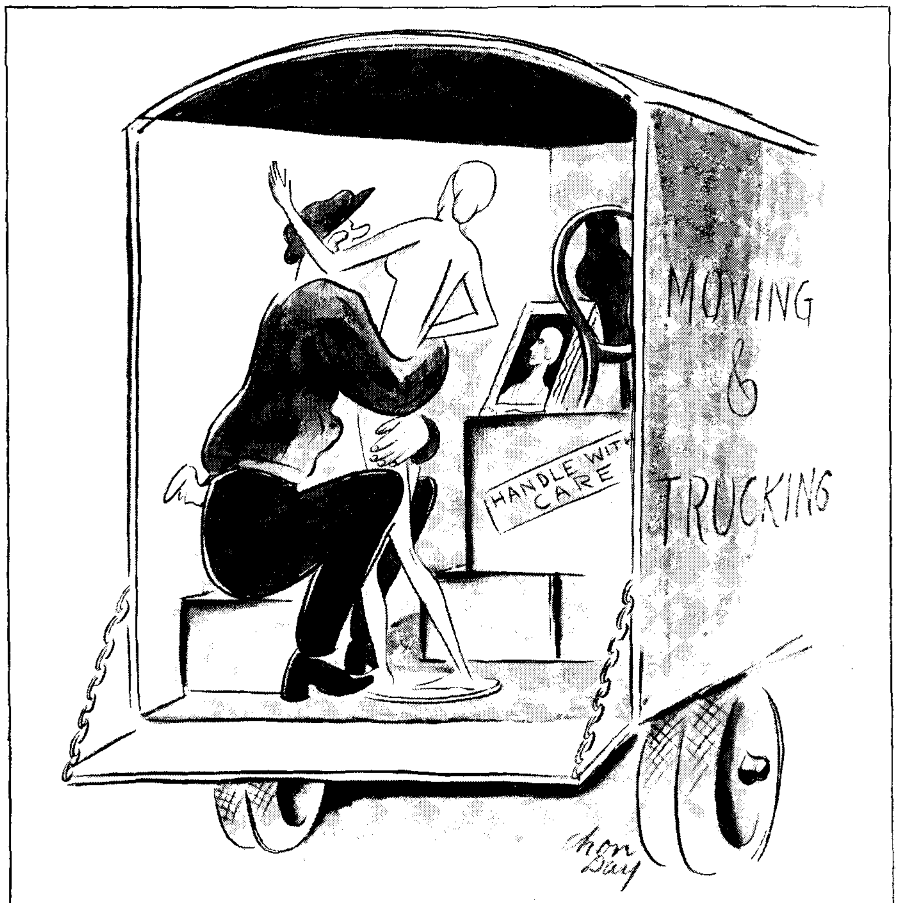
"I may not ask you to hold me in your heart of hearts as I will hold you in mine," he said. "Some day you will marry—"

"Nothing is more certain."

The passionate tenderness of her voice, its ring of actual gayety, sent his head free of her clinging arms, and another quick turn let him look out upon the sea, empty save for a distant sail.

"The ship!" he cried wildly. "The signal!"

"I made no signal," she said, again drawing him close. "Nor will I until we sight a New England trader."



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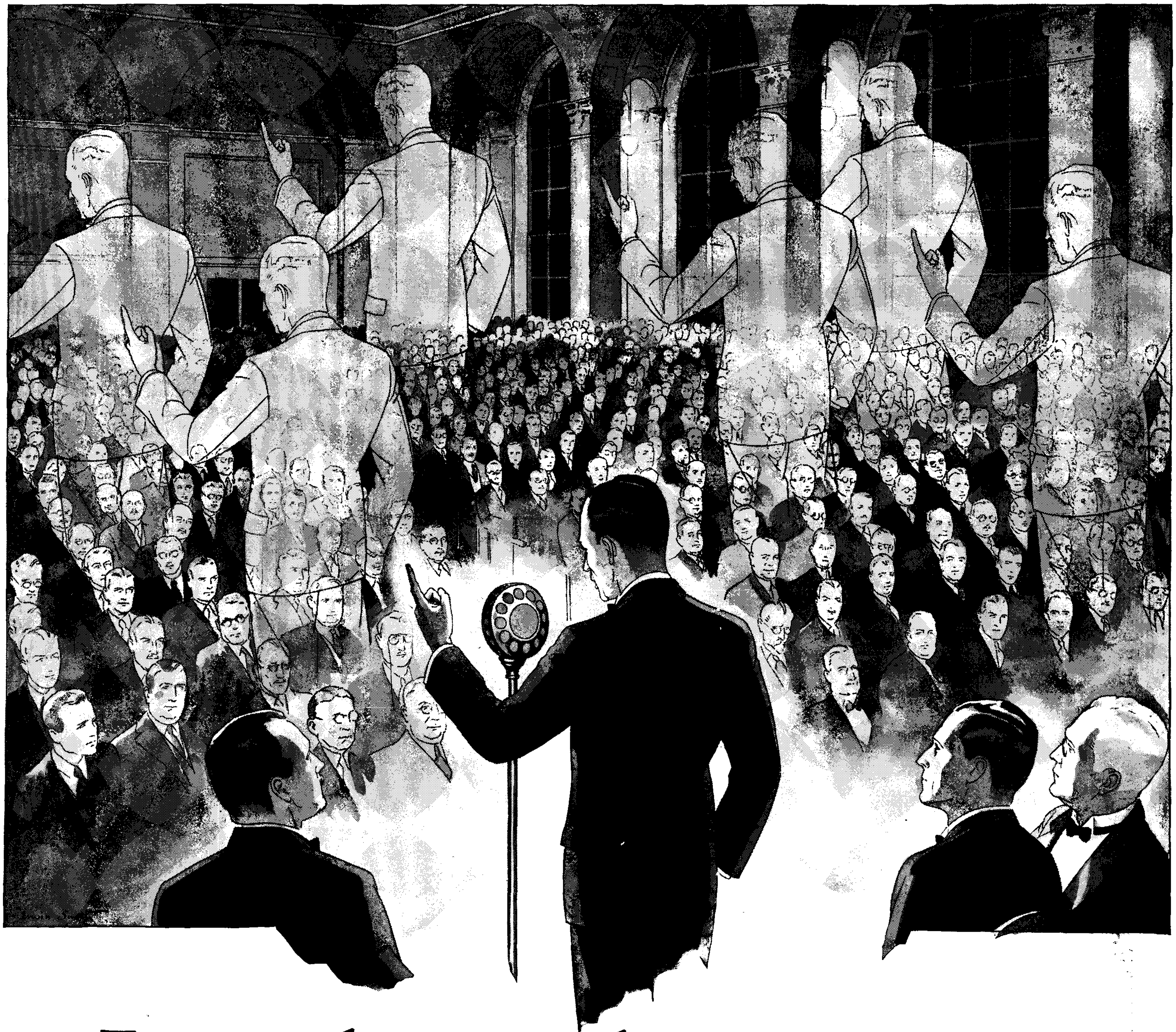

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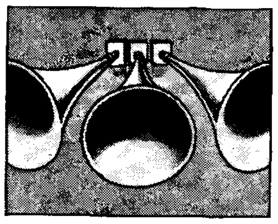

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Mark *another* Hanna

Continued from page 11

even a better story for the Chicago papers. In one of the large corrals at the zoo, with camels and lions as their neighbors, ranged a great black and white Holstein cow with a wobbly black and white calf to match.

Ruth Hanna McCormick, from her farm at Byron, had sent the strange animals to the zoo. And that made everyone know that Ruth Hanna McCormick was a farmer; which is a pretty important thing to be, when you're running for office out in the Middle West.

Testimony from Mrs. McCormick's own family is that her interest in farming is intense—perhaps too much so. Medill, about twelve, was doing his best to help entertain several guests at a lawn party at the farm last summer. His mother walked across the lawn, talking earnestly to a guest.

"There goes Mother," sighed the boy, "talking politics and cows."

At Home in a Caboose

Once during the winter trip, when the woman candidate was held up by Indiana floods, she was forced to leave her motor car and take to a freight train.

The best hardwood seat in the caboose was saved for her.

"Many a time," she told the train crew, "I've ridden in cabooses and engines. When my father took me to Buffalo that afternoon that President McKinley was shot, we had to ride in an engine part of the way to catch a fast train." And for almost a full hour four overalled railroaders sat and listened to a gracious, slender befurred lady tell what she, as a girl, had seen of the suffering, the death and the funeral of William B. McKinley, "my dad's best friend."

One thing a good politician must have and that is good luck, and plenty of it; you can't get along without it in politics.

Two years ago Ruth Hanna McCormick, in July days that were not much more comfortable than these recent days of winter, started out over the maze of Illinois roads for the purpose of getting herself elected congressman-at-large for the state of Illinois.

She was elected.

Today, as she seeks the office of senator, she holds the office of congressman-at-large from her state. It was not luck but work that brought her that place. However, here is where the luck *does* come in:

In the ordinary course of events, thanks to our "lame duck" system, Mrs. McCormick would not have taken her seat in Congress for about a year. But President Hoover called a special session of Congress. And that act put Ruth Hanna McCormick onto the floor of the House many months before, normally, she would have taken her seat.

She could not have issued her challenge to Senator Deneen and run for the nomination for senator if she had not had this opportunity to serve for these months in the special session.

She learned about lawmaking at first hand last summer, but the politicians in Congress also had occasion to learn something about her.

"She's as rough as her dad used to be," one old lawmaker from the West declared. And here's why the old-timer thought so:

While she was standing in the aisle of the House one day, after casting her vote on a certain tariff measure, one of the House leaders hurried over to her and said:

"Look here, Congressman! You've voted wrong again. You'd better change your vote before they're through with the roll call."

"Say!" snapped back Mark Hanna's daughter, in tones that were heard by all bystanders. "I want you to come right out in the hallway, off this floor, and apologize to me."

"Apologize!" exclaimed the male congressman.

"Yes, apologize. You can't talk that way to me about how I vote. Do you suppose I vote just by guessing? I've got 7,000,000 people to represent."

Into the hallway several people moved with the congressman and the congresswoman.

"Why, certainly I apologize," humbly said the congressman, who had just learned something new about women in politics.

"I accept, sir," said the woman. "But after this I want you leaders to leave me alone. If I haven't got sense enough to know how and when to follow party leadership, you leaders won't get any votes out of me by trying to drive."

When the House of Representatives voted on the Hawley tariff bill in May, of last year, Ruth Hanna McCormick, in the "M's," voted "Yes." When the clerk came to the "O's," he called:

"Ruth Bryan Owen."

"Yes," came the answer from the congresswoman from Florida.

"Isn't that enough to make our dear fathers turn over in their graves?" Mrs. McCormick later asked Mrs. Owen. And house members who recall that Mark Hanna and William Jennings Bryan were the deadliest of political enemies were amazed to see the daughters of these two men smiling together over the enmity of their male parents.

"That incident," later explained Mrs. McCormick, "only illustrates the desperate speed at which political events move in the United States. My father, I know, never could have imagined the day when under woman's suffrage I would have a seat in Congress. I'm sure also that William Jennings Bryan, before he died, never could have imagined the day when the Democratic party of which his daughter is a member would have voted in favor of the tariff."

Not to be Browbeaten

It takes nerve to serve dry dinners in most circles in Washington, but Mrs. McCormick does it. Yet, not long ago, in Washington, when she was more or less officially asked by lobbylike "drys" how she intended to deal with the alcohol problem socially, she is reported to have said:

"I'll have to ask you to step right out of my office. I'll do exactly as I please in my own home."

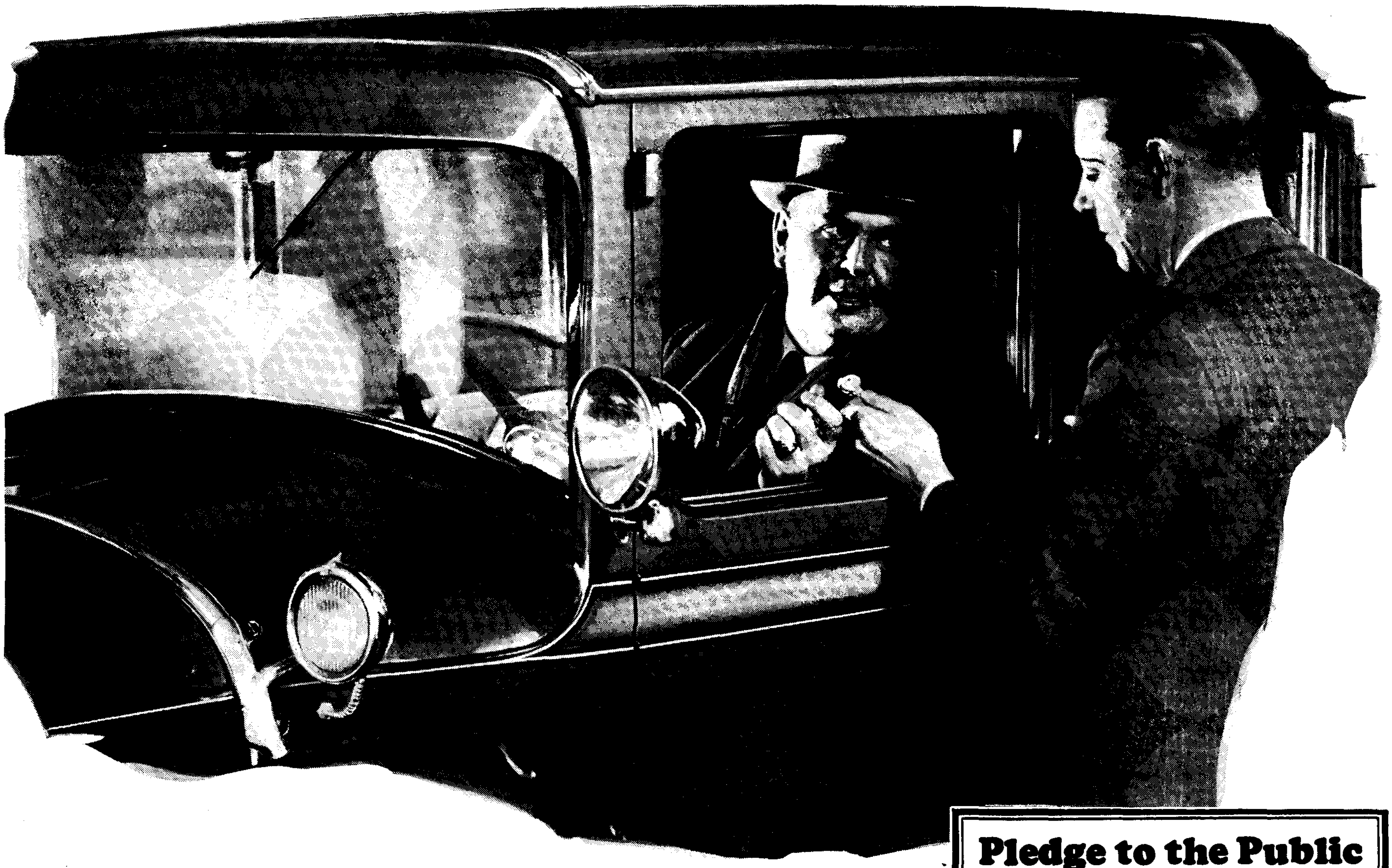
Labor leaders brought her a bill they wanted her to promise to support.

"Why, of course, I won't make you any promise," she replied. "I'll have to have your bill looked over first and find out if it will work." As a matter of fact high-priced lawyers are retained by Mrs. McCormick to examine all proposed laws in which she is interested.

"Lots of laws don't do what they're intended to do," she explained, "and many of them do something else."

Nine o'clock of a Sunday morning isn't much of an hour for any adult's purpose, except perhaps sleeping. And

(*Continued on page 59*)



"Here are the keys...

drive it for five days before you decide!"

"That's the kind of demonstration I want!"

"That's the demonstration everyone gets who buys a used car backed by the Studebaker Pledge."

* * *

Which do *you* prefer — one-half hour's ride over the boulevards—or five days at the wheel *yourself?* Which will be your greatest assurance of complete satisfaction with the used car you buy?

Under the terms of the famous Studebaker Pledge, you get five days' driving trial with the used car of your choice — with this further assurance — if the car you choose does not satisfy, you may return it within five days and apply your payment on *any* car in your Studebaker dealer's stock, *new or used!*

More than 150,000 thrifty motorists last year bought Pledge-backed used cars — and were satisfied. They bought because they know a good used car is a better buy than a cheap car bought new. Most Pledge-backed used cars have been thoroughly reconditioned — they look and run like new!

The Studebaker Pledge also provides a 30-day guarantee on all Certified cars for free adjustments and replacement of defective parts. It also gives you the honest representation of plainly marked prices — one price for every buyer.

When you buy *your* used car — a family car, a business car, or a "second" car — see your Studebaker dealer first. See that you get the protection of the famous Studebaker Pledge — the fairest used car sales policy in the market. Visit your Studebaker dealer's showroom — see his varied used car stock — *today!*

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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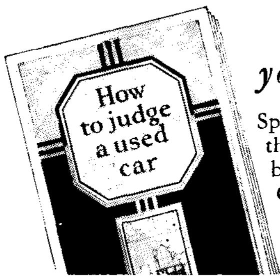

How to judge a used car

INVEST 2c

you may save $200

Spend 2c now for your copy of this interesting and instructive booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"— it may save you as much as $200 on the used car you buy. Mail the coupon — *now!*

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Div. 123, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name...

Street...

City............................*State*....................

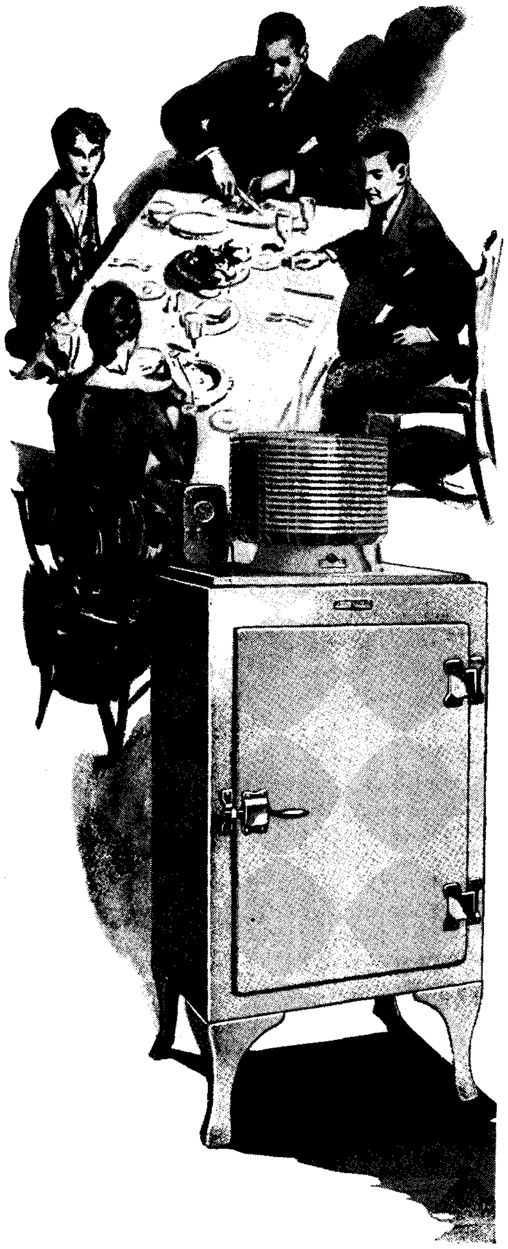
Now—GENERAL ELECTRIC CONFIRMS IMPORTANCE OF *Family Influence*

"FAITHFUL WATCHMAN OF THE **FAMILY** HEALTH"

"KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR **FAMILY'S** FOOD IS ALWAYS SAFELY FRESH"

"THE GIFT THAT WILL BEST SERVE **THE WHOLE FAMILY**"

"**YOUR CHILDREN**—IS THEIR FOOD SAFE"



WITH such phrases General Electric builds up and consolidates the good will of the whole family towards its electric refrigerators. And this policy is strikingly confirmed by a new study of family buying and reading habits, made by General Electric among 557 American Magazine families throughout the country.

"If you have an electric refrigerator, did you discuss its purchase with any other member or members of your family before buying?" ***"YES" in 79% of replies.***

"Did any member of the family, besides yourself, inspect your electric refrigerator in the store at which you bought it, before it was finally purchased?" ***"YES" in 65% of replies.***

A family vote was also taken on this question: "What magazine that you take in your home is most generally read and liked by all members of your family—taking the family as a whole?"

> *"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE" proved to be overwhelming first choice—leading the next magazine by 4 to 1.*

Similar investigations have been made by other manufacturers and trade groups, with substantially the same results, allowing for difference in product. To mention just a few of them, covering the most important lines of merchandise:

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
KELLOGG COMPANY
NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, INC.
STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

The investigations of these advertisers, like that of General Electric, establish two facts of vital importance: (1) That family influence is the dominant sales factor in modern merchandising; (2) That The American Magazine is "First With All The Family." Thus, it is demonstrated once more that The American Magazine provides the ideal way to reach all members of the family in over 2,300,000 homes at one advertising cost.

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · 250 PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK

Mark *another* Hanna

Continued from page 56

yet that's about the time I finally found myself interviewing Mrs. McCormick.

"Just wanted to know how I looked?" she said. "I know. That's only fair, too. Well, here I am, with my voice a little husky but ready for tomorrow."

Outside it was zero; dull and murky. The snow lay dirty, in jagged, frozen, plowed-up piles. The woman had ridden all night on a Pullman. The town hadn't bestirred itself for Sunday. Why get enthusiastic about anything in the world at such a time and amid such inactivity and gloom? Indeed, who could?

Answer: Ruth Hanna McCormick could. And did.

"It's been a wonderful week," she said. "Four meetings a day. Average meetings thirty to forty miles apart. Maybe they think I don't know my state of Illinois, even if I was born in Cleveland.

"Why, there isn't one single little town in this state, and that means the smallest one you can think of, where I don't know someone who will take me in, put me up for the night, let me help get breakfast and wash the dishes and then go on my way.

Districts of Illinois

"Why, I spent years in helping to organize the Illinois Woman Republican clubs. That took me everywhere in the state. I've got this state laid out like a checkerboard so that I can hit the right towns, in about four counties a day, in a nine-week trip.

"Way down low in the south," she continued, with the right and left, or rather the east and west handwave, "is little Egypt. The people down there have hard times. They even try to raise a little cotton. Ask one of them where the town of Cairo, Illinois, is and he won't admit he knows it. Ask him for Kayro and he'll tell you right away. They're very interested in better things for farmers down there and I talk that to them. I'm not for farm aid, you know. What I'm for is putting the farmer on a parity with the business man in our tariff laws, and giving him as much attention as the business man gets.

"Up above Little Egypt comes the coal-mining country. Some terribly unhappy, dingy towns in that streak across Illinois. There are factories there, too. They want high tariffs in that district and better homes and better schools and better wages and better everything. I know just exactly what they want. If it hadn't been for labor unions they wouldn't have even what little they *do* have today. I told them in the great factory districts around Rock Island and Rossford that if the children of laborers these days have more schools, better libraries and greater opportunity for enjoying life and making the most of it, it is due to the efforts of American labor. And I'll help them all I can, whether I remain a congresswoman or become a senator.

"And still farther up north, abreast of Chicago, you come to the incredibly fertile farm and dairy lands. I talk farm problems up there. They've heard me, many a time. And they're going to hear me again. They know I know farming.

"And then," she added, "besides this giant Chicago, there are a score of other big cities in this state. I have to know their problems of waterways, taxation and so forth. Well, don't think I don't know them. I've worked, that's what I've done."

Mrs. McCormick has been at politics ever since she was a small girl and, at fifty, we are now beholding her using all she has learned to get what she wants.

In baseball parlance, she is "putting everything she has on the ball."

You'd almost say, indeed, in view of Mrs. McCormick's intense campaign, and also, in view of the fact that her father and political tutor used to become extremely angry in his political fights and never tried to hide his anger, that this McCormick campaign is a real battle and that Mark Hanna's daughter is really out to get someone's political scalp.

In such conclusion, as all the good people of Illinois well know, you would be right. This is not saying that there is open anger in Ruth Hanna McCormick's campaign; she has been too self-controlled to show it. But if, some time about midnight of April 8th, she learns from the election returns that she has defeated Charles S. Deneen for the senatorial nomination, she will have a special reason for gratification.

If Deneen is defeated and is asked by reporters that election night to explain, he must say, if he tells the truth:

"Well, the simple fact is that I beat her husband once for the senatorship and she got angry and turned around and beat me."

Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, attended the wedding of Mark Hanna's daughter Ruth, twenty-three years old, and Medill McCormick, twenty-five, three years out of Yale, on a June day, back in 1903. They started out in life brilliantly.

He, wealthy, with Chicago Tribune millions, was to go into journalism. She, with a wide experience in public life, and already in the woman's suffrage movement, was soon to find herself working for such forward looking enterprises as the Woman's Trade Union League, the Consumers' League, which demanded better conditions for workers, and the National Child Welfare Association.

Between the two of them, they fought for all the progressive principles that came to the top in Roosevelt's time. They were a conspicuous young couple —he with the power of journalism and she with her father's political prestige behind her—in American life.

A Torrent of Success

But Medill McCormick was dangerously rich. They will tell you in Illinois that he retired from active life too soon. For a while he seemed to lose sight of any further worlds to conquer. There came a space of years when he was practically idle. And then suddenly, with his wife fighting beside him —and the women say she spurred him on—he appeared in the political field in Illinois. He ran for the state assembly and won; he ran again and won. By a rush of success, all within the space of half a dozen years, he was elected a congressman, and, before that term had ended, a United States senator.

The Medill McCormick home in Washington became a center of social and political life. It was in 1919 that McCormick entered the Senate.

Five years went by. McCormick must go into the 1924 primaries again. Up loomed the figure of Charles S. Deneen; and up loomed a singularly vicious array of stories of McCormick's days of idling which Illinois politicians had been spreading about for several years.

No one says these stories gave Deneen the victory; but Deneen won. On a

(*Continued on page 60*)

WHAT IF THE FOUNDATION SHOULD FAIL?

BUT the foundation won't fail. Beneath every soaring skyscraper are piers of steel and concrete so deep-anchored in bedrock that only an earthquake could move them. Engineers know a building can be no stronger than its foundation.

That's true of so many of the things we make, or use—so much depends upon the foundation. Particularly is it true of motor oils. The best oils *must* have the best foundation —the finest oils can be refined *only* from the finest crude.

Millions of wise motorists know this, and so turn regularly to oils made from the world's finest crude—Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

The world's best foundation for motor oils

Why is Pennsylvania Grade the finest crude oil in the world? Because Mother Nature has a habit of playing favorites. She has endowed one section of the country with a crude oil that is better than all others—just as she has given South Africa the most brilliant diamonds—and England the best porcelain clays.

Thanks to Nature's favoritism, Pennsylvania Grade Crude is remarkably free from impurities. It has a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude.

That's why this crude, given proper refining, produces finished oils that are longer-lived, more resistant to heat than any others. Use these oils in automobile, airplane, tractor, or motor boat engine, in locomotive, turbine, or stationary machinery—use them for the toughest lubricating jobs you can think of. They'll come up smiling!

In an automobile motor, these oils give many more miles of super-lubrication. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption—add thousands of miles of life to your motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil, along with the maker's individual brand or trade mark. This emblem is proof that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The individual brand or trade mark is assurance of careful refining. With such oils at your command, why think of buying oils made from any other crude?

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

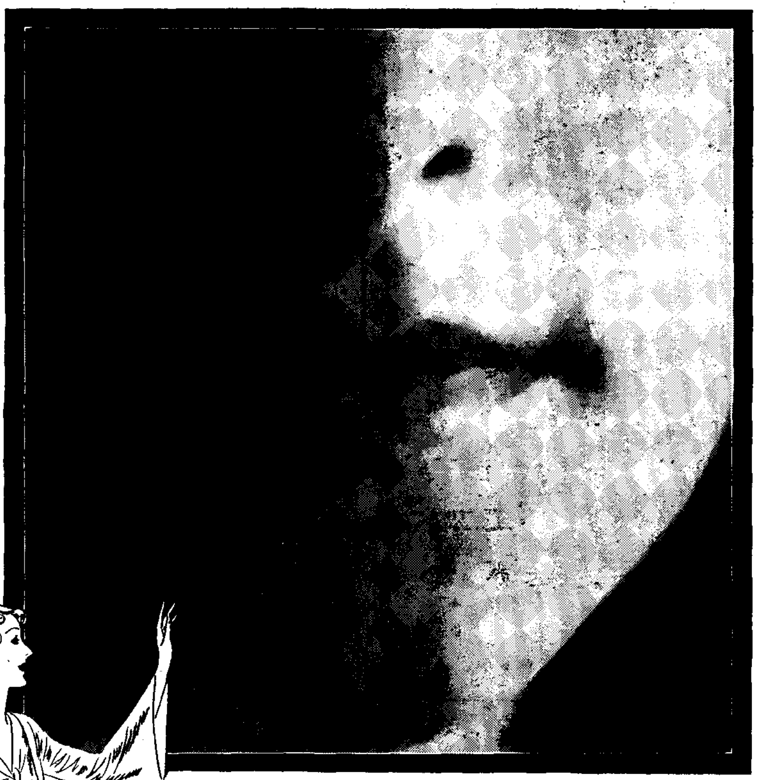
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

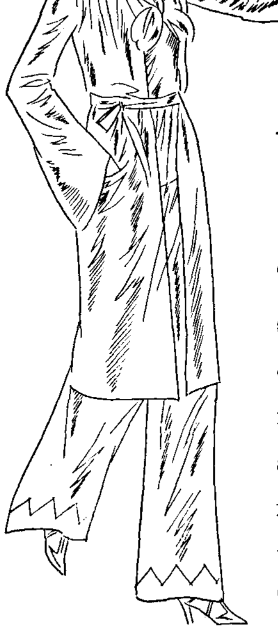
© 1930, P. G. C. O. A.

C. 3-30

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N.
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

Name________________
Address________________
City__________ State_______





Hello Sleepy Mouth

Get up and do your Tek-*sercise*

Tek-*sercise* is not a dumb-bell exercise. It's the smart way to wake up Sleepy Mouth. How do you do it? Like this. Take Tek by the handle. Comfortable grip, hasn't it? Start brushing. Feel the active spring of the bristles? Tek is small and nimble, reaches all the teeth. Your gums begin to glow with health. That's the automatic part of Tek-*sercise*. While you clean your teeth, the extra width of Tek's brush-head stimulates your gums. No special effort on your part.

Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

For the tight spaces between your teeth use dental floss. There's a ready supply in the handle of one Tek model. Refills available. Get a Tek set today. Twice a day brush your teeth. Once a day floss them. Handles in pastel shades of Lucite. Tek with flat handle 50c; with floss handle 75c. Tek Jr. 35c.

Tek Johnson & Johnson
Tek Johnson & Johnson

(*Continued from page 59*)

certain April evening, perhaps something like a certain coming April evening heretofore mentioned, Medill McCormick, sitting with his wife, listening to the primary election returns, heard that Deneen had whipped him at the polls. The vote: Deneen 357,500; McCormick, 351,000. A stalking horse named Jenkins took 114,500 votes, many of which would have gone for McCormick.

That meant that a rung in Medill McCormick's political ladder had snapped; he had fallen to the bottom. There were eleven months more of his term to serve. He went back to his work in Washington, but little more than a week before his term ended he died.

The Climax

Charles S. Deneen, who in the general election had already been elected McCormick's successor, was named by Governor Len Small to fill out Medill's few remaining days. Mark Hanna's daughter saw this man sitting there in the chair where Medill had sat. And that was enough to start her moving.

All of Illinois knows that she's been moving ever since toward another April election day. McCormick, Deneen and a third contestant, Jenkins—they were the chief Republican runners-up in that primary election of 1924; in this primary of 1930 it is again: McCormick, or Deneen, or Jenkins. Only it's "Ruth Hanna" McCormick this time, instead of "Medill."

Will she win? Well, a good many people in Illinois have cast votes for her. Two years ago, as congressional candidate, she received one and three-quarters million votes!

Her nearest competitor received half a million less.

It took a million and a half votes to elect Deneen senator five years ago. Already, in one election, Mrs. McCormick has received more votes than that. If the voters who once supported her stand by her this time she'll be the winner.

It'll be a battle, this primary election in Illinois. However it turns out, the record will stand that the first American woman to challenge hard-boiled politicians for a Senate seat was not a weakling herself.

There's self-control in her. For instance:

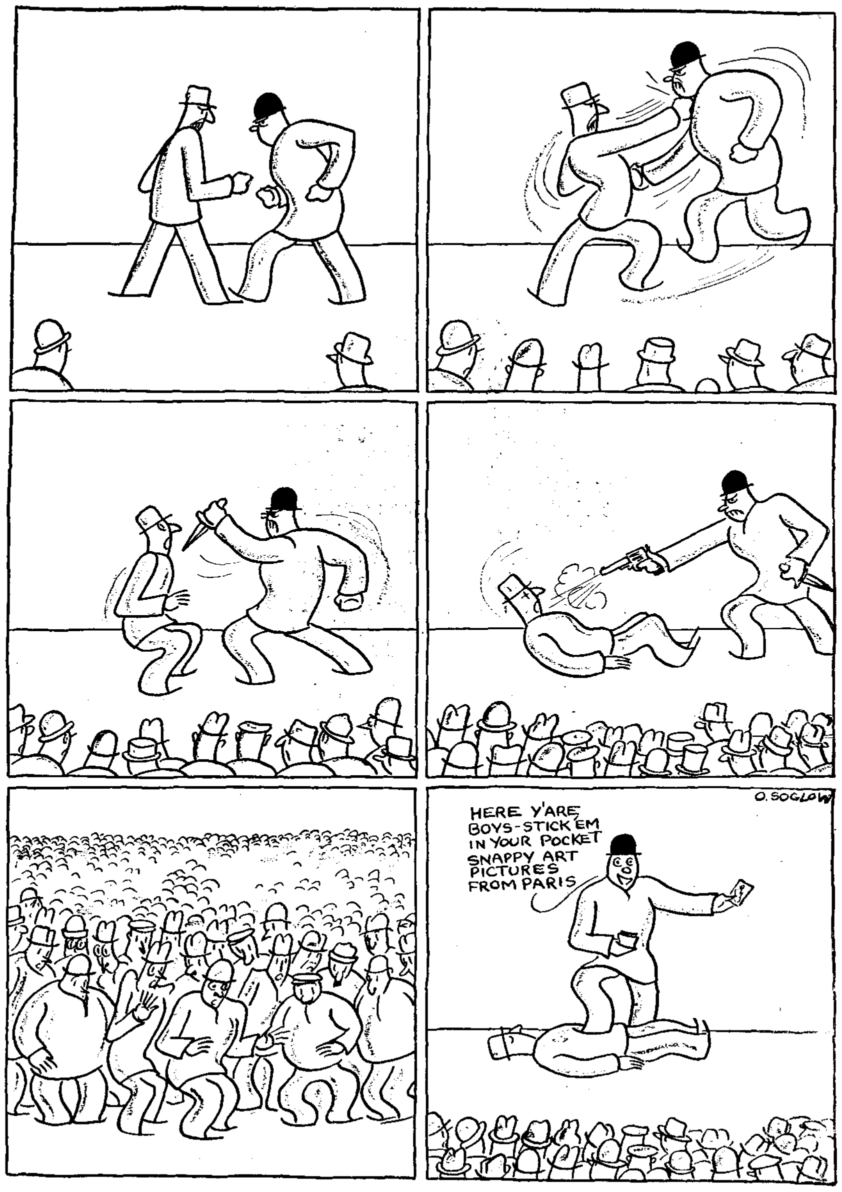
When this campaign first began many of the smaller newspapers, lacking recent photographs of her, published old stock cuts which had been lying around since the woman suffrage days, with shirt-waist, sailor hat and big sleeves. A woman who wouldn't raise a disturbance over an error like that is certainly her own boss. While she was arranging to have new photographs sent out to the press, her patience was further tested by seeing a story saying that Mrs. McCormick was running for the United States Senate; the story carried a dazzling picture of one of our most famous moving picture actresses, with Mrs. McCormick's name beneath it. The way isn't all smooth, however.

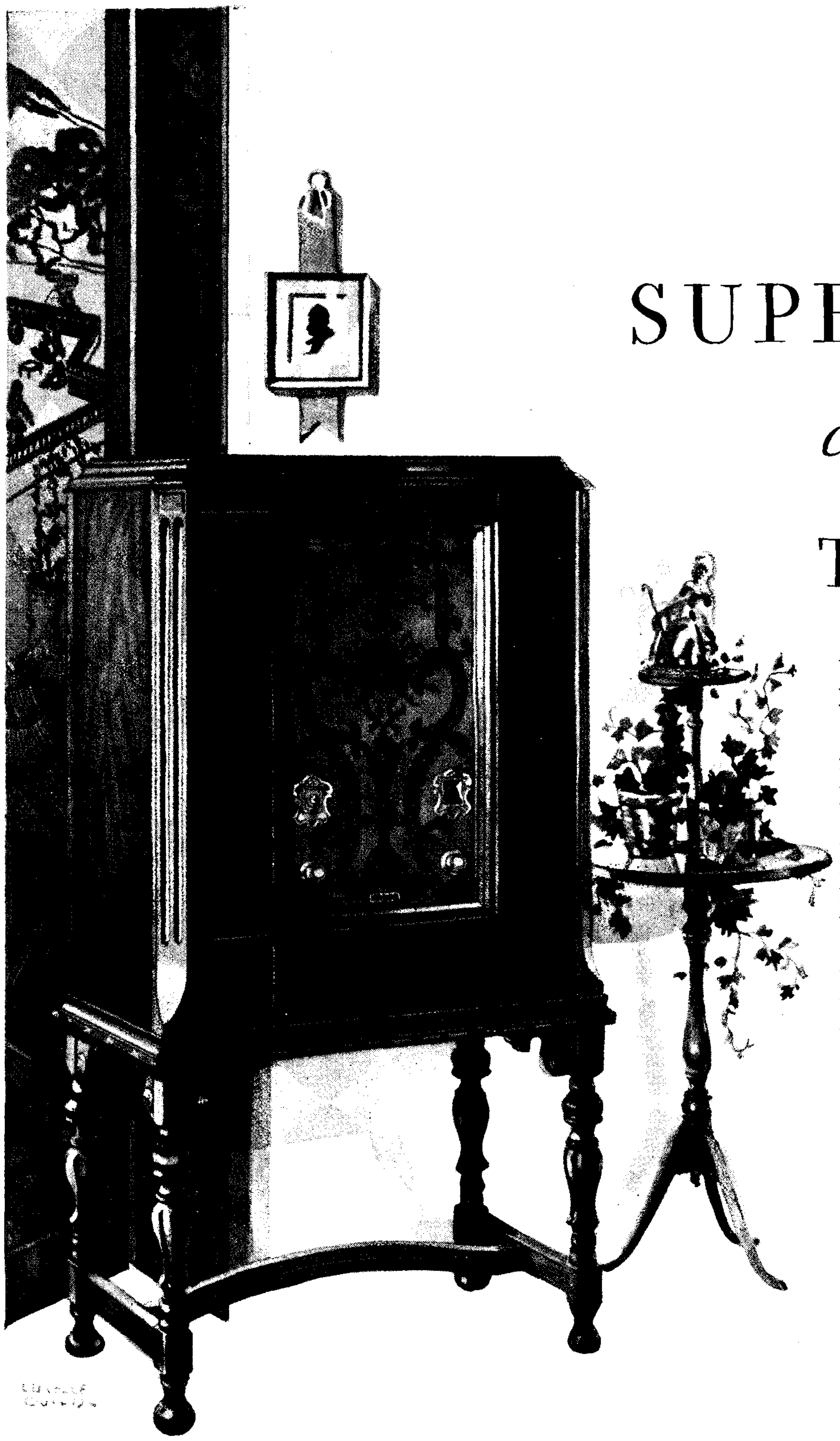
Only a few weeks ago, in spite of her political ability, Mrs. McCormick is believed to have lost one vote, though she declares she will try to recover it.

"I've always been your friend, Mrs. McCormick," wrote a woman, "and I had intended voting for you. But I shall have nothing further to do with a candidate who, I now learn, has taken the side of Alice Longworth against Dolly Gann."

"Politics," sighed the woman candidate. "I'll have to try to scotch that story—if I can."

"Votes," added the careful veteran, "depend on small things."


O. SOGLOW
HERE Y'ARE BOYS - STICK 'EM IN YOUR POCKET SNAPPY ART PICTURES FROM PARIS



Only a SUPER-HETERODYNE *can give you this superb* TONE REALISM

When you first hear a radio program on the Radiola Super-Heterodyne you are amazed at the complete illusion of realism.

There's no cutting out of the low tones and high-pitched notes—no sacrifice of tone fidelity—no false values to impair the perfection of reproduction.

And with this superb quality of tone realism the Super-Heterodyne gives you the extreme sensitivity and high selectivity that are essential to radio reception in congested broadcast areas.

Because of its remarkable qualities, the Super-Heterodyne principle is used in marine coastal stations, in the radio compass, and in the leading broadcasting stations where reception must take place directly under the transmitting antenna. Its unique characteristics place it in a class by itself—the supreme achievement of radio.

Great artists choose the Super-Heterodyne because it is a musical instrument that faithfully reproduces music just as it goes out from the broadcasting studio. Engineers choose it because of its unrivalled technical perfection.

Earlier models of the Super-Heterodyne were costly to build, but RCA, with its vast manufacturing resources, has brought the cost down so low that every home can now afford to own this great achievement of the radio art. And purchase can be made on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in these three famous models—

RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne table model	$98
RCA RADIOLA 66—Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (shown in illustration)	$175
RCA RADIOLA 67—Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records	$690

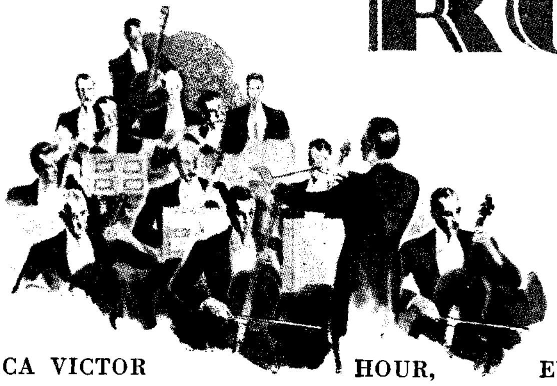
(Above prices less Radiotrons)

RCA

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA *trade-mark*

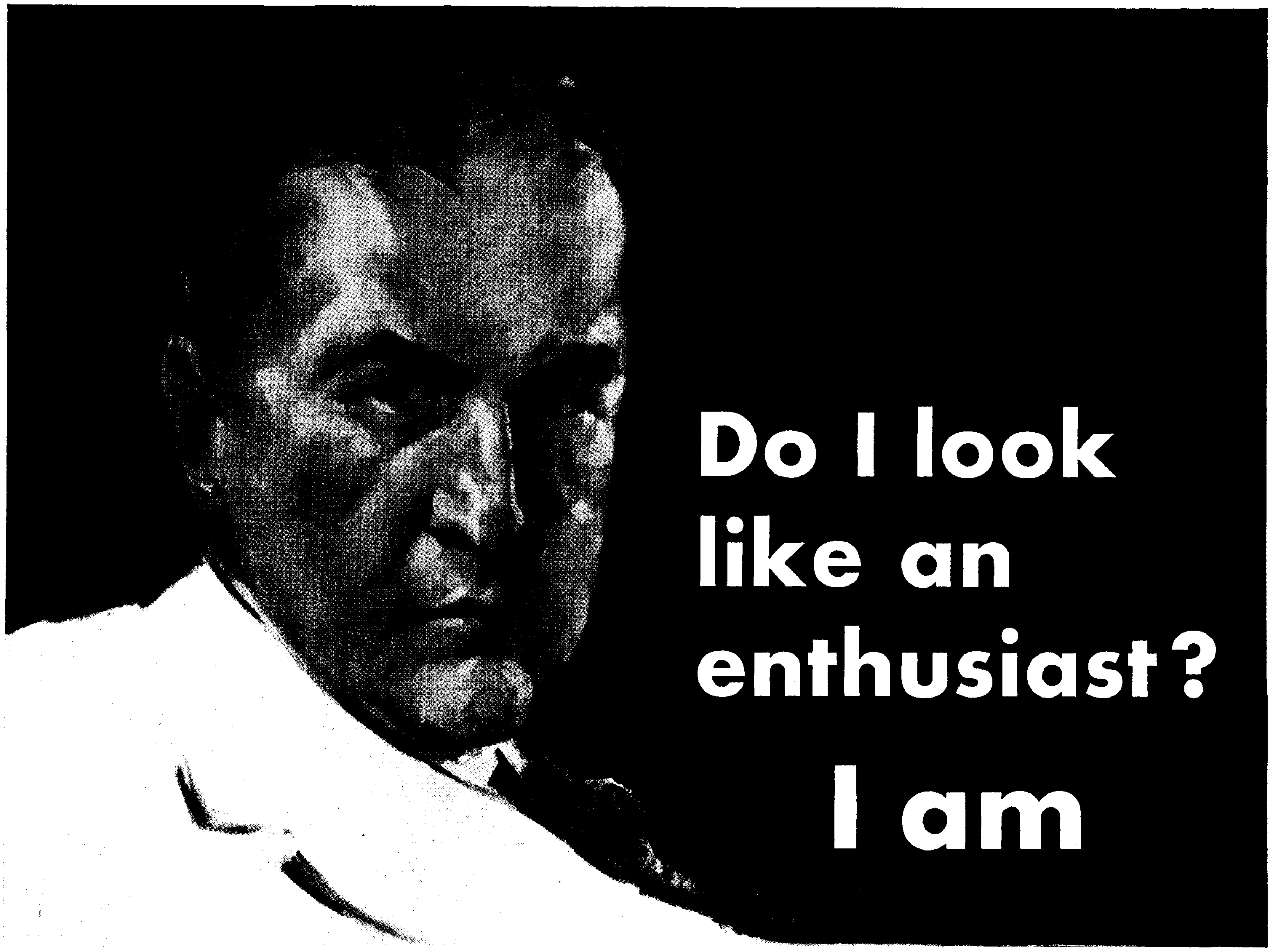
RCA RADIOLA

RADIOLA DIVISION RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC.



TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N. B. C.

Copyright 1930 by RCA VICTOR *Company, Inc.*



DOWN at the office the men under me say I'm a kill-joy. I seldom get enthusiastic about anything. But I want to tell you about my experience getting rid of dandruff.

I have always had a good head of hair, and when I first began to be troubled by dandruff, I felt pretty worried. It's a humiliating thing at best. You feel guilty with those telltale flakes on your coat collar. Sort of ashamed to meet people. It's bad business.

Of course, the first thing I did was to go to my barber. "Nothing to it," he said. "I'll have you over that in a couple of weeks." You have probably heard that line yourself. Well, I let him wreak his vengeance on my scalp and hair with a lot of funny treatments that were a nuisance. Net result: just as much dandruff, if not more. Net loss: $12.

Then somebody said, "See a specialist."

Well, what that fellow did to my scalp was worse than the great war itself. He thumped it. He beat it. He photographed it. He rubbed it. He anointed it. He baked it. He dried it. He fanned it. Net cost: $25. And give him some credit—he did get rid of the dandruff—but only for a little while.

Then one morning my wife said to me, "Everett," she said, "why don't you try Listerine? A lot of the girls at the club have tried it and they say it gets rid of ordinary loose dandruff in no time."

Well, sir, I tried it. Just doused it on full strength, as they say in their ads, and massaged the scalp with the finger tips. And, by George, after the first treatment dandruff began to disappear. Right away my scalp began to feel like a million dollars. After another treatment, I couldn't find any dandruff at all, and my scalp was just as cool and healthy as a baby's. None of that old itching and burning. Net cost: 50¢. What's more, dandruff hasn't returned.

Can you blame me for being enthusiastic about Listerine?

Enthusiastic comments like the above are the rule rather than the exception.

You can understand Listerine's success against dandruff when you realize that dandruff is a germ disease, and full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of this humiliating and dangerous condition, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it on the scalp full strength, then massage vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it, until dandruff is under control.

LISTERINE *for* **DANDRUFF**

The safe antiseptic

Words and Pictures

Continued from page 8

Murch created the same furor as when another sardine arrives in Norway.

The ambitious damsel took up voice and acting and set them down again. She remained permanently amid the refined seclusions of private life, her mother coming out with the bitter reflection that in these days a young girl never gets anywhere until she succeeds in shooting some gentleman just before his wife shoots him.

MURIEL was pretty, which nobody wished to deny. Pretty girls in Hollywood are as the leaves on the green bay tree and draw about the same salary until they land behind some reliable counter. . . . Muriel tripped down the steps, paused in maidenly confusion and Shorty perceived that the day was far from wasted.

"I'm Shorty Hamp," he declared cheerfully. "Get right in the automobile and we'll go down to the beach."

The lady looked at him with a question in her eye.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Hamp," she murmured. "I know Mr. Gilfillan quite well."

"Yeh, I know. I want to talk to you about Gilfillan."

He seated himself comfortably and started his elderly but not unornamental roadster.

"You can hear my voice, can't you?" he inquired. "I guess you heard that voice before, Miss Murch?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I am really so puzzled."

"You would be. That's why I'm here today. The big egg has been stringing you."

"Oh, Mr. Hamp!"

"He's been deliberately fooling you, and it was only by accident I discovered it. I just happened accidentally to come across a letter you wrote Gil, in which you mentioned his voice, and when I saw what you wrote, it sure burned me up. It did. Didn't you notice anything funny about his voice when you met him?"

"Yes, Mr. Hamp, and I asked him about it, too."

"And don't you notice anything funny about my voice?"

"Of course. Yours is the voice I heard in The Butler's Wife."

"Well, what did the big mug have to say for himself?"

"He explained that the microphone changes a person's voice, so one can scarcely recognize it. He said that was why his voice sounded one way in a talking picture and another when he was conversing with a friend."

"Listen," said Shorty. "He hasn't got any more voice than a Mexican hairless onion. He never talked in any motion picture. He can't. You must have noticed his voice sounded pretty terrible, didn't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that, Mr. Hamp. He's a nice man, and he certainly acts very gentlemanly."

"Yeh, he ain't so bad," Shorty declared, feeling a more kindly attitude might be desirable. "Gil's a good scout, but I am the one that makes our movies successful. I do all his talking for him. They pay me two hundred a week extra for my voice."

This was a wholesome exaggeration.

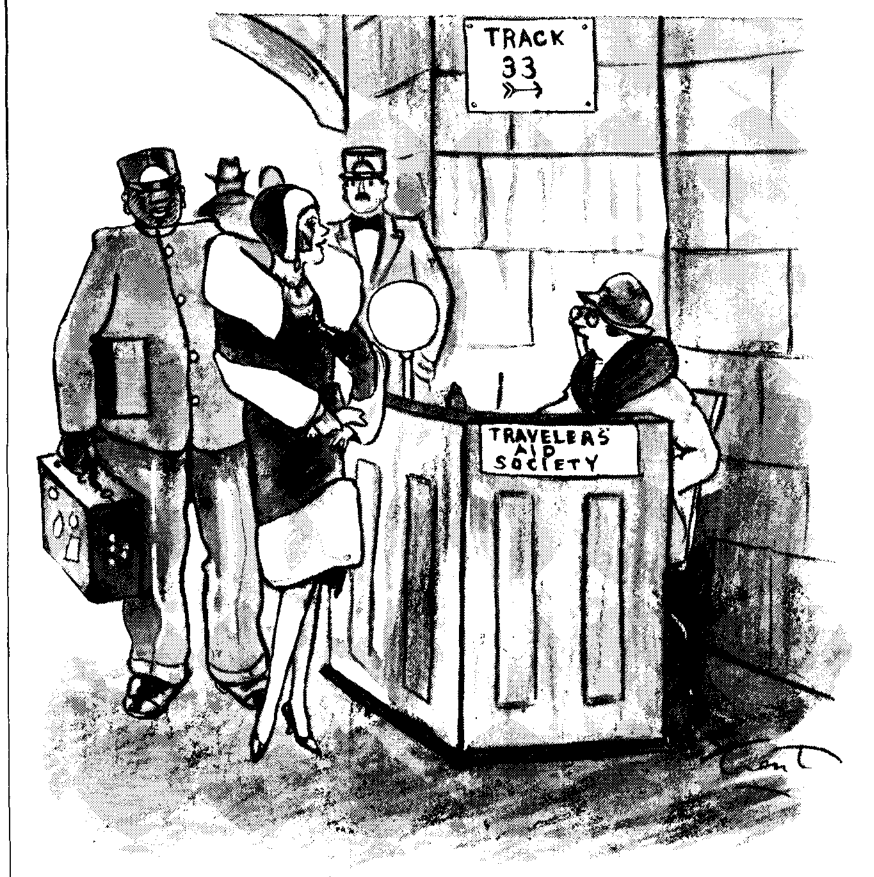
"And they should, too," Muriel cried warmly. "You have a very remarkable voice, Mr. Hamp. There is a strange, haunting quality in it."

"And don't call me Mr. Hamp. All my friends call me Shorty."

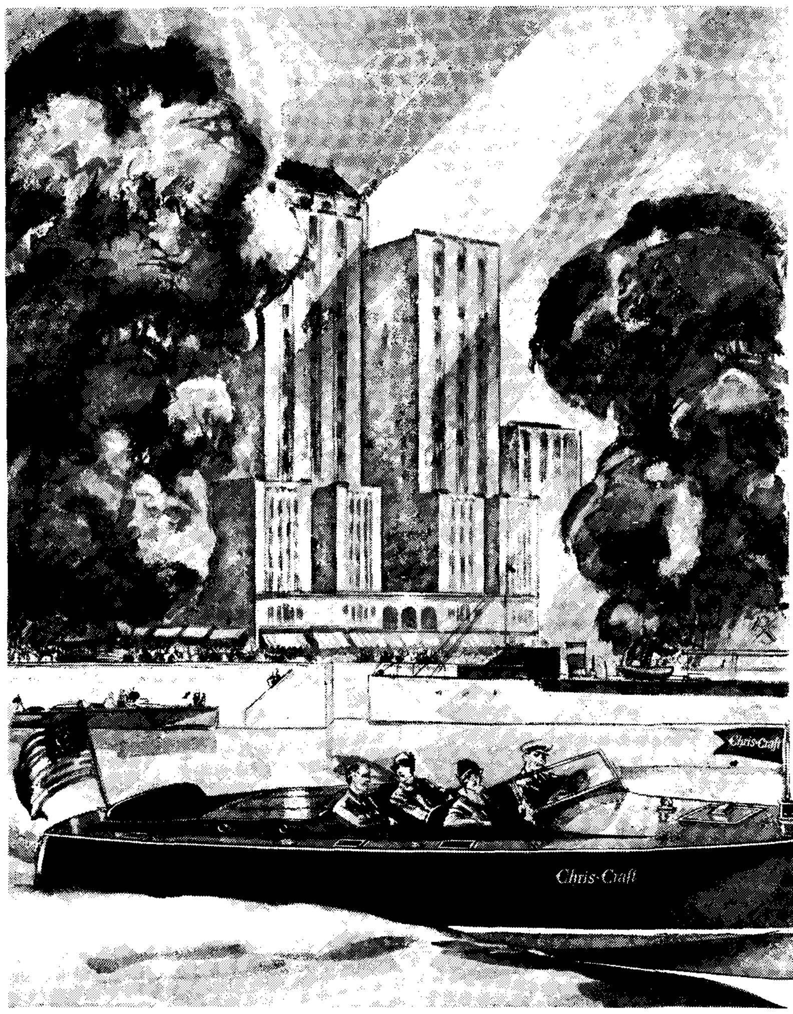
"Shorty," she said, smiling, adding that it had always been one of her favorite names.

THEY roared on down to the silver sea, partook of a pleasant lunch and Shorty spent the time in a reasonable discussion of himself and his manifold abilities. From time to time, he ceased broadcasting and assured Muriel that

(*Continued on page 64*)



"What's a real snappy hotel, dearie?"



The 20-foot all-mahogany Chris-Craft runabout is priced at $1895; the 22-foot runabout at $2195 and $2595.

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On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

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First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from "malt" or "chocolate" drinks, its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the results of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

710

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

(Continued from page 63)

she was the prettiest girl he had ever met and that her eyes were like twin stars and as full of secrets as frozen sapphires. Muriel blushed nicely and Shorty eventually spent three dollars for some flowers and when Shorty Hamp spends three dollars for anything, it indicates the presence of an infatuation beyond words. Turning to the subject of Walter Gilfillan, the rotund one explained that, despite his publicity experts, Gil was just a fair second-class actor, who would automatically go back to street-car work if Shorty ever left him.

"What about tomorrow night?" he asked at the door of Belvedere Arms.

"Not tomorrow night. Mr. Gilfillan is taking me to dinner."

"Next night?"

"All right."

Shorty raced back to the studio of O'Day and Grogan, his round countenance shining with success. He burst into the star's dressing-room and Gil looked up as his assistant slid to a stop. There was a belligerent scowl upon the face of the minor one.

"Say," he began, "we may as well come to an understanding."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all. Just want you to know I'm wise. You've been running around with Muriel Murch."

Gil dropped his feet to the floor.

"Where does that get into your affairs?"

"I just took her to lunch, and we're friends now. I like that girl a lot, and she likes me. She likes my voice—my voice, Gil. Get that?"

"So you been reading my mail, have you?" Gil demanded icily.

"Not all of it. If I get a break around this joint, I got to read your mail. Anyhow I'm laying my cards on the table about this Murch girl, and may the best man win."

GIL lighted a cigarette and stared contemptuously at his comrade.

"I don't often give people advice," he said ominously, "but I am now going to give you forty dollars' worth free. Stay away from Muriel Murch. I'm going to tell you just once."

"You don't scare me at all," Shorty sneered. "If a girl likes me and my voice, that's where I'm to be found from then on."

"Just once," Gil repeated. "Keep your repellent snoot out of my affairs."

"This is a free country," returned the unintimidated. "When Muriel says she don't want to see me, that's one thing, but you haven't got any more to say about it than Oscar the bootblack."

He then departed and in no time at all the studio learned that the usual peaceful relations between the comedians were sundered. It was known that a fair young slip of a thing had stepped in and shattered a comradeship that extended back to the dim days when Charlie Chaplin was making his riotous two-reelers and Hollywood was a pup. The studio said it was just too bad, and all grinned, hoping if actual combat ensued it would occur where everyone could see it.

As it happened, the comedians were idle, waiting for orders to begin the next job and were therefore in a position to pay plenty of attention to a lady friend. Miss Murch appeared to be delighted with her new beaus, and her mother hoped something tangible would come of having two movie actors about the house, fascinated by the flower of Tonowanda.

Meantime the studio gentlemen labored long and finally produced a story for the next Gil and Shorty. Its temporary tag was The Park and there ensued busy days of preparation—busy for everyone except the headliners.

One morning Mr. Gilfillan strode into the office of Mr. John O'Day.

"Hello, Gil," said the president. "This Park stuff is beginning to look pretty good."

"I want to talk to you about the picture," Gil announced coldly. "Shorty's not going to be in it."

O'Day looked slightly stunned and set aside the pipe he had lighted.

"You don't want Shorty?"

"Exactly."

"You mean you want to split the team?"

"What team? I'm all there is to these comedies. We can hire a dozen hams like Shorty."

"But, Gil, what's the matter? What's happened?"

"Nothing. We've been together too long, that's all. People are sick of seeing us, and I'm sick of seeing Shorty."

O'DAY turned and stared grimly through the open window. It was not the first time he had listened to his comedy star in moments of discontent.

"Shorty's mighty useful," he continued. "His talking stuff is going over well. He has a really splendid voice."

Gilfillan glowered at his employer.

"Yes, I know about his voice. I've heard quite a bit of it lately. And I don't want him in any more of my comedies. Either put him somewhere else on this lot, or fire him. So far as I'm concerned, Shorty's got to a point where he's just a pain in the neck."

The vehemence of Mr. Gilfillan interested O'Day, who realized that an ancient friendship must have crumbled overnight.

"All right, Gil," he agreed. "If you don't want him, I suppose we can find another man." Still scowling, the star departed from the executive offices and O'Day sat in thought, wondering why a man ever decides to manufacture motion pictures when there are so many calm, orderly ways of earning a livelihood. He was presently aroused from pessimistic meditation by the arrival of the lowly half of the comedy team.

"Morning, Shorty. What's on your mind?"

"Gil's been here, hasn't he?"

O'Day nodded.

"And I know what he wanted to see you about. He don't need me any more. Sure he don't—and you know why. He's all burned up because I had the lines and he didn't. And let me tell you something, Mr. O'Day: I don't want to work with him any more. I'm done."

"What's the matter with you two?" O'Day asked calmly. "You always got along."

"I don't want to have anything to do with the big bum. I've got a good microphone voice and I guess that will keep me in the talking pictures. I don't want to be the tail to his dog any more."

SHORTY'S employer said he was certain the Hamp voice would always be in demand. He added his regrets. It was too bad a couple of buddies could no longer work together in amity, after so many years of comedy success. Shorty replied that it wasn't the first time Gil had tried to take a girl away from him.

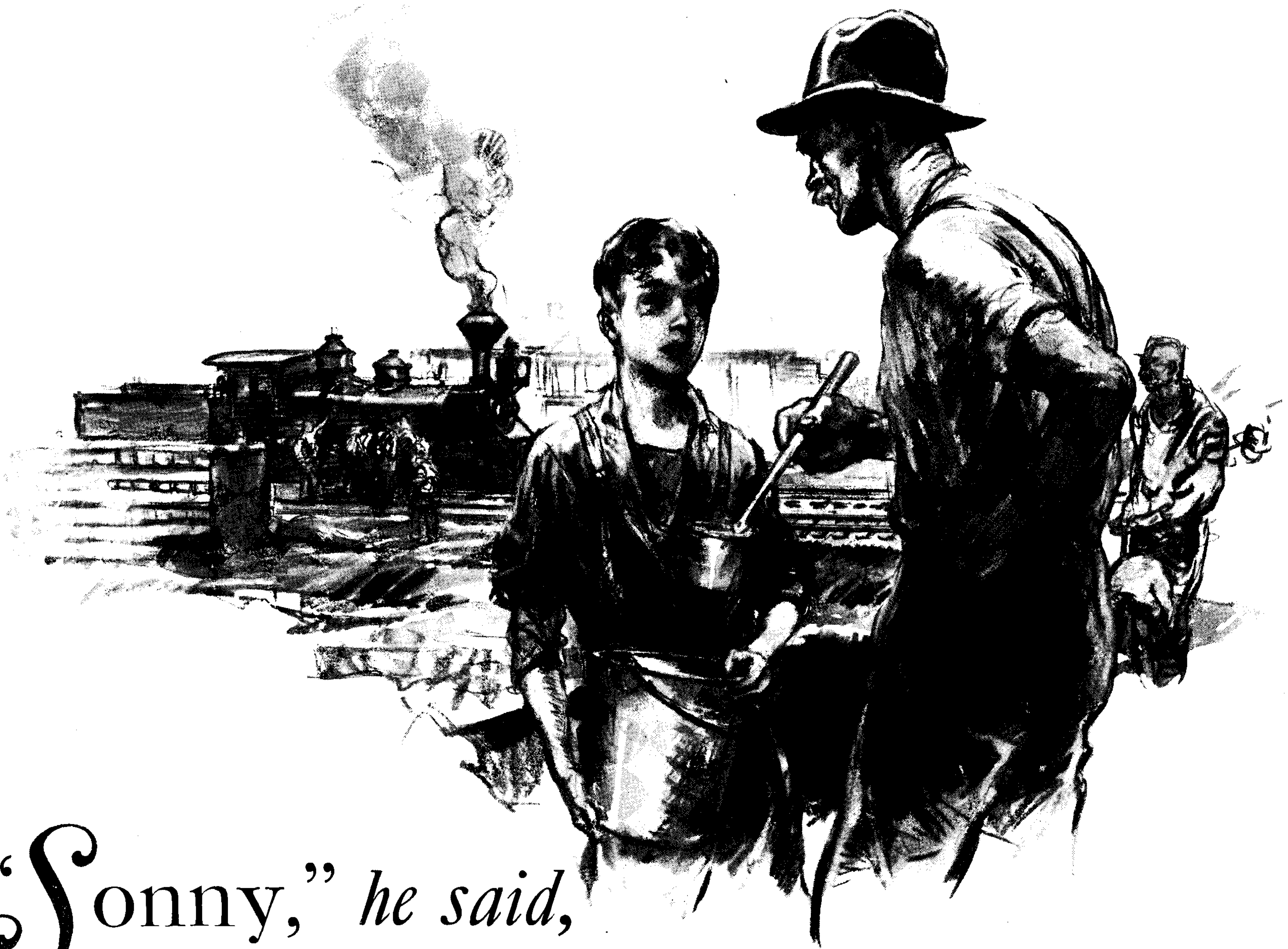
"Oh," said O'Day, revolving in his swivel chair, "it's a girl?"

Shorty stated it was not only a girl—it was his girl.

"What would be the name?" O'Day asked and Shorty informed that the name was Muriel Murch, and might be Mrs. Shorty Hamp some day for all anybody knew.

When the minor comedian departed, John O'Day leaned back, reflected upon the uncertainties of making movies and decided he would personally, with his own hands, direct a motion picture for

(Continued on page 66)



"Sonny," *he said,* "you had better keep quiet"

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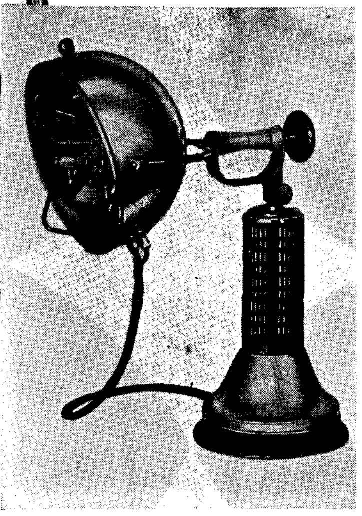

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Words and Pictures

Continued from page 64

the first time in years. O'Day is a tall, serious-looking executive, a man with thin, bony features and hair grown gray ahead of schedule. In the early years he was a director and many a custard pie has winged its way at his command.

"Take a letter," he said and his secretary immediately clicked out a communication to Miss Murch of the Belvedere Arms, Belvedere Drive. . . . Tonowanda's gift to Hollywood was invited to call for a business chat with Mr. O'Day and the letter caused a mild panic in the Murch apartment. Muriel gave little cries of maidenly delight and Mrs. Murch read the invitation aloud to those who would listen. Muriel donned the dress that had once excited Tonowanda and presently sat in the office of President O'Day.

"Have you ever been in the movies, Miss Murch?"

"No, sir," she replied.

"Are you interested in a motion picture career?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. That is my ambition."

"I think you might do," O'Day said in a kindly way. "You will require training, but would you like to try a part in our studio?"

Miss Murch controlled her excitement and said she would love to.

"Come tomorrow," O'Day directed. "Your salary will be one hundred a week until we find out what you can do."

Muriel dashed home to inform her mother that Fate had taken charge. Mr. Gilfillan, walking gloomily about, learned that a new damsel had been employed and was astonished as well as alarmed. Shorty heard the news at noon and instantly concluded it was a Gilfillan trick.

"Gil," said O'Day, encountering his star, "I'm going to direct the next picture myself."

"You are?"

"Yes. George Silver has been working hard and needs a rest, and anyhow I've been itching to direct a talking picture. I'd like to try out some new effects and see if we can't get better comedy results. Nobody seems to know what to do with dialogue in comedies and I'm going to find out why."

Gil assumed an enthusiasm which he was far from feeling, for he had worked with George Silver and knew just about what George would do. Nobody could foretell the result if O'Day started messing around a set.

"As regards you and Shorty," the boss continued, "I do wish you'd forget this trouble, at least for the next picture. I happen to need both of you in my plans."

"All right," conceded the melancholy star. "He can work with me once more and only once more. But what I said goes."

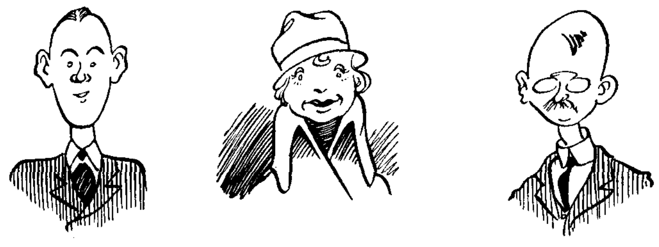
Shorty, too, proved malleable. President O'Day found him prowling about the rear lot and made a personal plea and the rotund comedian finally assented. He shook hands with his employer and said he would be glad to do him the favor.

MR. JOHN O'DAY knew very little about sound effects or what to do with microphones in a two-reel comedy, but his studio was filled with persons who could tell him. The Gilfillan unit was ordered to hold itself in readiness and, to the astonishment of all, O'Day sent for Miss Margie Lewis and informed her she could have a vacation. Miss Lewis had played in half a dozen comedies with Gil and Shorty.

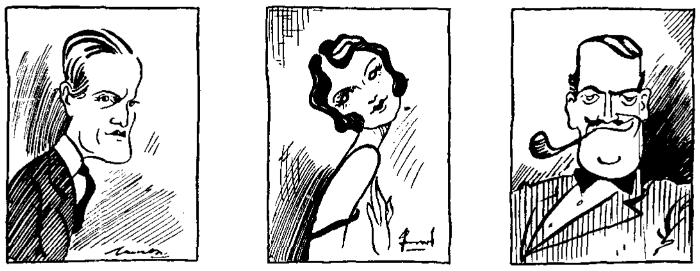
"Am I fired?" queried the young woman pathetically.

"You are not fired," O'Day said. "You are having a lay-off because you deserve it. Go away into the mountains, read some good books, and enjoy yourself until further orders."

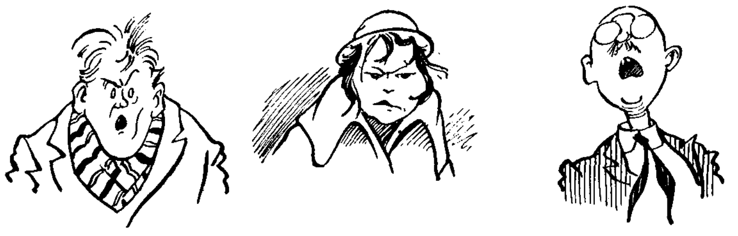
Turning studio cares over to the long-suffering vice-president, Grogan, O'Day stepped into his first talkie and Miss Murch came with shining eyes to act



Why is it that people who look like this in ordinary life



And like this on our mantelpieces



Contrive to look like this on their passports?

in the movies. Gilfillan personally led her into the set, while Shorty hovered anxiously in the background, and as the first day's shooting proceeded, it was apparent that Muriel would set no rivers afire. She might get by, the sideliners agreed, if given simple parts, but the great actresses of the screen had little to fear from the lily of Tonowanda.

Gil took her to lunch and told her she was doing nicely. Shorty bore her home in his roadster when the day was done and the studio chuckled. Vice-president Grogan, a heavy man with a serious mind, spoke to his partner.

"Where did you get that new girl?" he asked.

"Isn't she good?" O'Day demanded.

"No," said Grogan, "she isn't. She's pretty bad, if you want my opinion. Margie Lewis is much better."

"You wait and see," O'Day urged, and the vice-president said he probably would.

WORK on The Park moved slowly, with Gil glaring at Shorty, who maintained a bitter silence. It was Gil's further opinion that John O'Day might have been a good director in times gone by, but that he would have done better to stay safely in his office up in front and let people make pictures who knew how to make pictures.

The first talking sequence in The Park occurred in the grocery store scene, wherein the star, accompanied by Shorty Hamp and two pretty girls, attempted to purchase ice-cream cones without sufficient capital. This was tentatively regarded in advance as rather a good scene, sprinkled with amusing action and bright lines written by the former editor of a comic paper in New York. In the grocery store episode Gilfillan naturally had the cream of the action and Shorty expected to speak the lines, but regardless of script and story Director O'Day announced he would make changes.

"Miss Murch," he said, "you'd better stand over here by the counter and ask the grocer how much for the four ice-cream cones."

"Wait a minute," Gil interrupted. "The script says—"

"Never mind what the script says. I'm going to switch this action and see how it goes if Miss Murch asks for the cones. Might be very good."

The scene was shot, with Muriel at the counter, where Gilfillan should have been. Gil stood idly in the background and when Shorty later prepared to speak his opening lines, O'Day waved him aside.

"Don't believe I'll need you in this scene, Shorty," he remarked. "Seems to me Miss Murch has a rather nice voice. You try the lines, Muriel."

The young newcomer did so, faltering of course, but staggering through the scene, having now both all the talk and all the action. Mr. Hamp blinked and leaned against a back wall, realizing that if somebody else spoke his lines, and continued to speak his lines, the sums of money paid him for his microphone gab might be in peril. O'Day was patient and encouraging.

"One for you," said Muriel in her sweet, girlish voice, pointing at the other young lady in the scene, "and one for you," indicating Gilfillan, "and one for me." Shorty was to be deprived of his cone, which was part of the comedy, as he was footing the bill.

"Very good," said Director O'Day. "You're catching onto this very nicely, Miss Murch."

"Yes, but this is not the way we were to do it," Gil protested, taking his employer to one side.

"I'm experimenting, Gil. May work out better than the other way. You never can tell about talking pictures."

Gil could tell and did tell the electricians and others in a profane outburst. O'Day hurried into the next scene, wherein Miss Murch was given opportunity to do a novel bit with a cigar lighter.... After three days of voiceless inaction and a growing financial fear, Mr. Hamp put aside his love feud and decided to resume speaking relations with the star. He stumbled into Gil's dressing-room, his fat countenance bathed in gloom.

"What do you suppose is going on around this joint?" he asked Gil.

"O'Day is making a monkey of the picture," answered his leader. "This won't be The Park when he gets through. It won't be anything at all. He should have let George Silver alone."

This, as it happened, was likewise the opinion of the entire studio, from Vice-president Grogan down to the boy who brought in the evening papers. Those who saw and heard the results of O'Day's comedy direction were convinced that the sooner John O'Day sent for George Silver, the better it would be for the future of art.

"Where do we get off?" Shorty inquired of a small group. "Muriel has a nice voice for a girl, but why should she have all the dialogue?"

"Search me," Gilfillan growled. "She certainly ain't funny." Gil had ceased taking Miss Murch to lunch, which did not sadden the pride of Tonowanda, for among those in the studio who found her interesting was the mixer, and the mixer, in these days of detonating celluloid, is the gentleman who can make or mar a young woman by fooling with her voice, as he sits high up in his little electric wigwam amid the rafters. . . .

Mr. Hamp was conscious of a definite faltering in his romantic passion. If Muriel tripped out to lunch with another gentleman, the departure left Shorty unmoved. All the motor cars in Hollywood might linger before her door of an evening. What Shorty realized completely was that a sterling comedy team was being slowly oozed into the background, while John O'Day, a director with a passion for experiment, toyed with a new kind of polite comedy, in which females seemed to have all the gravy.

"I'm not going any further with this," Gil informed his running mate. "O'Day can't sidetrack me, and I'm going to tell him so."

"You and me," said Shorty.

"If this thing he's doing now ever gets out before the public, we're hit hard. We have our future to think of."

"Sure we have," Shorty agreed. "Let's walk in and see him."

THE reunited comedians had a hasty lunch, returned to the studio, and notified O'Day's secretary that they desired an audience. The executive received them cordially and urged them to have seats.

"I can say my say standing up," Gil announced, "and it's just this: We're going to quit."

"Who is?"

"Shorty and me. We're done."

"Why?"

"Well, if you keep on, you'll ruin us. When The Park is finished, we're getting out, because we don't want to be in any more female pictures, and you can go ahead experimenting without Shorty and me."

Mr. John O'Day looked surprised and hurt.

"This picture," Shorty interjected, "is going to do us a lot of damage, Mr. O'Day. It makes a couple of saps out of me and Gil. People will blame us and say we're going back."

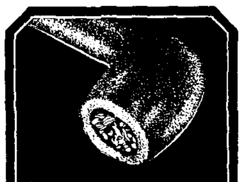
"You don't think much of my direction?" the boss inquired.

"You may mean well," the star an-

(Continued on page 68)

"When I'm smoking, jesting, joking,
There is no King half so gay."
—Brander Matthews

Did any pipe tobacco ever have so much to talk about?



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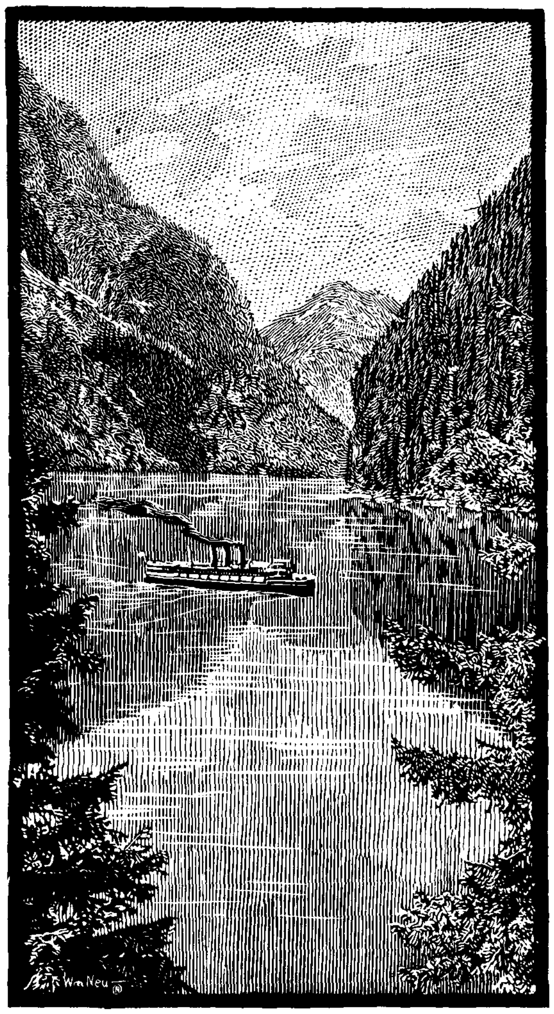
in a drier pipe!



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(*Continued from page 67*)

swered frankly, "but you're a terrible director. There are none worse anywhere. Miss Murch is a nice girl, but her comedy is plain silly. Anybody'll tell you that. Just ask anybody around the studio."

O'Day glanced at the ceiling, where a spider was having trouble with a new web. He seemed undisturbed by the volunteer opinion.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"Well," said the star, "unless you let the Murch girl go, Shorty and I are done. We're good and it won't take us long to make connections, and you know that. On the other hand, if you want to send for George Silver and Margie Lewis, we're willing to start all over on The Park and do it right. We don't want any more feminine comedy in our stuff."

Mr. O'Day leaned back and scowled at his employees.

"It has apparently reached the point where you gentlemen intend to run the studio for me. Is that it?"

"No, sir," Gil said. "That is not it. But we are certainly going to have a say about our comedies, because that is our living."

"I'm to understand if I don't dismiss Miss Murch, you intend to quit."

"Exactly. It is self-protection, and not that we hold anything against the young lady. Matter of fact, she's a nice little kid."

O'Day reflected.

"I'll let you know tomorrow at ten o'clock," he said soberly. "This is something that must be talked over with Grogan."

WHEN the comedians strode away, John O'Day lighted a pipe and grinned. Vice-president Grogan came in a few moments later, having a worried look and an armful of documents.

"John," he began, "this Park picture of yours is going to be pretty terrible, the way it's going. Why don't you be sensible and send for George Silver?"

"I believe I shall do that very thing," O'Day chuckled.

"I'd have George start The Park all over, and I wouldn't feature the Murch girl at all. I'd put Margie Lewis back where she belongs. Chances are if you keep on going, you'll have something you can't release."

"Well, who said I wanted to release it?" demanded the studio head and once again he chuckled softly.

Later in the day, Miss Muriel Murch was called to the front office, and O'Day spoke to her in a kindly way.

"You're going to be all right in motion pictures, Miss Murch," he said, "but I believe you will have a better chance in romantic parts. Comedy is pretty tough. So after thinking it over, I'm getting you a place with the Murray Films. They have a nice studio and you'll like it."

"I'm not to work here any longer?" asked the beginner faintly.

"Mr. Murray wants to see you, and I told him that much as I disliked losing you, I would let you go. . . . The chances for rapid advancement are better with Murray than they would be here, so you can see I am really doing you a favor."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Day. You have been very kind to me."

Muriel telephoned her mother that another studio was after her, and at ten o'clock the following day Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. Hamp appeared to get their answer. Both were stern.

"Ordinarily," President O'Day said, "I do not permit studio employees to dictate to me, because, after all, I am supposed to run this business. When I no longer can run it right, they'll probably get a man who can. But in the interests of harmony, I shall let you have your way with regard to Miss Muriel Murch. She is going to another studio."

"When?" Gil asked.

"Today. Further, I have decided to confine my own activities to the business end of the studio from now on. George Silver is coming back to direct, and is bringing Margie Lewis with him. Work on The Park starts all over. . . . Is that satisfactory?"

"Certainly is," said the star. "We want to thank you. We never did mean to make any trouble."

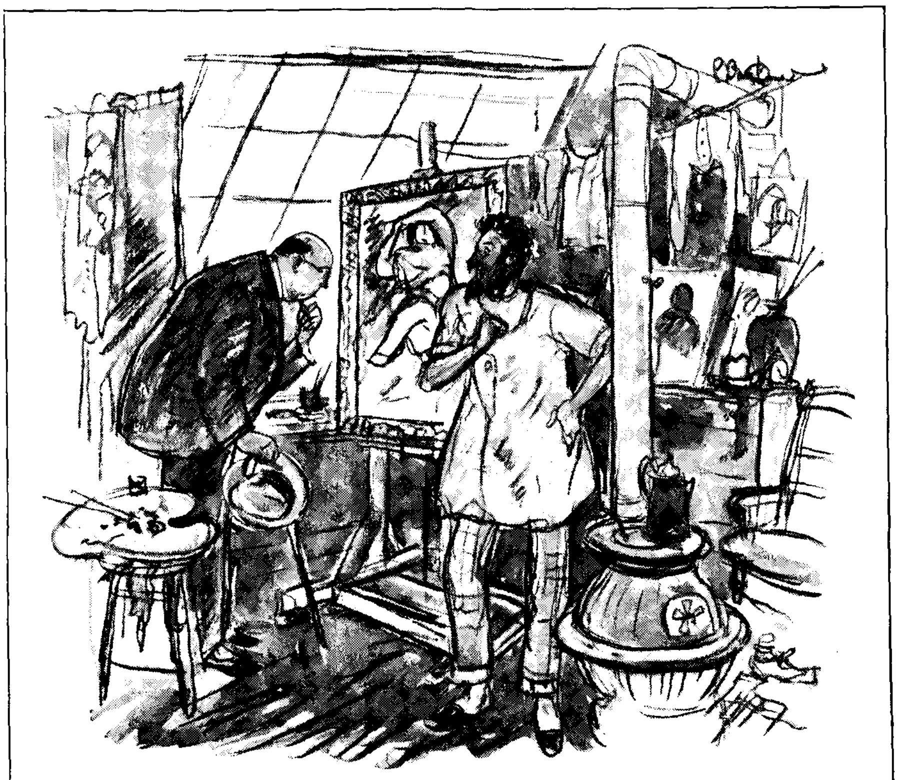
"I can see that," said O'Day calmly, and the comedians walked out into the morning sunshine, their countenances wreathed with triumphant grins.

"He can't monkey with the Gil and Shorty Comedies," chuckled the tall one, glancing down at his teammate.

"Him or nobody else," Shorty growled. "We know what we're doing."

In the presidential office, Mr. O'Day summoned his secretary.

"Take a letter," he said—and business resumed as usual.



"But the subject has only four toes."
"Four toes! Heavens, man! I'm an artist, not a statistician."

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 21

"Certainly."

"When was it decided he should be moved?"

"When I made up my mind to go to Cairo. I gave instructions for his body to be placed in this hut. . . . I am second in command, you know. Forester agreed, although he swore that life was extinct. I personally superintended the job. I locked the hut, handed the keys to Forester, and turned in, hoping for some sleep before starting for Luxor."

"Did you sleep?"

"No. I lay awake right up to the time I had to set out."

"DID anything unusual occur during the night?"

I thought hard, and then:

"Yes," I replied. "There was a queer howling of dogs. Ali Mahmoud turned out. He said the sound had not been made by dogs. But, of course he was rather strung up. We all were. We searched but found nothing."

"H'm! What time was this?"

"I am afraid I can't tell you. But some time before dawn."

"Did you open this hut?"

"No!"

"Ah!" said Weymouth, meditatively. "That was a pity. And now, Mr. Greville, there's another point I'm not clear about. You spoke of Sir Lionel's niece. Where is she and where was she at the time of the tragedy?"

I had expected the question, of course. Nevertheless I didn't quite know how to meet it. I saw Dr. Petrie regarding me curiously, and at last:

"I don't know where she is!" I replied—and recognized how strange the words must sound.

"What!" Weymouth exclaimed. "But I thought she was official photographer?"

"She is. But. . . . Well! We had a quarrel. She went across to Luxor on Tuesday at midday. I haven't seen her since!"

"Oh! I see!" said Weymouth. "Forgive me. I hadn't grasped the position. Sir Lionel knew of her absence?"

"He treated it as a joke. That was his way. She often stayed in Luxor and worked here during the day."

"Did he approve of the—understanding?"

"Yes. At least, I think so."

"I suppose, as she hasn't come back, that she doesn't know what happened?"

"I suppose so. But I am very anxious. . . ."

"Naturally." Weymouth looked suddenly grave; and then:

"Perhaps, Mr. Greville," he said, "you would ask Forester to come in?"

I opened the door and walked out in the dense shadow of the wadi.

Rima's empty tent—the tent which she occupied when she spent the night in camp—was on the slope directly ahead. Moonlight touched it at one point but the front was in shadow.

"If I am in the way" . . . I seemed to hear her voice saying again . . . "I can go—"

If she was in the way! What had she meant? I had had no chance to find out. She had gone.

I was abreast of her tent, now, and something—an empty longing, no doubt—prompted me to peep inside. As I did so, an incredible thing happened—or, rather, two incredible things.

The mournful howling of a dog arose, apparently quite close to the camp. And in the darkness of the tent something stirred!

I suppressed a cry, bent forward with outstretched arms . . . and found a slim soft body in my embrace!

Even then, I couldn't believe what was true, couldn't appreciate the nature of my capture, until:

"Shan! Shan!" came a stifled cry. "You're hurting me dreadfully!"

"Rima!" I exclaimed—and wondered if my heart or hers throbbed the more wildly.

I said not another word. Stooping, I kissed her with a desperation which probably sprang from a submerged fear that she would never give me an opportunity of kissing her again.

But, thank heaven! that doubt was groundless. She threw her arms around my neck, as the mournful howling died away, and:

"Shan," she said, "I'm terrified!"

But her kisses had given me the right to console her, and when we presently reverted to sanity:

"When did you arrive, darling?" I asked.

"I came back with Ali. He told me all about it. So, of course I had to come."

"But what made you go?"

She nestled her adorable little tousled head against me.

"I won't be scolded," she said—"although I am to blame! No, please, Shan! I truly meant what I said. I did really think I was in the way."

"In whose way?"

"If you talk to me like that I won't answer. Besides, there isn't time now. I should have come back tonight even if I had had to come alone. I have something most extraordinary to tell you. . . ."

But, now, came the sound of voices.

"I tell you it *wasn't* a dog," I heard Forester say.

"It *wasn't* either!" Rima whispered. "But you must go, Shan. I'm all right, now. Who is in the big hut?"

"Dr. Petrie and Superintendent Weymouth—"

"They were old friends . . . weren't they—"

"Yes, darling. Don't despair. It sounds absurd to say so, but they have a theory that the Chief—"

"Please tell me."

"It's hardly fair, Rima. I don't believe it, myself. But they think he may be alive!"

She clung to me very tightly and then:

"But I think so, too!" she whispered.

"DO YOU know, Greville," said Forester, "I never liked this job? Lafleur's Tomb has a bad name."

We were walking back to the hut.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you know as much as I do. Nobody has tackled it since Lafleur's time. But old Zeitland was planning to come out. . . ."

"He died recently in London."

"I know! And what about the Frenchman—"

"Do you mean Lafleur?"

"Yes, somewhere in 1908—or 1909, wasn't it? Well, I may be wrong." Forester halted just as we reached the hut. "But didn't Lafleur disappear?"

I racked my memory for some moments. Lafleur was before my time and the facts were hazy. But at last:

"Yes," I replied slowly. "I believe there was some mystery, Forester. Though oddly enough it had never occurred to me before."

"It never occurred to *me* until we made that astounding discovery tonight. Why should it? But in view of what's

(*Continued on page 70*)

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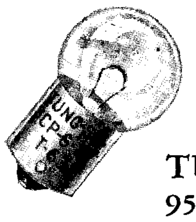

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(*Continued from page 69*)

happened, it's more than odd, don't you think?"

"We must tell Weymouth."

We went into the hut. Weymouth was sitting where I had left him, his brows still wrinkled in thought. . . . Dr. Petrie was pacing slowly up and down. As we entered, Weymouth raised his kindly blue eyes to Forester, and:

"Did you catch that dog?" he asked.

"No," said Forester, staring hard. "Did it sound like a dog to you?"

"It *wasn't* a dog," Weymouth replied simply. "This camp is being watched! Has anything occurred which might account for this signaling?"

"Yes," I broke in. "Ali Mahmoud has returned—and Rima Barton is with him."

"Ah!" Weymouth murmured. "I am glad to hear it. . . ."

"GREVILLE and I have been thinking," Forester began, when:

"One moment!" Weymouth raised his hand. "We shall get muddled. You can help me most, Forester, by letting me plod through the inquiry in my own way. I have the facts up to the time Mr. Greville left last night; now I want to know what happened afterwards."

"It's painfully simple," Forester replied. "Everything we might be likely to want was moved from here, naturally; so there was no occasion for anyone to enter the place. But deaths, of course, in the climate up here, ought to be reported and dealt with promptly."

Weymouth nodded.

"Greville got me to agree to be quiet for the present, and nobody else knew, except Ali."

"You're sure nobody else knew? What about the men?"

"They live in Kûrna. None were in camp. We removed the Chief in the darkness—didn't we, Greville?—and next morning I gave out that he had gone across to Luxor with Greville, here, and was proceeding down to Cairo. I stopped all work, of course."

"Yes, I see."

"At about dusk tonight—I should say, last night—I thought it advisable to—er—inspect the body."

"Quite!"

"I opened the door, looked in, and . . . the hut was as you see it now!"

"What about the blanket?"

"The blanket had disappeared as well as the body."

"You're sure the door was locked?"

"Perfectly sure. I *un*locked it."

"The window?"

"Fastened on the inside, as you found it."

"Thank you," said Weymouth quietly.

He stared across at Dr. Petrie and there was a silence of some seconds' duration, a very odd silence, in which I sensed a mental communion going on between these two men, based upon some common knowledge which Forester and I didn't share. But at last it was broken by Dr. Petrie.

"Strangely like *his* handiwork!"

I began to be a bit ruffled. I thought the time had come for pooling the known facts. Indeed I was about to say so, when Weymouth spoke again:

"Was there anyone in the habit of visiting this camp?"

"No," said Forester. "The Chief wouldn't allow a soul past the barriers." He stared across at me. "I except Madame Ingomar," he added. "But Greville can tell you more about the lady than I can."

"Why do you say that?" I cried.

"Evidently because he thinks so," said Weymouth in a stern voice. "This is no time, gentlemen, for personal matters. You are assisting at an official inquiry."

"I am sorry," Forester replied. "My remark was quite out of place. The truth is, Superintendent, that neither Greville nor I know very much about Madame Ingomar. But she seemed to favor Greville's society, and we used to pull his leg about it. . . ."

MY THOUGHTS began to stray again. Had I been blind? And where I had been blind had Rima seen?

"Who is this woman?"

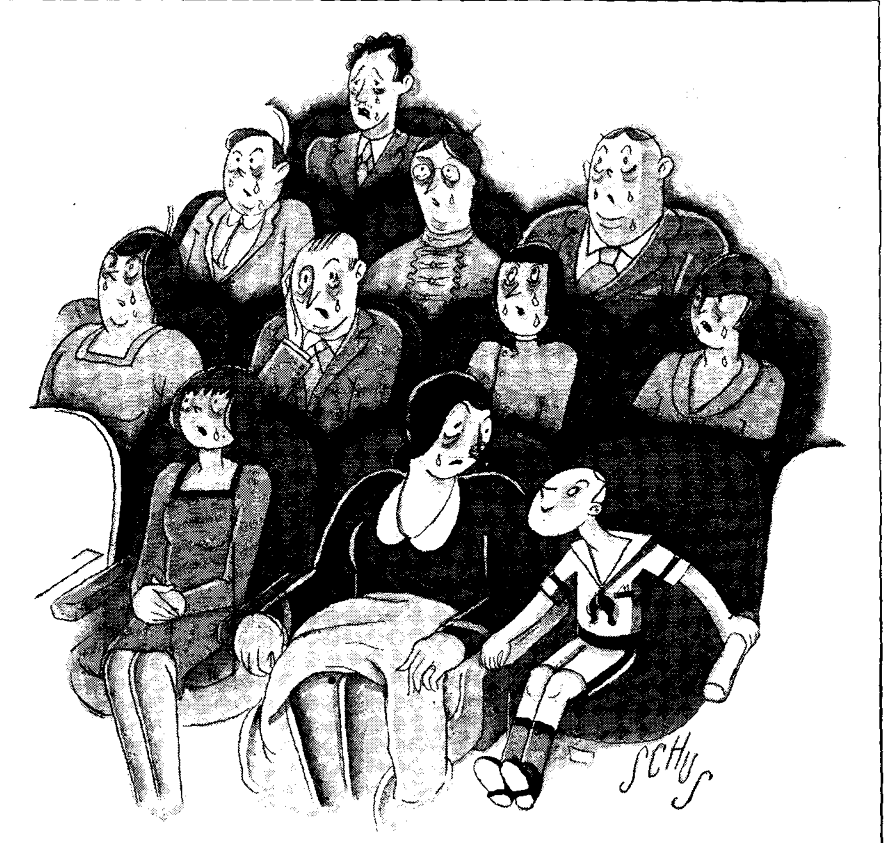
Weymouth's tense query brought me back to the job in hand.

Forester laughed dryly, and:

"A question I have often put to Greville," he replied, "but which I know he was no more able to answer than anyone else, except the Chief."

"Oh! I see. A friend of Sir Lionel's?"

I nodded. Weymouth was staring in my direction.



"Kin I blow my nose now, Mom? Everybody'll think I'm cryin'."

“What nationality?”

I shook my head blankly.

“I always said Hungarian,” Forester declared. “Simply because of her name. Greville thought she was Japanese.”

“Japanese!” Dr. Petrie rapped the word out with startled suddenness. “Why Japanese?”

“Well,” said Forester, “it wasn't an unreasonable guess, because her eyes *did* slant slightly.”

WEYMOUTH exchanged a rapid glance with Dr. Petrie, and stood up.

“An attractive woman—young?” he challenged—for the words were spoken almost like a challenge.

“Undoubtedly,” I replied. “Smart, cultured, and evidently well-to-do.”

“Dark?”

“Very.”

“What color eyes?”

“Jade green,” said Forester.

Again I detected a rapid exchange of glances between Petrie and Weymouth.

“Tall?” asked the former.

“Yes, unusually tall.”

“An old friend of Sir Lionel's?”

“We were given to understand,” said Forester, “that she was the widow of a certain Dr. Ingomar whom the Chief knew well at one time.”

“Was she staying at one of the Luxor hotels?” Weymouth asked.

“I'm afraid I can't tell you,” I replied. “She wasn't staying at the Winter Palace.”

“You mean neither of you know. Does Miss Barton know?”

“I have never asked her.”

“When was she last here?”

“On Monday,” Forester answered promptly—“the day the Chief switched quarters around and put up the barricade.”

“But did Sir Lionel never speak of her?” asked Dr. Petrie.

“No,” I said. “He was a man who gave few confidences, as you are aware.”

“Was there any suggestion of intimacy between them?” Weymouth was the speaker. “Did Sir Lionel show any jealousy, for instance?”

“Not that I ever noticed,” Forester replied. “He treated her as he treated everybody—with good-humored tolerance! After all, the Chief must have said good-by to sixty, Weymouth!”

“Stranger things have happened,” Petrie commented dryly. “I think, Weymouth, our next step is to establish the identity of this Madame Ingomar. Do you agree with me?”

“I do,” said Weymouth, “absolutely—” and his expression had grown very grim.

He stared from me to Forester and:

“You're both getting annoyed,” he said; “I can see it. You know that the doctor, here, and I have a theory which we haven't shared with you. Very well, you shall know the facts. Ask Miss Barton to join us, and arm Ali Mahmoud. Tell him to mount guard and shoot anything he sees moving!”

“What on earth does this mean?” Forester demanded.

“It means,” said Petrie, “that we are dealing with agents of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .”

WHEN the story was told, the story which Weymouth unfolded in the hut in the wadi, whilst I can't answer for Forester, personally I was amazed beyond belief.

Rima's sweet face, where she sat half in shadow, was a fascinating study. She had ridden up from Kûrna with Ali Mahmoud. In the tent, when I had found her in my arms, she had worn a riding kit; but now she had changed into a simple frock and had even made some attempt to straighten the tangle of her windblown hair. The night ride had whipped a wild color in her tanned cheeks; her grave Irish eyes seemed even brighter than usual as she listened spellbound.

Some of the things Weymouth spoke of aroused echoes in my memory. I had been too young at the time to associate these events one with another. But I remembered having heard of them. I was considering the advantages of a legal calling when the war disturbed my promising career. The doings of this great and evil man, some of whose history I learned that morning, had reached me merely as rumors in the midst of altogether more personal business.

But now I grasped the fact that, if these two clever and experienced men were correct in their theories, a veritable plague was about to be loosed upon the world.

Dr. Fu Manchu!

“Sir Lionel and I,” said Dr. Petrie, “and Nayland Smith, were last of those on this side of the angels to see him alive. It's possible he survived, but I am not prepared to believe it. What I am prepared to believe is that *someone else* may be carrying on his work. What was a dacoit—probably a Burman—a professional robber and murderer, doing in the courtyard of my house in Cairo last night? We know now, Greville, he was following *you*. But the cry points to an accomplice. He was not alone! The old net, Weymouth”—he turned to the latter—“closing round us again! Then—this camp is watched.”

“I HAVE said it before,” Weymouth declared, “but I'll say it again: if only Nayland Smith could join us!”

“You refer of course to Sir Denis Nayland Smith,” said Forester, “one of the assistant commissioners at Scotland Yard? I know people who know him. Used to be a police official in Burma?”

“He did,” Petrie replied. “He also saved the British Empire, by the way. But if we have many unknown enemies, we have at least one unknown friend.”

“Who is that?” I asked.

“The well-informed stranger,” Petrie replied, “who wired me in Cairo—and who wired Weymouth! Whoever he may be, he takes no chances. Dr. Fu Manchu was master of a method for inducing artificial catalepsy. It was one of the most dangerous weapons in his armory. I alone, I believe, possess a drop of the antidote. The man who sent that telegram knew this!”

“So much for unknown friends,” said Weymouth. “As to unknown enemies, either you have a dacoit amongst your workmen, or there was a stranger in camp last night!”

“You've found a clue!” Rima cried.

“I have, Miss Barton! There's only one fact of which I have to make sure. If I am wrong in that, maybe all my theory falls down.”

“What's the fact?” Forester asked, with an eagerness which told how deeply he was impressed.

“It's this,” said Weymouth. He fixed a penetrating gaze upon us. “Was Sir Lionel completely undressed when you found him?”

“No,” I replied promptly. “It was arranged that we all turn out at four to work on the job.”

“Then he was fully dressed?”

“Not fully.”

“Did he carry the key of this hut?”

“He carried all the keys on a chain.”

“Was this chain on him when you found him?”

“Yes.”

“Did you detach it?”

“No. We laid him here as we found him.”

“Partially dressed?”

“Yes.”

Weymouth slowly crossed to the mummy-case at one end of the hut. The

(*Continued on page 72*)

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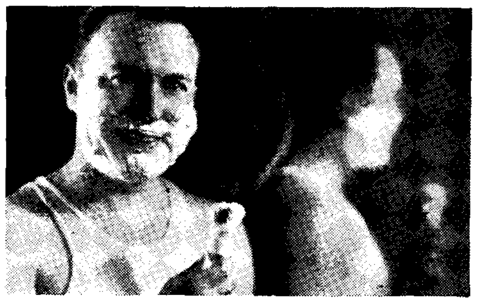

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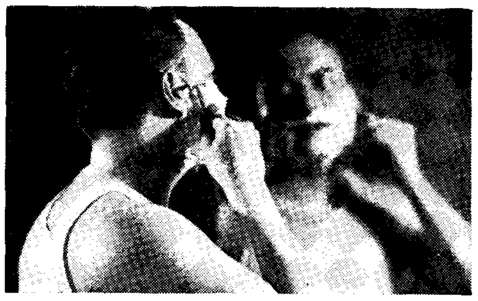

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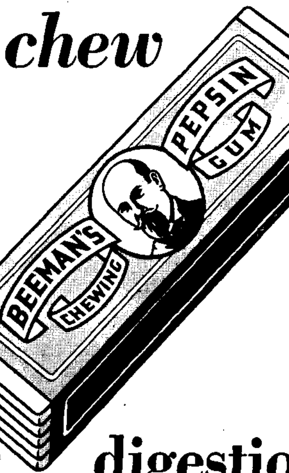

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(*Continued from page 71*)

lid was detached and leant against the wall beside the case.

"Both you, Greville," he went on, "and Forester were present when Sir Lionel's body was brought in here?"

"Ali and I carried him," Forester returned shortly. "Greville supervised."

"Did Ali leave when you left?"

"He did."

"Good," Weymouth went on quietly. "But I am prepared to swear that not one of you looked into the recess behind this sarcophagus lid."

I stared blankly at Forester. He shook his head.

"We never even thought of it," he confessed.

"Naturally enough," said Weymouth. "See what I found there."

A LAMP hung above the long table; and now, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, and opening the paper under the lamp, the Superintendent exposed a reddish, fibrous mass. Rima sprang forward and with Forester and myself bent eagerly over it. Petrie watched.

"It looks to me like a wad of tobacco," said Forester, "chewed by someone whose gums were bleeding!"

Petrie bent between us and placed a lens upon the table.

"I have examined it," he said. "Give me your opinion, Mr. Forester. As a physician you may recognize it."

Forester looked, and we all watched him in silence. I remember that I had heard Ali Mahmoud coughing out in the wadi, and realized that he was keeping as close to human companionship as his sentry duties permitted.

Shrugging, Forester passed the glass to me. I peered in turn, but almost immediately laid the glass down.

Petrie looked at Forester; but:

"Out of my depth!" the latter declared. "It's vegetable; but if it's something tropical I plead ignorance."

"It *is* something tropical," said Petrie. "It's betel nut."

Weymouth intruded quietly, and:

"Someone who chewed betel nut," he explained, "was hiding behind that sarcophagus lid when you brought Sir Lionel's body into this hut. Now, I'm prepared to hear that before that the door was unlocked?"

"You're right," I admitted, "it was. We locked it after his body had been placed here."

"As I thought!"

Weymouth paused; then:

"Someone who chewed betel nut," he went on, "must have been listening outside Sir Lionel's tent when you decided to move his body to this hut. He anticipated you, concealed himself, and, at some suitable time later, with the key which Sir Lionel carried on his chain, he unlocked the door and removed the body!"

"I entirely agree," said Forester, staring very hard. "And I compliment you heartily. But—betel nut?"

"Perfectly simple," Petrie replied. "Many dacoits chew betel nut."

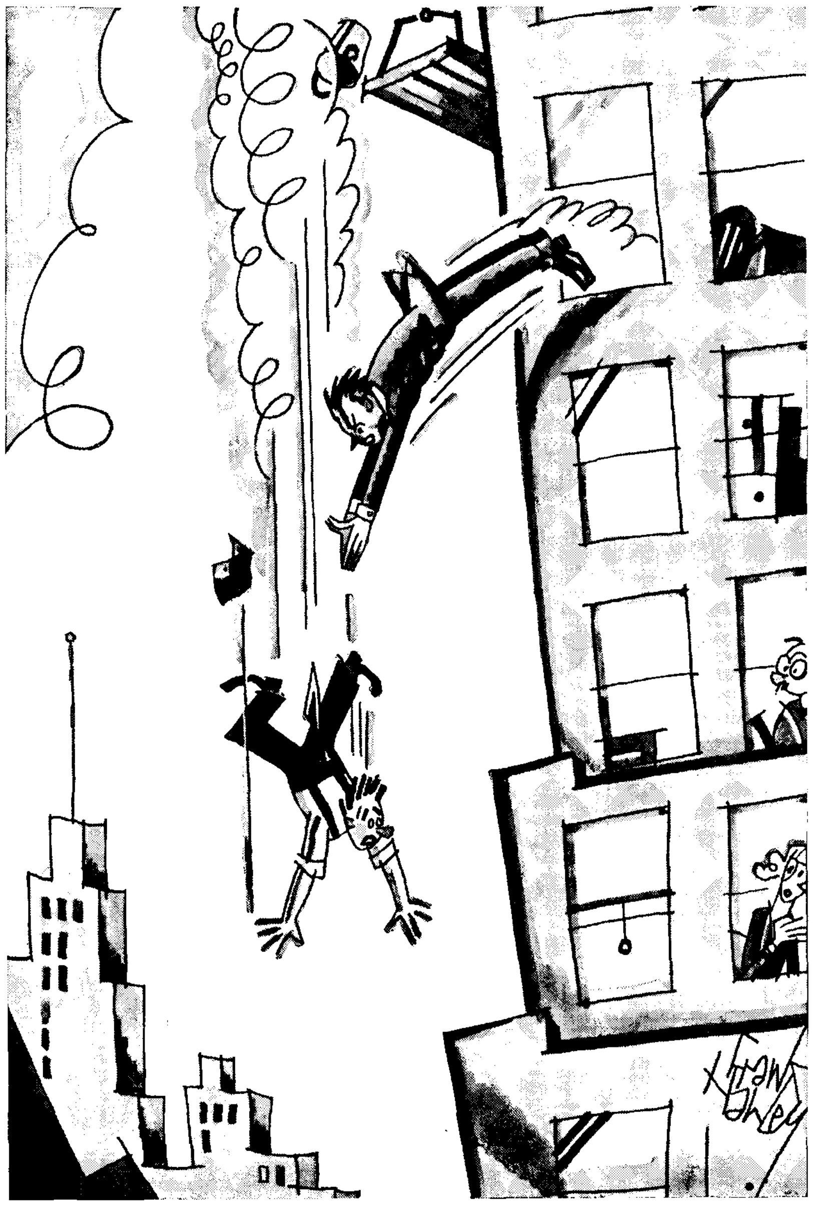
At which moment, unexpectedly:

"Perhaps," came Rima's quiet voice, "I can show you the man!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"I think I may have his photograph . . . and the photograph of *someone else!*"

(*To be continued next week*)



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Hot Money

Continued from page 25

Easy in—easy out. On this racket you gotta spend your dough fast. Can't hang onto it. It's dangerous. It burns. So you toss it away in a nice, quiet gambling joint, a protected place where you know there ain't any cops buzzing around because if there was the joint wouldn't be running. You can hide away safely in places like that.

Where the Crowd Meets

"These joints are all over in big and little towns from Maine to California and Duluth to New Orleans. They're the curtained joints with heavy doors and barred windows. When a guy on the make spots one he knows the town's safe for him. There's hundreds of 'em in Chicago—that's why it's a soft spot for the mobs.

"The gamblers like to have you around. They like customers that'll toss off one big roll, grab a gat and go around the corner and get a fresh one. Gamblers would starve to death on piker play, so they make things comfortable for you.

"Then you meet up with other guys on the same racket; you get the inside lay of the land, meet the politicians and the crooked lawyers—good guys to know in a pinch. It's a meeting place for the crowd, handy like a club. Organization headquarters—that's what it is. Saves room rent too. You can flop in the chairs like I done many a time when the cops were after me. You just naturally head for a joint like that.

"S'pose I dash in from a job with $20,000 in my kick? Right away it gets noised around the gangs that know me that I've got a new bankroll. The mobs are all broke. They pull a job tonight and tomorrow the dough's gone. It's that way with me, and the same with all the rest.

"Here I am with plenty dough. They come to me for a touch all hopped up to hear I made a good haul. Little bright eyes. They asks for a grand, two grand, maybe only five hundred bucks. I can't refuse 'em. They knowing, too, where the dough came from. It's a shakedown. I hand over the dough to keep 'em from spillin' to the coppers.

"So a wise gent, instead of feedin' a lot of lazy leeches, takes his roll quick to a gambling joint—and down the sewer it goes. But get this: At the same time you've got a hide-away, safe from the cops, and, as I said, you can flop free in a chair or go out and grab another bankroll. See?

"Once in a great while, when you're in a spot where there ain't no professional joint, you fix up a game among the mob. But that ain't so good. In the first place you haven't got no guaranteed protection and in the next place a high-powered mob around a table is sure to scrap. There's a battle and a bunch of soreheads, maybe some fireworks, and you're in a jam and you land in the stir. The big guys don't fall for the private game."

"You've had the big breaks—wins?" I inquired.

"Winnings!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Who ever heard of a bird in this game making winnings that amounted to anything? Naw! In this racket you stack up against crooked games. Gamblers ain't suckers. They know where your dough comes from, so they fix the games against you. And even if you find out the layout's crooked what you gonna do about it? Squeal on the gambler? Who you gonna squeal to? A cop that's lookin' for you? What a swell racket that'd be! The best you can do to square with the gambler is to stick him up. I'll tell you one about that, too."

He caught a deep breath and smiled.

"I had a fresh roll from a pay-roll stick-up in 'Frisco," he explained, "and I took it into a joint and plunged it in an hour at craps. The dice were loaded; heavy as an ore boat on Lake Erie. I got wise to that and stuck up the proprietor of the joint and got my roll back, and skipped to Los Angeles.

"I was nabbed in the first gambling joint I hit—out of a clear sky. Not for the Frisco gambling job but for the pay-roll stunt. Not funny either. The 'Frisco gambler couldn't get me by squealing on the job I pulled in his joint. That woulda uncovered him. But he knew where the jack I had came from, so he tipped the Los Angeles gambler—these gamblers stick together—and that guy tipped the police.

"I got a mouthpiece that was also the lawyer for the gamblers. I told him where my five thousand bucks was cached. He went and got it, kept a grand for himself and shipped back four thousand to the 'Frisco gambler. And I got a jolt in San Quentin out of it. You can't beat that."

And yet the police of thirty cities will tell you that Wabash Tommy is one of the cleverest operators in the country, and the crooks will rave to you about his great success.

The "big break" came a month after I saw Tommy in St. Paul. He tried a stick-up in Detroit, grabbed a six-figured pay roll, and was caught in a gambling joint—broke. He got life under the new Michigan habitual criminal law.

Just Average

Wabash Tommy is no freak of gangland. He's of the average run of gunmen, with the same twisted viewpoint and instincts, built in the same pattern out of which come the hordes of younger men, the sheiks, cry-baby bandits, radio burglars, matinée sneaks and pineapple tossers as well as the professional forgers, con men and pickpockets; the seasoned tricksters of crookdom, who steal the billions that swell today's crime losses, and pour the loot down the sewers of Easy Money Street.

Less than five per cent of all the stolen money is ever recovered. If it is traced to a gambler he never gives it up. Stolen money, unless it is specially marked, is unidentifiable, for the word of a gambler is weightier than the tale of a gunman.

Once in a great while a gambler is convicted for knowingly accepting the money of a thief. Such a rarity occurred in Chicago when a judge sentenced two gamblers to prison for guilty knowledge that the money played across their tables by two embezzlers was stolen from a bank. This action establishes a precedent and, like other precedents, is good if enforced.

The Candy Kid bandit, Whittemore, in three weeks pulled hold-ups that netted him $250,000. In two years he is reputed to have stolen $2,500,000. He died on the scaffold of a Baltimore prison, leaving behind two pairs of worn patent leather shoes, a prison suit, some shirts and trinkets valued at $325.

He wore good clothes, but they were stolen. At least $2,000,000, according to his own statements, went to the gamblers. He finally was arrested because his lavish display of money in a night club aroused suspicion and envy.

Next to the bandit the professional

(*Continued on page 74*)

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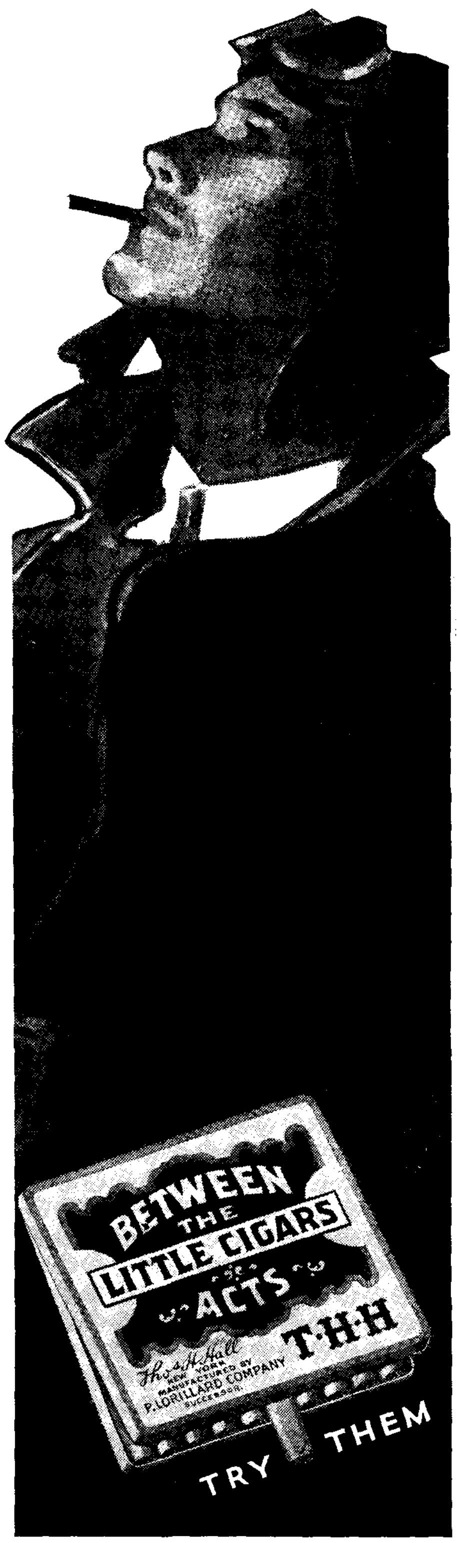
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PACKER'S Tar Soap

(*Continued from page 73*)

forger is the biggest operator in crookdom. He's not the gangster type but a trickster and rated as more intelligent.

Checking back on the histories of two hundred professional forgers jailed during the last five years, the *same fact* came to light. They had tricked their way to $5,000,000 and ninety per cent of it, according to their own accounts, fattened gamblers' pockets here, there and everywhere.

Earmarks of the Amateur

Embezzlers are classified as first offenders, amateurs in crime. Amateurs or not, their money goes the way of all "hot coin." The following item is from court records: Two young tellers in an Eastern bank robbed their employer of $85,000 in less than a month. All of it went to one gambler. They began playing two-dollar bets on the ponies and used their own money. The gambler, knowing they worked in a bank, encouraged them to pile up an account of $5,000 with him. They stole their first loot to pay this off and wanted to quit. But the bookie told them if they did he'd tip off their boss. So to keep him quiet and hold their jobs, they sunk $85,000 with him. They are in jail. The bookie was last heard of in Tia Juana dusting around in a limousine.

What happens to organized crime and professional criminals when the police clamp down the lid on commercialized gambling? Does crime drop? It should if the records of Tommy and the others just quoted point in the right direction.

The answer is found in the experience of former Police Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, who headed the New York Police Department for a year. At the height of an unprecedented crime wave in the big town Al Smith loaned McLaughlin to the city administration to clean up the crime hotbeds. This was at the beginning of 1926 when bandits were terrorizing the city and citizens and policemen were being slain every week. McLaughlin is both a lawyer and an expert accountant and was state superintendent of banks when Smith asked him to take the crime wave in hand.

McLaughlin began studying facts and figures on the crime situation. He read thousands of reports which filtered into his office daily from 15,000 policemen. He discovered that hold-up men were averaging about $500,000 in hold-ups; that invariably the mobs that got this swag one day were also busy next day. Why, he asked, with so much coin in their hands one day, did they have to go back on the racket next day? What was happening to the bankrolls?

The head of a large police department gets thousands of letters, anonymous and otherwise. Most of those that reached McLaughlin were from wives, mothers and sisters of men who were gambling their earnings away in clubs and joints which the police department's special service division reports asserted did not exist. The commissioner counted 15,000 joints that were tipped off by the letter writers.

There was a slip-up somewhere. McLaughlin indicated that he knew who had slipped up by disbanding the special service division and ordering the men back into harness and out onto the pavements. He put the responsibility for gambling up to the district inspectors, old-timers holding high police offices, who preferred to act rather than lose their jobs and the promise of a fat pension at retirement—if their records were clean.

Police battering rams banged away at gambling joints all over town. Patrol wagons carried hundreds of gamblers and their patrons into district prisons. The wise gamblers shipped their paraphernalia out of town and followed it on the first train. District politicians who ran gambling joints under the guise of political and social clubs balked, thinking their power greater than McLaughlin's.

He arrested some of the stubborn leaders. In the private safe of one political club he found records to show that the club's income from gambling was $70,000 a month, and $40,000 of this was clear velvet.

During McLaughlin's first year in office he caused the arrest of 10,000 more gamblers than had been arrested the year before and treble the number ever arrested in the history of the department. During the *first* quarter, when the gambling clean-up started, there was a twelve per cent reduction in violent crime. In the next quarter a fifteen per cent decrease was noted. The backbone of the crime wave was breaking.

In July, the beginning of the third quarter, new crime laws, championed by McLaughlin, became effective. These laws provided life sentences for habitual felons, denied them bail and increased penalties for crimes committed with guns.

Two-time losers and other offenders with past records faced a dilemma. They couldn't hide away in protected gambling joints because those were closed. They couldn't linger on the streets and risk being picked up and tried under the severe new laws. Many were picked up and sent away for life or long terms. There was a sudden exodus of known crooks. Also the revenue that crooked cops and politicians were getting for gambling-joint protection was suddenly choked off.

In this quarter crime in New York City dropped off forty-five per cent! During the next and last quarter it was reduced sixty-five per cent!

Turn now to Chicago, when the peak of the most serious crime wave in the city's history was reached. A million-dollar mail-train stick-up in daylight . . . gang feuds . . . gang murders . . . pineapple tossings . . . blackmail rackets . . . machine-gun bandits . . . brazen defiance of the law . . . gang domination of the elections.

The Cost of Crime

Here's a quick index to what crime costs business in Chicago—in addition to the loot taken by the thieves: Insurance against fur and silk robberies in March, 1920, was $42 per $1,000. During the crime wave it rose to $100 per $1,000. Jewelers paid $10 per $1,000 for hold-up insurance in March, 1920. The crime wave brought it up to $100.

And here's the other half of the picture—gambling in Chicago.

On one day when gangland was unloading its pineapples on politicians' doorsteps 260 professional, protected gambling houses were in operation. The daily play in them was estimated at $3,500,000.

Vice-investigating agencies reported that there were at least 600 wide-open gambling places in the town. They were springing up so fast that in some sections of the city they were crowding out drug, grocery and candy stores, and butcher shops. Many of the joints were openly operated by politicians. One of the largest was owned by a candidate for an important job in one of the highest Chicago courts.

Who were patronizing the joints? Newspaper reporters, vice committee agents, post office inspectors described the players. They were gunmen, exconvicts, beer and alky racketeers, gangsters, political fixers and the high hats and *hoi polloi* of Easy Money Street. That's where "hot money" goes.

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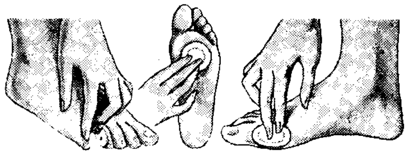

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Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 19

"I won't do it, Mother."

"Why not?"

"Why should I encourage people to do what I have no intention of doing myself?"

"You? You're going back soon—"

"No. I've burnt my uniform and given my kit away. I have finished with the war for good."

There, it is out at last.

Mother rises, the committee papers dropping on the floor, fluttering about her feet like large, dismayed butterflies.

"You have what?" she gasps.

"I have left the convoy. I am not on leave."

It Isn't Done

She glares at me, resentful, unbelieving. It is a bitter blow to her pride. For a whole minute she glares, then gathers up her papers slowly.

I might as well get it over.

"I have finished; I am not having anything to do with the war in future. I hate war. I disapprove of the whole principle of licensed killing." I am about to tell her I am afraid, a rank coward, when she bursts into a torrent of words:

"Are you mad? What will Aunt Helen say? She has just made you her heiress. She is one of our most ardent recruiters. She will never forgive you, never. And your father, chosen to respond to 'Our War Girls' at his club's annual dinner next week because of you and Trix—what will he say?"

I have finished. There is no argument.

"I think it's the most disgraceful thing I've ever encountered," says Mother, "you, a young, strong woman determined to slack at home instead of doing your bit, shaming your mother before everybody, your own mother, who is working night and day until she is nearly dropping. Any of these people at the recruiting meetings can stand up and say: 'And what about your own family?' That's going to be nice for me, isn't it? Surely you can at least get a cushy job in England if you won't go back to France?"

"Neither England nor France."

She tries a touch of pathos:

"We were so proud, Daddy and I, of our two war girls. Every night we used to put your photographs on the dining-room table and tears would come to our eyes—"

"Yes, while Trix and I were doing the dirty work you wept comfortably over your comfortable dinner-table"—no, I will not say it aloud.

"I don't believe in war. I think it's vile and wrong, Mother. It's a chemist's war. There's nothing decent in it. Men are being killed by men miles away they've never seen—"

"Wrong? How can it be wrong? The Freedom of the World was threatened—"

What's the use? The clap-trap of the recruiting platform. . . .

"I am a coward, Mother." I lean forward and catch her hand to try to make her understand. "Mother, you don't know what it's like out there driving those ambulances full of torn men—torn to bits with shrapnel—sometimes they die on the way—"

She pulls herself away. "At least they have died doing their duty," she says. "If only I had a son to give to the country I would gladly see him torn and bleeding, gladly. And so would any English mother who loves her country as I do."

She goes out weeping.

Aunt Helen is the first to attack me. She refuses to credit anything so utterly absurd as the tale Mother has told her.

I say nothing.

Firstly, Mother informs her I am opposed to war on principle. Well, quite right, we are all opposed to war on principle, but we must stand by our country just the same.

It takes the best part of an hour to convince Aunt Helen there will be no resumption of war service. Then she hurls her last bomb:

"Unless you return to France I alter my will tomorrow."

I smile.

Furious, she rises. "Your conduct is outrageous, degrading." She stalks out, white with anger at her failure. The human sacrifice has gone on strike and Aunt is unaccustomed to human sacrifices going on strike.

Next comes Father—angry with me but hating what Mother is making him do. I feel sorry for him. My allowance is to be stopped until I come to my senses. I don't mind. I tell him if the worst comes to the worst I can always be a charwoman. I have had plenty of experience in the convoy. But I will not do any more war service.

Dinner with Roy

Roy has come home on leave unexpectedly. I was not told he was dining with us. I met him by accident in the hall—a tall, grown-up Roy I hardly knew.

"Nell!"

He told me I'd grown awfully pretty. I hadn't, but I liked him to say so. All through dinner we kept watching each other, he was so inconceivably changed—and I—

"He's got seven days," Mrs. Evans-Mawnington kept saying, "but he's dying to get back, bad boy."

I caught Roy's eye understandingly and we both grinned.

"Nellie's got *indefinite* sick leave," said Mother, "she *hates* it."

Roy and I grinned again.

"I wish you'd do a theater tomorrow, Nell," said Roy.

I accepted promptly in spite of Mother's warning glances.

Queer that I should be so thrilled at the prospect of going out with Roy, whom I have known all these years.

Queer sitting in a pink-shaded restaurant alone with Roy.

Queerer still catching my breath because he looks at me instead of choosing dinner, to the waiter's irritation.

Queerer even to have him fussing—can I eat this, that and the other, am I well enough to have an ice—

"I'm not ill, Roy, not physically anyhow. I'm war sick. I'm fed up with the whole business, scared to death. Mother's ashamed of me, bitterly, that's why she's telling people I'm ill."

He understands as I knew he would. Of course Roy would be the only one to understand.

"Aren't the parents bloodthirsty? The way I've got to pretend I'm the little hero, Nell. I had a month in the trenches before I got that Blighty fracture, and I'd do anything on God's earth rather than go back. The wires I pulled to get this base job, I can tell you, you understand—"

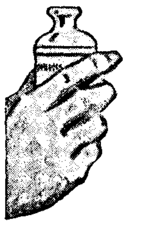
"I understand, Roy."

"In the home circle I hate being out of things, all that muck—Mother dying for me to get decorations, V. C.'s

(*Continued on page 76*)

DOUBLE QUICK RELIEF
WHEN PAIN STRIKES

BET-U-LOL



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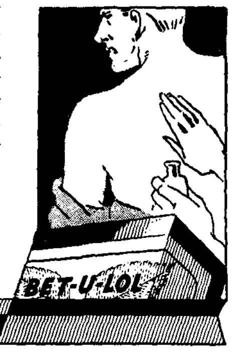

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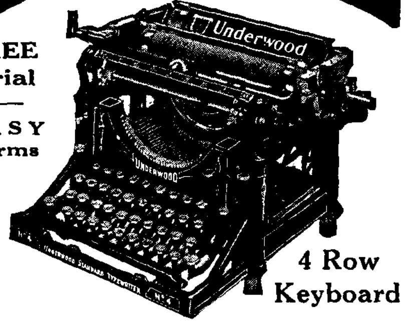

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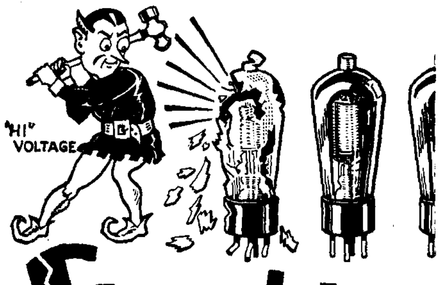

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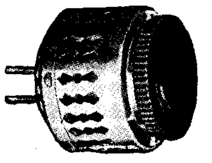

WIRT COMPANY
5221 Greene St. Philadelphia, Pa.

(*Continued from page 75*)

and things—sometimes I fancy she'd rather have them than me. The V. C.? When my stomach turns over with fright every time I hear a shot fired. I can tell you this, Nell, can't I?"

"You can tell me, Roy."

I tell him something of the convoy—how good to tell Roy, who understands. He holds my hand while I am talking. A silence falls between us. He taps a fork abstractedly.

"Would it matter two damns to you if I was shot to blazes, Nell?"

The waiter comes back, takes an order, goes again.

"Would it?"

Would it? Roy one of my maimed procession—dear God, no.

The Peaceful Future

The theater is jolly, a revue, lights, music, fun, pretty girls, but to us it's merely a background. We sit in the shadow of our box and whisper, Roy with his arm across the back of my chair, now and again caressing my ears, rubbing his hand up and down my short hair—"kid's hair," he calls it.

Queer to have Roy, suddenly grown up, smoothing up and down the back of my head, caressing my ears, calling my hair "kid's hair."

He asks me something, I hold my face up to reply, and he kisses me, shyly, half-afraid, gently.

Queer to be kissed by Roy—our lips resting gently together in the half-light while someone sings a ragtime song.

"You don't mind, Nell? I love you. I expect I've always loved you, only I didn't know till you came down the stairs last night in that summery thing covered with flowers. I wish you loved me, Nell."

Roy wishing I loved him—

But I do. Of *course* I do. I've always loved Roy. Queer that I've just discovered it. Whom else should I love but Roy? Oh, the infinite peace of loving Roy, like a ship coming into harbor after a stormy voyage. Tears roll down my cheeks—he comforts me, puzzled that I cannot tell him why they are there because I do not know myself.

In the taxi going home he begs me to marry him quickly, but I cannot, it is all too sudden. After the war, yes, but not now. I will be engaged to him—

"Oh, Nell, you do love me, don't you?"

I do. I do. I love him—Roy, I have squabbled with and romped with; Roy, grown up and sunburned and suddenly a man.

"I do love you, Roy."

God, how happy I am.

"I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm happy!"

How adorable he is, this grown-up Roy. He holds me protectingly and my head tucks into his khaki shoulder as he paints our peaceful future when this mess of war has been cleared up. A little cottage in the country somewhere, an old-fashioned oak-beamed affair brought up to date, a crazy pavement leading to the little green front door—"It must be green, Nell; I'll paint it myself, jolly handy with a paint brush I am"—a big brass knocker—lupines and roses and sweet peas and high marguerites in the garden—a smooth green lawn—"I'll roll it myself to keep in condition; can't you see me on a hot summer afternoon puffing and blowing?"—inside, cool rooms with lattice windows—"You'll have the furnishing of those, Nell."

"Green-leaved chintz," I stipulate, "I know the very place they sell it, only one shop in town does, and a white piano; once I saw a white piano in a cottage and it was just right; I'll build a whole room round that white piano—"

He gives me the white piano. We furnish downstairs, then upstairs, the bedrooms, our bedroom, a big one with a dressing-room each, says Roy.

"This is a cottage, Mr. Evans-Mawnington, not Buckingham Palace. If we each have a dressing-room where is the nursery going? I suppose we do have a nursery?"

We deliberate with mock gravity the important point, then Roy says we must consider the garden. "For what cottage garden is ever complete without a perambulator on the lawn?" he demands. "But," he adds, "into the kitchen garden he goes quick if he yells."

"He? You mean she," I argue.

We compromise on one of each. Oh, the fun and peace and cleanness of the life we plan after the war, Roy and I. Oh, the sweetness of the playmate I have surprisingly found I love. Happy, happy taxi-ride that winds up in finding ourselves at Father's doorstep before we realize we have left central London behind.

At last the romance ends on a note of farce. Father comes to the door. It is long after midnight and time all decent people were in bed, he says tersely.

"Just like a comic paper," whispers Roy.

We go into fits of laughter, to Father's annoyance. Am I or am I not coming in? I am. What would happen if I refused?

"Good night," says Roy formally, "I'll telephone you about that matter we were discussing in the morning."

"Yes, do," I reply. "Good night."

Father bangs the door—puts up the chain—I run upstairs.

My face in the mirror is flushed, happy, laughing.

How lovely life has become all of a sudden, how lovely.

"God, I'm happy, I'm happy."

For the first time my ghostly procession does not parade in the early hours before the dawn.

"You're wanted on the phone, Miss Nellie."

I sit up with a jerk. Eight o'clock. Who on earth is indecent enough to telephone at this ungodly hour? Not Roy—

Roy went to France last night—

I refuse to think of Roy and France. Eyes half-closed I stumble out of bed, downstairs—why can't Father have the telephone put in a decent place—

"Hello?"

"Is Miss Helen Smith speaking?" A woman's voice, husky and unknown to me.

"Yes, speaking."

The Voice of Tragedy

"Prepare for a shock and don't say my name at the other end. Ready?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"Trix speaking. Quiet now, Sis. I'm in England on leave and I don't want the family to know. Got that?"

Trix in England—

"Yes."

"Sis, something awful has happened. I must see you at once—will you take the address—I'll wait in all morning for you. You won't fail me, will you?"

Fail you, Trix? Fail you, the little sister I love?

"Tell me the address and I'll come."

She tells me.

"I'll be there in an hour or two."

"I shan't go out till you come." She cuts off abruptly.

Trix home on leave. Trix home secretly. "I don't want the family to know."

I go slowly into the bathroom and light the geyser.

All the noises of the world have stopped except for Trix's voice sobbing, terrified, rising in hysterical cadences, falling into tear-choked inaudibilities—

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"A hundred pounds—you'll get it for me, Sis. Sunny gave me the address—quite safe, she says—"

All the noises of the world faded into uncanny silence—the clang-bang-rattle of the trams, the newsboy's raucous shout—"Latest Cazz-yew-allit-ees," the honk-honk of the taxicabs—all hushed as though listening to Trix—

"Rotten mess—just my luck—others can play merry hell and nothing happens—Sis, I swear it isn't dangerous or anything, you needn't be afraid of anything happening to me—you're the only one I've got to turn to; don't look like that, Sis—"

Her Last Hope

All the noises in the world stopped while Trix weeps helplessly like a forlorn baby, heartbroken, waiting for me to speak.

What can I say? What can I do?

"Sis, you'll get the money for me?"

"Trix, don't ask me. I haven't anywhere to get it, and even if I had—"

She springs to her feet, her eyes mad, words tumbling out of her mouth, no longer a forlorn baby, but a desperate woman.

"Listen, I nearly ended the whole thing crossing over. I prayed for a torpedo and when it didn't come I nearly chucked myself over the side. If you hadn't been at this end I would have gone overboard and finished it—you at this end saved me. 'Don't be an ass, Sis'll save you; don't be an ass, Sis'll save you'—I told myself that over and over again. If you turn me down I'll chuck myself in the Thames; it's quite the conventional thing to do, isn't it—" She laughs—

"Trix, for God's sake—"

"I will, I will, can't you see I'm nearly off my head? For nearly five months I've been slowly going mad and one night I plucked up courage and told Sunny, and she gave me this address—I've got a chance this way to start all over again—"

I sink to the couch, a red velvet couch with a worn seat. The springs have gone in two places, I notice. I feel as though I have been hit by an ice wave—too numb to recover my breath—floating out to sea—

Sis calms herself in a few minutes, weeping again, pleading—my little sister whom I have never seen weeping in my life—my laughing little sister—

"Sis, get it for me, get it for me—all my life I'll be grateful; get it for me—"

What shall I do? What am I to do? Three or four pounds in the bank at the most—yesterday I spent eight guineas on a new coat to see Roy off to France—last night, was it only last night Roy went back?—silk stockings another guinea—yes, no more than three or four pounds in the bank at the most.

"Sis, get it for me, get it for me—"

Aunt Helen cutting me out of her will for refusing to go back to France, Father stopping my allowance—Trix down on her knees to me, oh, no—no—

"Get up, Trix; I can't bear it, darling; get up. When must you have it by?"

"Today if you can; the sooner the better—I've only got seven days' leave—I don't know how long—she won't do anything till she gets the money—she won't take a check in case—Oh, Sis, get it for me, save me—"

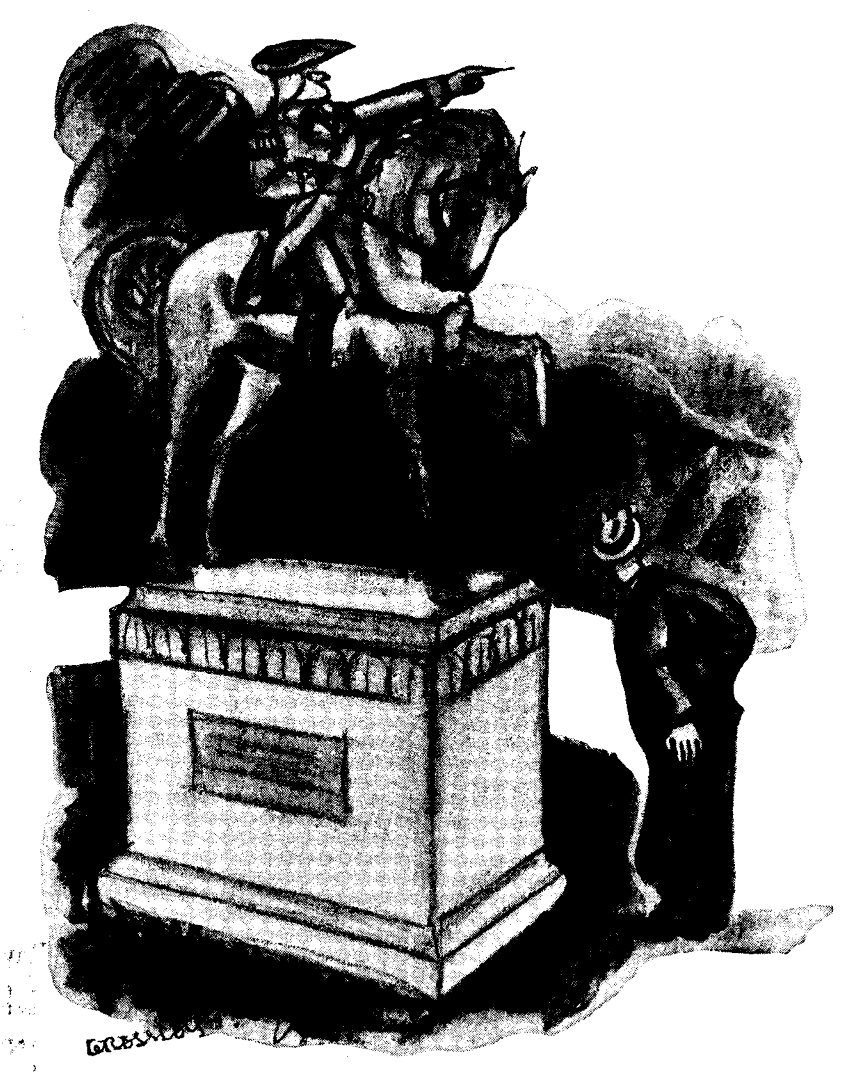
"I'll get it, darling; don't cry any more; I'll get it somehow."

We cling together for a moment, desperately, as two terrified passengers on a sinking ship might cling—then part. She throws herself face downward on the red velvet couch. Poor little sister. Poor little sister I would willingly die for.

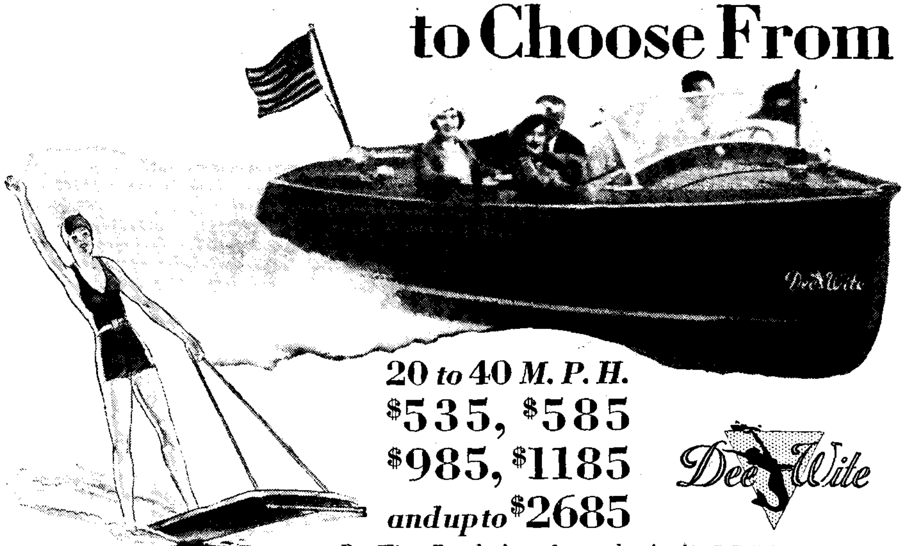
"Oh, Sis, get it for me, save me—"

I close the door quietly.

(*To be concluded next week*)



"Darned if I see what he's pointin' at."



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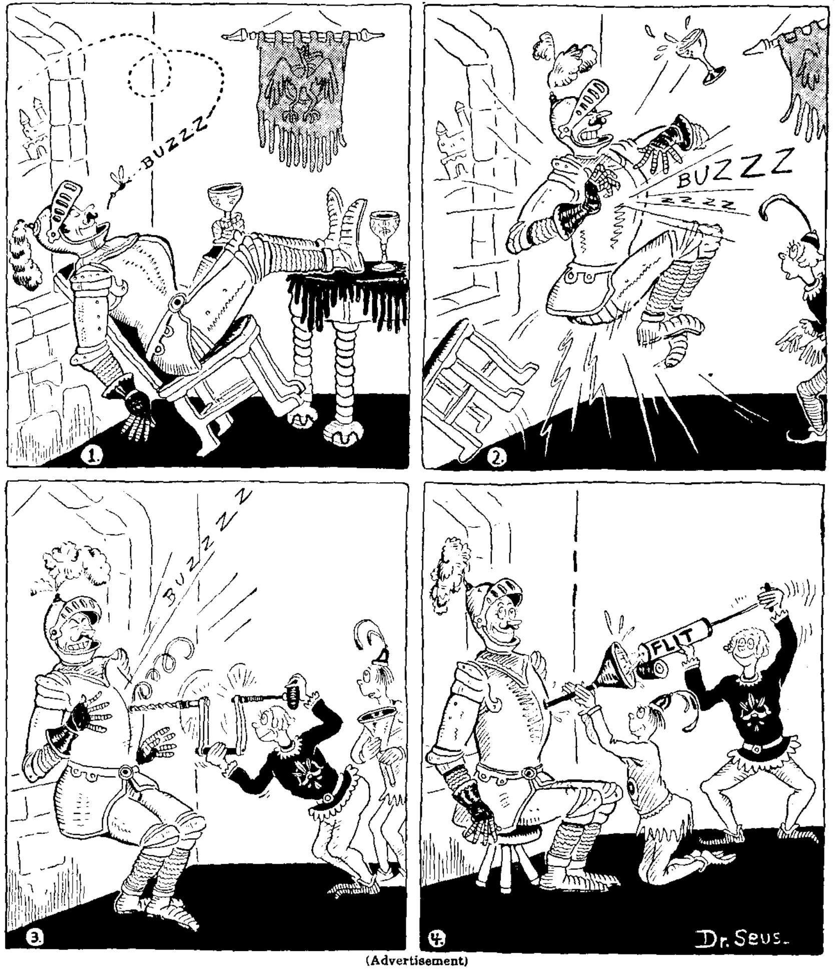

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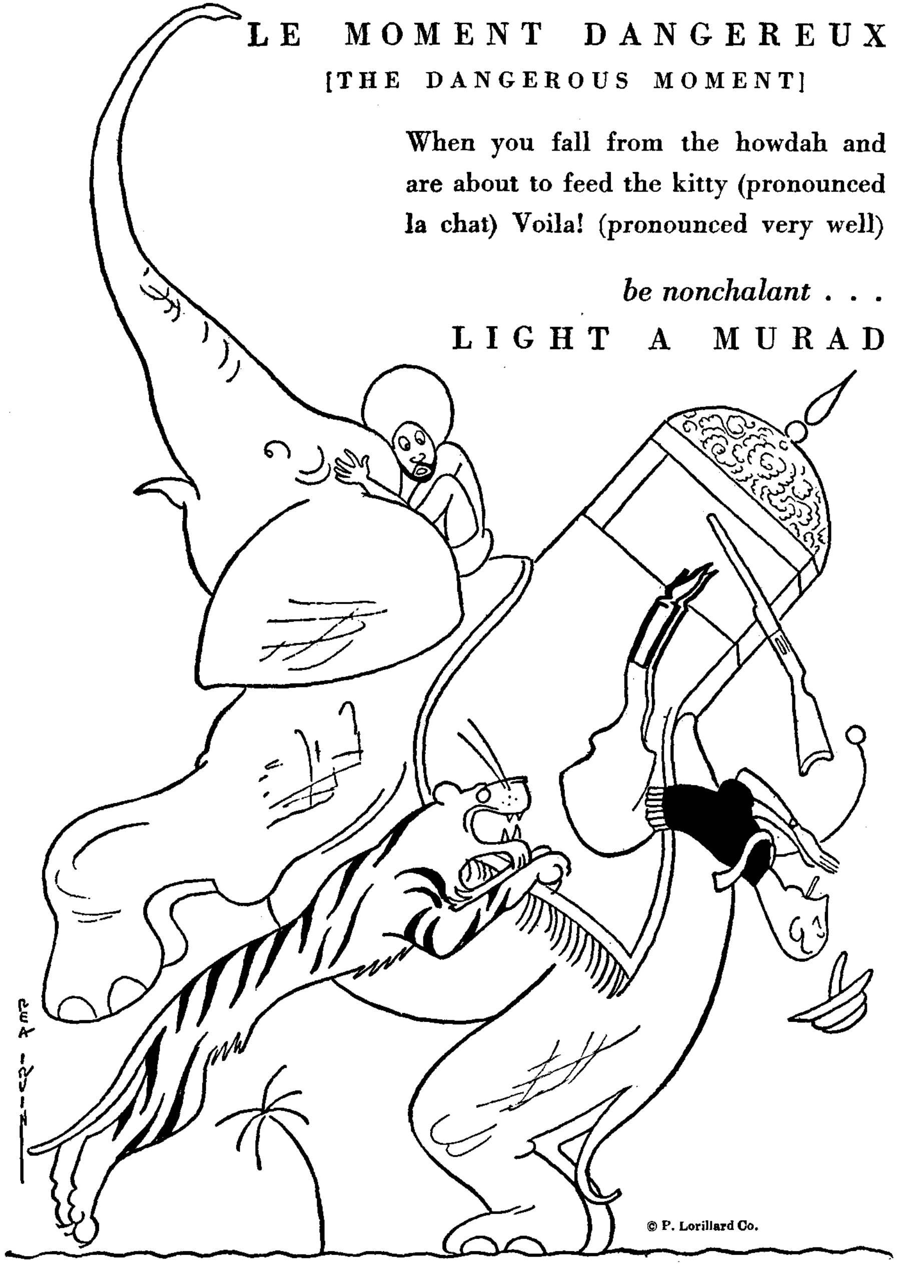

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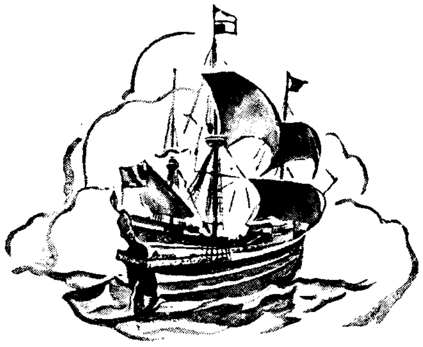

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Every Sunday Evening

The Heart is Young

Continued from page 17

or more. He was not the butler. He was . . . who would he be? Someone she ought to remember out of the past? Someone of the family? An old friend? Who?

She knew an instant of almost savage fear. Then the footman was assisting her to alight, and the man was speaking to her.

"You won't remember me, Lady Rockhart. I was . . . your husband's . . . man of business; his lawyer. I think I only had the privilege of meeting you once."

"Just after my marriage?" she guessed. (For after all that married life had been brief.)

"A month or two after, Lady Rockhart."

She fell back on a very quiet and weary effect. She walked slowly up the steps with him, looking about her.

Inside she stood still, listening to a kind of silence of suspense that seemed to hang over the house. "Mr. . . . I forget your name?"

"Banker."

"Mr. Banker, where is Bertie? Where is my son?"

"You will see him very soon, Lady Rockhart. He asked me to see you first, in case—"

He broke off. "This way." He ushered her into a subdued, mild, rich room; the library.

"Please sit down, Lady Rockhart." He gave her a high Jacobean chair on one side of the long library table, and himself took another high-back chair on the other side.

So, they faced each other. She saw him to be a big, spare man, in excellent tweeds; hard-mouthed; swift-eyed; of a disconcerting steadiness.

"I want to see Bertie."

"Of course, Lady Rockhart. He wants you to come and live here, of course. There hasn't been any question of his marrying since—"

Banker's big square face grew suddenly rather soft; pitiful. He sighed, and got up. "Perhaps you'd better see him now—he's waiting."

They went out of the room and into a very long drawing-room. And she saw standing up precariously beside an invalid chair a very young man—a very young man turned eagerly toward the door; who was white and tired with excitement. And now she saw why Banker's grim face had softened. Now she knew.

The boy was blind.

SHE was alone with this young man; this boy; this baby. Banker had gone, shutting the door. And she met the two feeling hands with hers. They sat down together. He was trying to grin cheerfully, but his face was working and tears ran from his sightless eyes. And tears ran from her eyes. They were in each other's arms; it had to be. Her soul was afire, already, in the hell prepared for it. "Mother!" he said in an aching ashamed voice. "You mustn't think me a fool. But . . . it's been a long time, hasn't it?" His fingers went over her face fumblingly in the manner of the unaccustomed blind. "How soft! Your hair . . . ? It's cut, isn't it? It used to be so long. I expect you are just looking perfect."

"You remember me?" she gasped. "I—I hadn't expected it."

"I was three when you went away. And I . . . got hold of photographs. Not much use now! But then—now I have you yourself."

"You—forgive?" she heard an alien voice gasping.

Ah! But he didn't know what it was that he needed to forgive. He saw nothing.

"Mother. The past is past."

"You don't know," she faltered again, "what this means to me."

"I must tell you," he said, "two years ago—it seems a lifetime—I got completely smashed up, flying. Blind for life. Not that life is to be very long now."

"What do you mean—" and she said, "darling?"

"They'll tell you all about it. The doctors and Banker. I'm nearly through. That's what made your coming so wonderful. The last two years I've wanted you so!"

She cried again: "Darling!"

Then he fainted.

TWO hours later they sat at the dinner table; she at the head of it, still in her drab clothes; Bertie on her right in his invalid chair; Banker away down at the foot of the long table. Why was not the man Banker tactful too? Why did he sit there watching and listening, gray granite head above the black-and-white of his dinner clothes; gray granite eyes as hard as the stone itself? "Why," she thought, with a sinking terror, "he lives here; he has installed himself here. He . . . oh, God! I won't be able to go on."

Yet, she could not go back; she could not go away. How could she run away, now, with that thin boy's face lighted with happiness beside her, his thin nervous fingers stretching out to touch hers, his interest and his love for her like a garment wrapping her around? She could not go now!

And Bertie was talking, planning, while she peeled peaches for him.

"Mother, I can't see you, but I'll bet you look beautiful. Doesn't she, Banker?"

"Shabby, darling. Quite—quite the returned prodigal, eh, Mr. Banker?"

Banker's silence . . . then his suave voice:

"Lady Rockhart will be doing a lot of shopping, I expect."

The boy cried eagerly: "Yes! Will you see to it all, Banker? Open an account for my mother. I'll sign a check for five thousand tonight, Mother darling. Have you a fur coat, dear? I want you in a sable coat. And, Mother, you're to have everything, please, everything—while I'm here to give it to you."

In the pause that followed, her mind, so trained to acquisitiveness, registered that of course, when he had gone, this place, these very tables and chairs and Rockingham dessert service and silver candelabra and all of it, would pass to the next male heir. An erring mother would once again be outcast. Yet while her mind knew this, it was as if, in that pause, she heard her heart sobbing.

She wanted nothing from him; nothing; nothing at all. For the first time in her life that she could remember she had treasure to give.

She wanted to give. Love—and love—and love. . . .

THE drawing-room again. So long and beautifully proportioned; so purely elegant and proud; a red fire burning and yet windows at one end opened to the warm autumn night over the gardens. And the boy very fatigued; deeply weary; pitiably frail—one saw it more, moment by moment; yet happy; terrifyingly happy! The nurse came, but he said, "No." He wouldn't go to bed for a little while.

Did his mother ever sing now?

She thought how very kind God was to sinners. It was a new thought for her, seeming to come in from fragrant gardens beyond the opened windows, out of the serene night. She could play a little, sing a little. She had never wasted any of her tricks in her life. So she went to the grand piano, sat down, sang a little French song. . . .

He was now so tired that the nurse again came forward, and this time she was resolute that he must go.

"Oh, but first—Banker—my check book. I want to sign that check—"

"Tomorrow, Bertie—"

"Tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow," he cried. "Who knows anything about tomorrow?"

And indeed no one in that room, including herself, knew very definitely about any tomorrow as far as he was concerned. And the faint bitterness of death came sorrowfully into the room.

"I'll get a check book, old man," said Banker in an obtuse, cheerful voice. He went out and returned. He had, beside the check book, a fountain pen.

"There. I've made it out, payable to account of Lady Rockhart at your own bank, boy."

"That's fine. Mother darling, you'll excuse me making my arrangements clumsily. I—I do things—just when I can."

He felt the edges of the check book, got his pen into position, and signed. He tore out the check and Banker took it.

"Now then, nurse."

The nurse moved briskly behind his chair. Marsh entered as if intuitively, and held the door open.

"Mother."

She heard herself say these words:

"I'll come when you're in bed; and tuck you up."

He smiled.

The nurse wheeled him out, and Marsh shut the door.

SHE had closed her eyes for a moment, wanting to escape life. But now she opened them again and saw Banker standing, big, stiff, like granite, looking full at her. He held the check in one hand; the enormous check. Still looking full at her, he tore it across and across, and, without speaking, dropped the pieces into the fire.

She knew that he knew.

They were worrying her—pressing her—Douglas, Rose, Peter.

Lulled by the secure dignity of the old house, heart-pierced by the poignancy of suffering and impending death, soft with emotions overflowing from some untapped well within her, she had tried to forget them. It would be for a short while perhaps. The next hemorrhage from the torn lungs would be the last. Nurse and doctor told her that, and the doomed boy himself knew it. Go on, therefore, living, loving, giving, from day to day and hope for the best—Banker the only menace, the only judge.

THE sable coat had been a difficult topic. The boy referred to it often. "Got it yet? Have they sent it down yet?" She would answer: "Darling, a sable coat is a serious affair. The skins are being picked for me by Paulski. It has to be made. I assure you it will be sumptuous." Banker would look at her hard and sharp; between them was the tacit knowledge that he would not permit her the sable coat.

She ordered nothing for herself. She had some old smart clothes—a very few—and they would do for an entranced blind boy. Apart from fear of Banker, she did not want to take. She wanted to give and give and give till all of her body and soul and life itself, was given.

She nursed Bertie. The care of his trained nurses was as nothing beside her nursing. And reality became unreal. She was a mother. She spent and surrendered herself.

And she saw, with the anguish of a mother, the end coming, coming, creeping toward them. . . .

Banker saw her threadbare satin evening shoes, the one pair left. She felt his crude eyes on them. But what mattered anyone's eyes since Bertie's could not see? And the next day Banker said to her in a terse yet gentle voice: "There is a limited credit account opened at Barrod's."

She answered: "Is there?" But she was not going to take. No. She was going to give, and passionately.

She wheeled Bertie in the gardens. They talked and talked; silly nonsensical things. He was gay and so was she. Oh! they loved each other! So . . . this was what it was like to have a man-child.

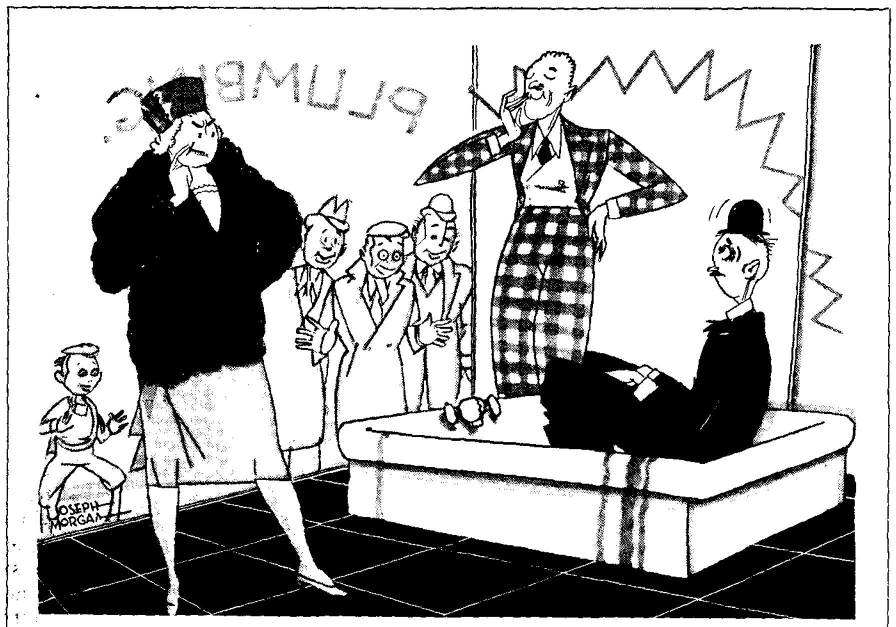
He had bad times of exquisite extremity when his head lay on her breast. He was a baby.

Then Douglas rang up—from Brighton. Banker heard his messages brought to her by Marsh. "Dr. Maceways, my lady, on the phone." She shut herself alone into the library to talk with Douglas. Wait, she said; wait; wait. And Banker said to her:

"Is that the Dr. Maceways who was struck off the rolls fifteen years ago?"

Banker seemed infallible. He seized

(*Continued on page 80*)



Wife: "That's fine; now let's try some of the others."

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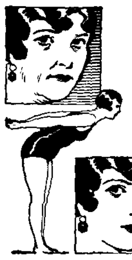

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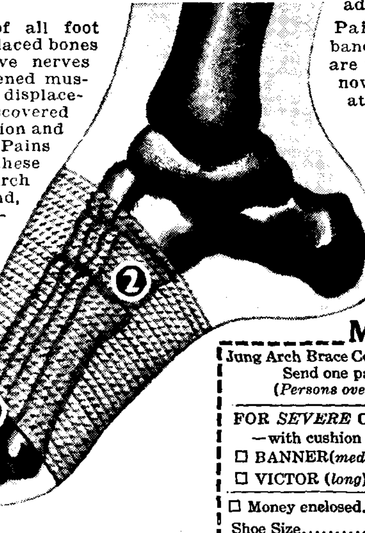

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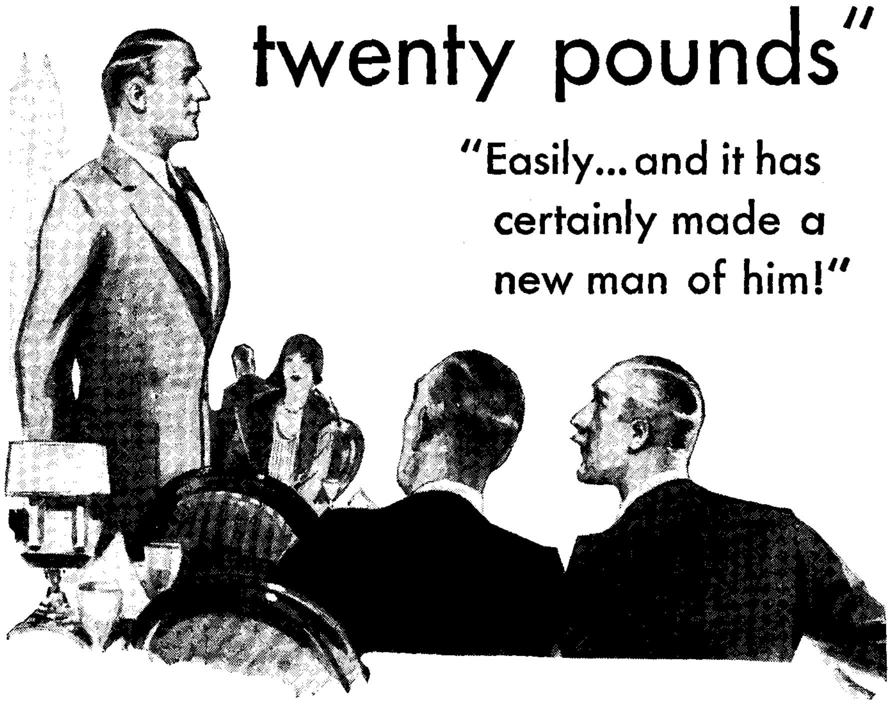

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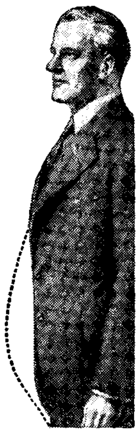

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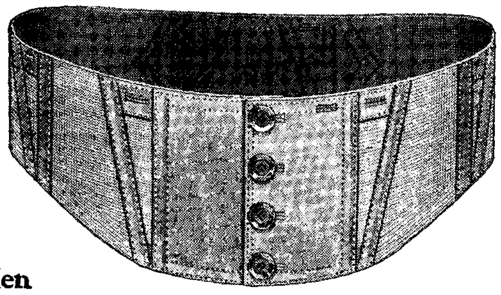

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(*Continued from page 79*)

and investigated. She replied: "Yes. It is the same."

"I have inquired into his records," said Banker in a very soft voice. "What does he want of you—Lady Rockhart?" said Banker.

She did not mind telling the truth to the man who knew so much. "Oh . . . he . . . wants to marry me, some day."

It was, then, as if a tempest swept through Banker. What rage the man had! But he did not answer, and she was now beyond fear of him. For they were silently leagued, he and she, in just one thing: that Bertie must not know.

That evening Banker said to her:

"Bertie was terribly ill when your letter came to say you were coming to see him. It was your letter that kept him here. He revived."

"Therefore you let me come?"

That was the nearest they had yet drawn to explicit confession.

And on the last night of the two weeks—yes, on the very last night—after midnight, the night nurse roused her from light tormented sleep:

"Lady Rockhart."

She was running in a moment, a maddened mother, a despairing mother; robbed, stricken and bereaved.

His head was on her breast when he died.

IT WAS, then, over. She sat in the little room with the mullioned windows that had been the boudoir of many Lady Rockharts.

She had had, and lost, her wonderful son. The house was solemn. She was quiet as death herself. She had not wept. She would be going away. It was over.

She had no plans and no thoughts; no cares either. She did not care. And as she sat there, numb and uncaring—yet with a pride and glory in her, mysteriously flowering—Marsh came, hushed, to tell her that her friends, Dr. Maceways, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Island, who had motored over from Brighton, hoped that she would receive them for a few moments.

Then Banker seemed to rise before her again, but she stood away from the vision.

She must find strength—strength of her own. *She must not care.*

And she said, uncaring: "Bring them up."

They were with her; condoling faces from which the masks slipped as soon as Marsh had shut the door, condoling words dying on their lips. "Tina, we saw it in the papers—"

She was silent.

"What the hell you think you're playing at, Tina!"

She was silent.

"Shut up, Rose. Tina's had a hard job; and a death's not a nice thing." That was Douglas. "But I'll bet she's pulled it off, hasn't she, Tina?"

Still she was silent, though something in her called. It called for help, without answer.

"My God!" from Rose, "if you've feathered your nest, and think you're going to leave us cold—"

"If we sink," virulently from Peter, "you don't swim, my duck. You don't swim."

Again something in her shrieked for help. She had no right to help and yet—it was as if a new trust in God was born in her.

"Peter and I've no time to lose," Rose cried. "Things are as hot—"

Then, quite suddenly, as if in answer to a call, Banker. He came in, a sheaf of papers in his hand, looking official. But he looked more than official too. He shut the door and put his back against it; and all at once Peter Island's fists clenched, and sweat stood on Douglas Maceways' brow, and Rose muttered: "My God! Let's go!"

Quite suddenly, too, Tina knew the beginning of peace, and her rigid body flexed, was soft, tired, almost at rest. In the silence that fell, Rose repeated:

"Let's go."

"A moment, if you please," said Banker. "Lady Rockhart, will you leave us?" So she walked by them all, down the stairs, into the desert of drawing-room that had seemed so warmly beautiful. And, standing quite still in the middle of the room, she continued to force herself to say aloud in spite of hope:

"Over. Over. All over; there can be nothing left: and nothing matters."

She was still in the center of the room, forcing upon herself just that one thing when Banker came to her, big, stiff; face of granite. He still had the sheaf of papers in his hand.

They stood apart, looking at each other. If her eyes had not been so tired, if her vision had not been away in far and tragic distances, she would have discovered the new humility, the new surprise at himself—and at her—in this man's face. But looking, she saw nothing. And the words he spoke just came dimly, like a slow tide washing over her consciousness.

He was saying in a voice that tried for its usual hardness: "You did not use your credit at Barrod's."

She replied: "No," listlessly. But there stirred in her all the time the whispering of that mysterious pride and glory that now were hers, so that to Banker she was a woman transformed. She was the woman that he now knew he had yearned for her to be.

He threw the papers down on a table; came near. And suddenly he picked her up—this big man—and held her for a moment in his arms like a baby before he laid her down upon a couch.

She was a small woman—and in his arms she had felt smaller yet. She felt too small to fight: but she had to fight of course; so she whispered:

"Where are they?"

He stood over her, looking down. "Those people have gone."

"Gone?"

"Gone. They will be out of the country again within three hours. You mustn't think I've been idle these weeks. I've had close inquiries made, and I know too much about 'em all for their good health, and I've told them so. I told 'em to clear out; and—*my dear*—they cleared."

Her heart leaped with pride at him; and sank with shame for herself. "You know all about me too?"

"All I want, of the past. There—there's the future to keep us busy."

THE future? Yes. She must conquer this bright and terrible weakening hope that rose in her, for the future had to be faced; and there was indeed no time to be lost. She moved up from her cushions; but two hard tender hands put her back again.

Weakly she remonstrated.

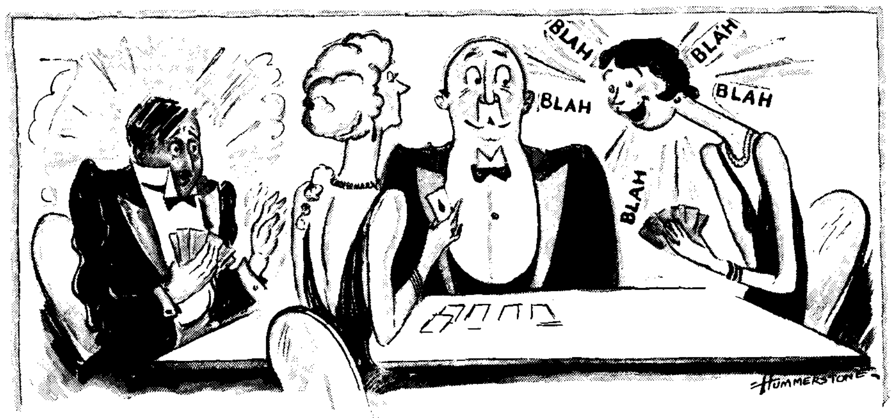
"I'm going too."

"You, too?"

"You know that I—I—also—must go."

When he was on his knees beside her, she saw and read the new humility without any possibility of mistaking it. Her breath went.

"You, madam," said Banker in a soft uncontrollable voice that she did not know, "you will stay here with me." And suddenly she was caught and held. It was as if a storm caught her, sweeping her with it, resistless as she was. "You—you—you—" he said, groping for words, "you need a husband to look after you; and here he is, love. Here he is."



The boss and his wife come to play bridge

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 7-4
H. 5-3
D. 5-4
C. K-8-7-6-4-3-2

West
S. K-9-5
H. A-Q-7-4-2
D. K-J-7-2
C. 5

East
S. J-10-8-2
H. 10-8-6
D. 9-8-6-3
C. Q-J

South
S. A-Q-6-3
H. K-J-9
D. A-Q-10
C. A-10-9

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a Duplicate Auction Bridge contest. It is one of those rare hands in which the Auction Bridge bidding shows greater variation than the Contract Bridge bidding.

At Contract the bidding should be three No Trumps by South, and then three passes. Followers of the forcing system might bid two Spades instead of three No Trumps; but if that were the initial bid, the situation would be complicated if West bid three Hearts. North then would have to bid four Clubs or pass; and if North bid four Clubs, South would have to call four if he wished to rebid the No Trumps. If North passed West's three Hearts, South might abandon his game aspirations with the hope of penalizing West in his effort to take nine tricks with Hearts the trump. It's indeed hard to predict what would happen if South started with two Spades and West bid. If West passed, North would bid three Clubs and South three No Trumps.

In the Duplicate Auction game above referred to a No Trump contract with South the Declarer was reached in every case. At some tables South bid one No Trump, West doubled, North passed, East bid two Spades and South two No Trumps. After this, in certain cases, the other three passed; in others North bid three Clubs and South three No Trumps.

At other tables West passed South's one No Trump, North bid two Clubs and South two No Trumps, which ended the auction; and at a third set of tables West bid two Hearts over South's one No Trump, North three Clubs and South three No Trumps.

The Play

At all tables West started with a lead of his fourth best Heart, which South won with the Jack, and South led the Ace of Clubs to trick 2. In almost every case this was followed by the Ten of Clubs as the lead to trick 3. Most of the Declarers who led the Club to trick 3 took it in dummy with the King when West did not follow suit, in order to prevent East from winning with the Queen and getting the lead to return West's Hearts. This meant blocking dummy's long Clubs as it left the Nine in Declarer's hand the highest card in that suit. Having taken the trick with the King, Declarer was obliged on trick 4 to lead either Spades or Diamonds from dummy to a closed-hand finesse, either of which was, of course, won by West, who led the Ace of Hearts on trick 5, and another Heart on trick 6 taken by Declarer's Queen but establishing the suit in West's hand. The result of that play was that Declarer, after cashing his Nine of Clubs on trick 7, had to let West in again, and could not make game.

Some Declarers saw greater danger in blocking dummy's Clubs than in letting East get the lead, and so had dummy duck the second Club trick; East won and led a Heart and the adversaries saved game by winning four Hearts and one Club.

Although none of the Declarers in this particular hand saw it, there was a way in which any of them could have made game. The initial lead of the Four of Hearts, with the trey in dummy, showed that West might have had five Hearts; which made it certain that East had at least three. When West and East had followed suit to the Ace of Clubs at trick 2, Declarer could not tell whether East or West had the missing Club; but if it should happen to be East letting dummy duck, the second Club would cost game if West had started with five Hearts. Failing to duck would block the Club suit and make the winning of game extremely problematical; but game could be assured by a deep and brilliant play at trick 3. If, after leading the Ace of Clubs, South had led a Heart, it would have enabled West to run four Hearts; but the adversaries would stop there because South could discard his blocking Club on the fourth round of Hearts.

If West were deep enough to grasp the significance of South's Heart play and did not continue with a third Heart at trick 4, he would have to lead up to a closed-hand tenace and South then could accomplish his purpose by leading the third Heart. If West led the third Heart himself and then shifted, he still would have to lead up to closed-hand tenace and the Declarer's game would be safe.

Let us call this week's hand a problem for the experts; next week's hand will not be so difficult. Here it is:

North
S. 6-5-4-2
H. 5
D. A-K-6-4
C. J-9-5-3

East
S. Q-9
H. 9
D. J-10-8-7-2
C. K-8-7-6-4

West
S. J-8
H. K-Q-J-10-7-3-2
D. Q-9-5-3
C. None

South
S. A-K-10-7-3
H. A-8-6-4
D. None
C. A-Q-10-2

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They Say What's What

THE Supreme Court is more popular now than ever before largely because former Chief Justice Taft was universally so well liked.

The highest court won't change much under the guidance of the new Chief Justice. Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes were brought up in the same conservative school.

The nine elder statesmen who make up the Supreme Court prescribe the regulations which in the long run govern business, control our lawmakers, and indicate the channels along which our national life must flow. In all the world no other court has such authority.

An act of Congress can be vetoed by a President. A President can be overridden by a congressional majority. Only time—or a revolution—can change a decision of the nine men who make up the Supreme Court.

Nobody expected the Supreme Court to have the last word over Congress and the President when the Constitution was adopted. The fathers were a little vague about the Court. John Marshall blazed the way.

That clear-headed Virginia lawyer knew what he wanted and he had the words to express his will. Thirty-four years he presided and many a President, a Congress and a legislature he took on in his time.

Marshall made the Supreme Court the interpreter of the Constitution and the Constitution was the last word.

The very power of the Court, however, was its danger when the justices failed to keep in step with the changing currents of American opinion. One ruling of the Supreme Court—the Dred Scott decision—helped to bring on the Civil War.

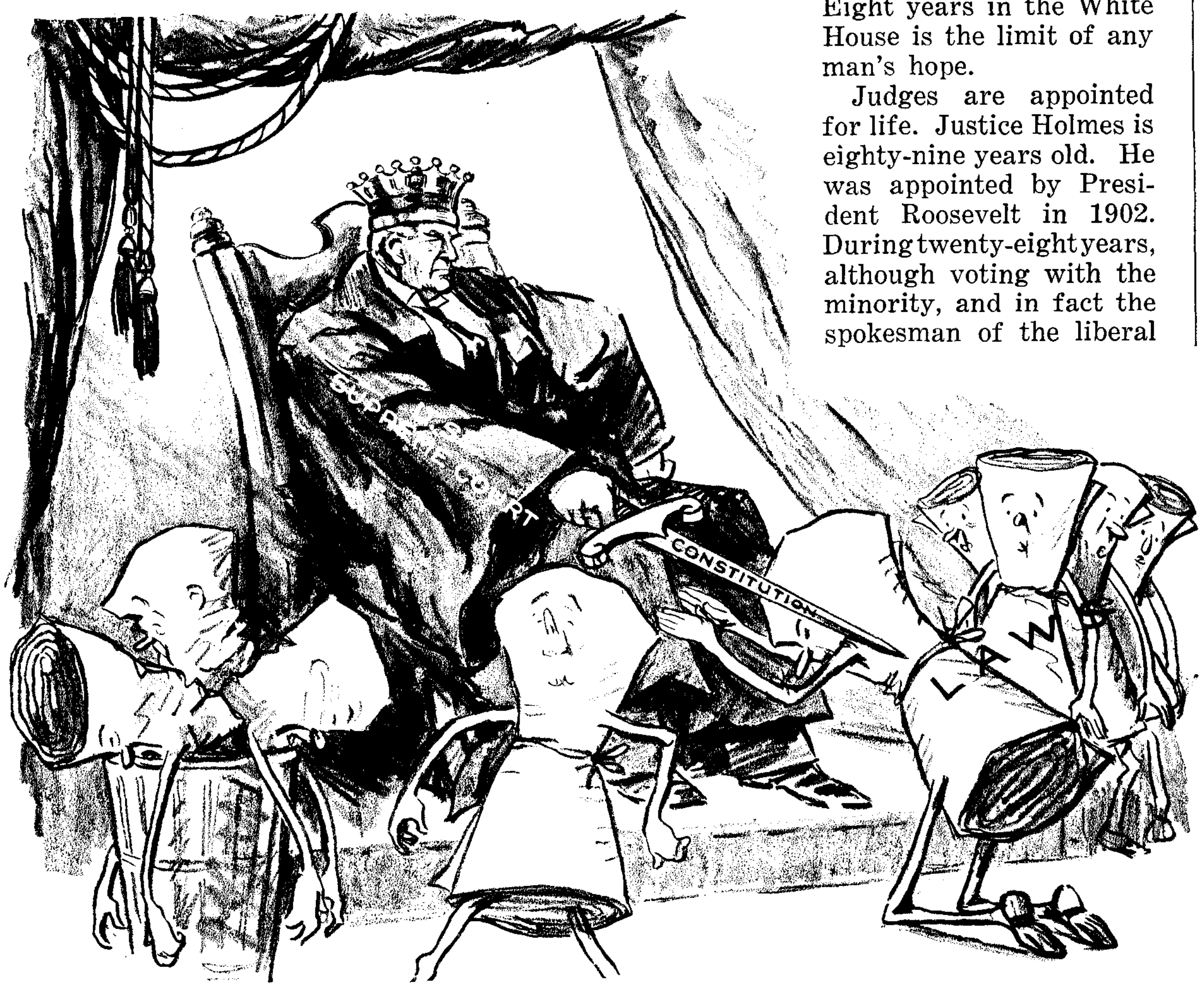
The Court said Congress had no authority to interfere with slavery. Popular belief ran otherwise and President Lincoln and Congress exercised the authority which the Court had said did not exist.

Just one time has the will of the Court been deliberately frustrated and only civil war made possible this defiance.

Time and the appointment of new judges are generally relied upon to change a Supreme Court ruling which does not seem to be useful.

No power which the President possesses is more jealously watched than his right to nominate justices of the Supreme Court. Presidents come and go. Eight years in the White House is the limit of any man's hope.

Judges are appointed for life. Justice Holmes is eighty-nine years old. He was appointed by President Roosevelt in 1902. During twenty-eight years, although voting with the minority, and in fact the spokesman of the liberal minority of the Court, his voice and his opinions have been powerful in making us what we are.



Some years ago Mr. Dooley remarked that "the Supreme Court followed the election returns," and in a large way that has been its safety.

When the Court said income taxes were unconstitutional, an amendment authorizing such taxes was passed. Later when prohibition was written into the Constitution, the Court interpreted the new amendment very broadly.

Above any agency of government is persistent public opinion, and the astute gentlemen on the Supreme Court are too wise to challenge what they believe to be the determined will of the people.

Yet, except where, as in the case of slavery, the issue is so simple and so fundamental that popular sentiment cannot be successfully fought, the high court is generally our ultimate ruler.

Almost every disputed public issue is finally settled by the Supreme Court and often by a five-to-four decision. How much water Chicago can take from Lake Michigan, how much fare the New York subway riders may be charged, how business men may conduct their affairs—every large question that affects us is in one way or another passed on by the Court.

We would have developed very differently as a nation if the Supreme Court had been weak. The fact that public education is today relatively so free from political control is due to John Marshall's refusal to permit the New Hampshire legislature to interfere with Dartmouth College. In a large sense the Court has been a nation-builder.

The ultimate power in this country is sustained public opinion. If we really want something and the Supreme Court says we can't have it because it is unconstitutional, we can amend the Constitution.

But not often. In 129 years just nine amendments have been added to the original ten. Of these nine, three were passed in the excitement following the Civil War and two followed the World War. In ordinary times it is so hard to amend the Constitution that we are content to let the Supreme Court have its way.

The Court has power, the highest power in the Republic, and the exercise of power is the final ambition of gifted men. We have been fortunate in this country that so many of those who have reached the Supreme Court have been men of high integrity who aspired chiefly to use their power to benefit their country.

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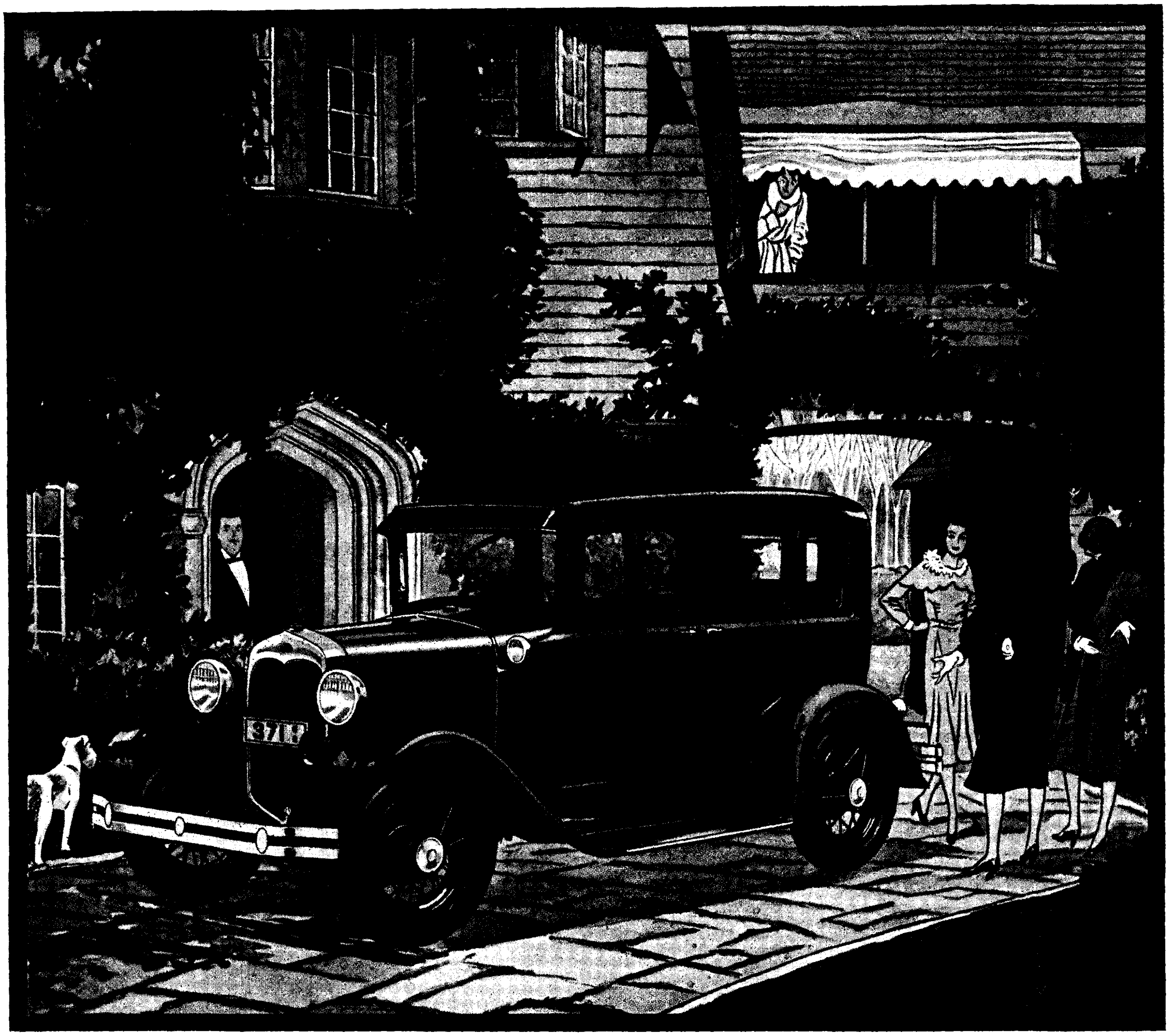

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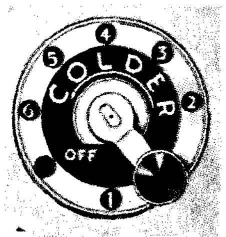

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